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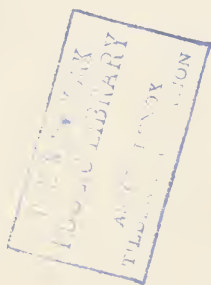
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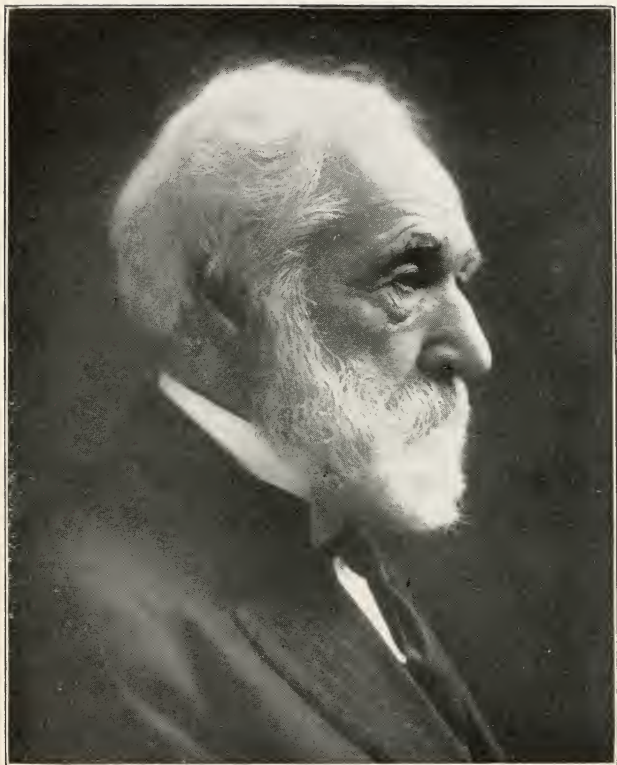
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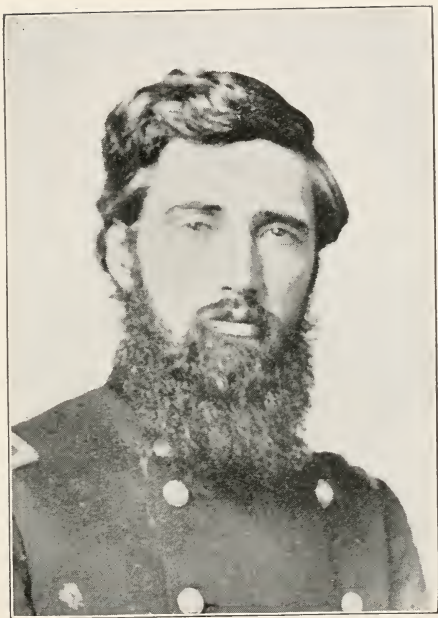
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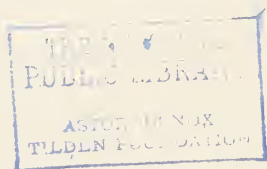




WILLIAM DOUGLAS HAMILTON.
1832-1915.



GENERAL W. D. HAMILTON,
1861-1865.



Recollections of a Cavalryman of the Civil War After Fifty Years

1861—1865

BY

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HAMILTON

CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY, 1861-1862

MAJOR OF CAVALRY, 1862-1863

LIEUT.-COLONEL OF CAVALRY, 1863

COLONEL OF CAVALRY, 1863-1865

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL, 1865



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PREFACE.

YEARS ago at one of the reunions of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry it was voted that I should write a history of our regiment. I was so occupied in business then that I could not find time to comply with their wishes. Now that I have had sufficient time I have carried out their request.

With the help of some of my old comrades, I have undertaken to dig through the accumulated memories of fifty years and record incidents,—many of them commonplace enough to us then, but to which time has added a charm which warms our hearts to each other and to this dear land of ours.

As a regiment the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, which belonged to the Army of the West, operated most of the time under general orders on its own responsibility. Often stationed quite in advance of the infantry, we were thus brought into close touch with the Southern people, and as a result dislikes on both sides were very much modified.

Professional historians have written of the campaigns and battles of the Civil War. The incidents here preserved are side-lights on its dark background but they helped in a small way to modify the bitterness of it all.

This story has been written for the benefit of those who will come after us, and in the hope that

there will never be any call for the youth of our country to further develop the art of war. This wish is more sincerely felt since there is a very dear grandson and namesake of mine* now in the senior class at the Military School at West Point, and my cherished hope and faith is that he may be assigned to the development, rather than to the defence, of our God-given resources, and that there may never arise any national problems that may not be settled by the wisdom of our advancing civilization without recourse to the barbarity of arms. The many schools, colleges and churches in this great country dedicated to the humanities and the higher arts of peace should in time insure this.

This record is inscribed to the memory of my fallen comrades, and with an affectionate greeting to the few who remain, I bequeath it to our children.

W. D. H.

* Douglas Hamilton Gillette.

INTRODUCTION.

“War is a game, which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.”—*Cowper's Task*.

THE world stands aghast at the deplorable condition of Europe today. A continent divided into independent states which are now being over run, their boundaries changed, their cities burned, their defenders butchered, their families starved and their territory absorbed to feed the ambition of despotic rulers.

Our fore-fathers in forming a government out of a number of colonies then existing, wisely provided that they should remain together and be known as the United States of America, and that each new state should make its laws conform to the laws of the general government.

The existence of slavery at length caused trouble and the Southern States revolted. Earnest statesmen did what they could to prevent war. A committee of senators from the State of Delaware, waited upon President Lincoln in 1861 to try to find some plan to avoid war. Mr. Lincoln suggested the plan adopted by Great Britain for abolishing slavery in her colonies in the West India Islands, by paying the owners \$300 for each slave, and Mr. Lincoln suggested \$400 in our case as the price. This was submitted to the Senate of Delaware, but was rejected by a majority of one vote.

In 1864, after much blood had been shed, Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, wrote to Mr. Lincoln on the same subject, inclosing a letter signed "Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy". This letter Mr. Lincoln returned, saying he could not entertain a paper signed in that way. The next year the trouble was settled at Appomatox.

The question had been fought out gallantly by both sides, and when the end came there was no exultation on one side, nor humiliation on the other, but mutual respect and the unity of the States was established, and our hope is, that the benefit conferred upon our nation and the world, may atone for the blood and treasure that it cost. The records at Washington can show the value of the treasure lost, but not of the heartache and suffering nor the blood that was shed.

It was estimated in 1861 that there were 3,000,000 slaves in the South, which at \$400 each would aggregate \$1,200,000,000 (One Billion, Two Hundred Million Dollars). All this, if accepted, would have been distributed in the South. The financial cost of the war as shown aggregated \$8,000,000,000 (Eight Billions of Dollars), nearly seven times the estimated value of the slaves without counting the terrible destruction of property to which the South was subjected.

In addition to this, is the increased cost of the military system it is now considered necessary to maintain, including a standing army, costing annually

\$93,000,000; a navy, \$125,000,000; and pensions at present \$150,000,000. This last will decrease, but the military expense is likely to increase unless we change our military policy.

Military science has so changed since the introduction of improved weapons, that less time is needed in the drill and manual of arms. This was illustrated in the South African War where the untrained Boers so often proved too much for the well drilled soldiers of the British Army.

Now that our Indian wars are over, our standing army should be kept at the lowest limit. Professional soldiers are not citizens. They do not vote. They form a class by themselves whose chief ambition is a strong army. The officers incline to a guild of their own which tends to an aristocracy. In successful wars they are looked upon by the masses as heroes, and their leaders are elevated to the head of the government. This, in the world's experience, is dangerous to a republic and tends to monarchy. The rise of the Roman Republic and the downfall of the Roman Empire is a well known illustration.

A powerful navy is a grave and expensive responsibility, needed principally to protect our lately acquired dependencies, thrown on our hands accidentally by our navy. While these Islands furnish a good field for our missionary work, they are likely to complicate our relations with other nations and require an extensive navy to protect them.

Our inland ownership covers the heart of a con-

continent lying between two Oceans, forming the East and West boundaries, with 3000 miles of land between.

The grandeur of its mountains, with the wealth of its minerals and the fertility of its soil will make attractive homes for our descendants for centuries. We can afford to let the crowded nations of Europe quarrel among themselves over their boundary lines and extend their possessions among the Islands of the sea, we do not need them. It is the Eagle and not the Sea gull that is the emblem of our nationality.

With the Panama canal under our control, we will not need a double navy to defend our east and west coasts. The money required to build one modern battleship, which is out of date in about ten years, would build 20 submarines to defend our coast, any one of which could sink a battleship in half an hour, or it would build 1,000 miles of first-class highway the distance from New York to Chicago at a cost of \$15,000 per mile: and half the money spent every year on our war equipment, militarism and allied expenses would, according to our best engineers, construct a continental highway from Baltimore to San Francisco over a grade not exceeding $2\frac{1}{2}\%$, with roadbed 25 ft. wide, surfaced with asphalt, with stone bridges and culverts, free to the public, and still have enough left for branch roads.

We have at present 48 states in the Union, all happily under one general government. Land grants have been given by Congress to all of the states and

territories with a provision that military instruction be included in the college curriculum. The Ohio State University has at present 1600 young men under military instruction. Physical as well as mental training is required. They are divided into four battalions in charge of a West Point officer, capable not only of giving instruction in modern drill but in engineering and mechanics during at least two years of their college course. In addition to this, it might be provided that a military teacher, named by the Secretary of War, be added to the faculty of every college having at least 400 students subject to military instruction. This would prepare at least 200,000 young men every two years, all of them made familiar with a soldier's life and duties and most of them well qualified to assume the duties of a commissioned officer when ever needed. By this means the nation would be assured of more than a million of well equipped young men, ready at its call to meet any emergency. This, added to the militia of the different states subject to the call of the president, would give us as much influence among the nations of the world as if we were supporting a standing army of half a million men, and this without the cost of maintaining them until needed.

We would thus create a powerful influence in preparing the way for the more perfect work of the Hague Tribunal for the suppression of war among the nations, and make the incidents as recorded in the following pages, read like a strange story of a bygone age.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER 1.	PAGE.
Family History	1-4
CHAPTER 2.	
The Scotch Colony.....	5-8
CHAPTER 3.	
The Call to Colors—Organization of Company “G,” 32nd O. V. L.—Life on Cheat Mountain.....	9-15
CHAPTER 4.	
Our First Battle—Our night march and expe- rience on Gum Road—Our first death—Removal of camp to Beverly.....	16-22
CHAPTER 5.	
Battle of Camp Alleghany.....	23-30
CHAPTER 6.	
Advance from Cheat Mountain and our experience with foreign adventurers.....	31-35
CHAPTER 7.	
Arrested by order of General Fremont—Winchester and Harper’s Ferry—First Battalion, Ninth Ohio Cavalry	36-43
CHAPTER 8.	
The Knights of the Golden Circle—Service in East Kentucky—Fullington, the East Tennessee Scout	44-54

	PAGE.
CHAPTER 9.	
Raid on Big Creek Gap—Holding the enemy in East Tennessee during General Saunders' reconnoissance around Knoxville—The Morgan Fox Chase	55-60
CHAPTER 10.	
Knoxville Campaign—Visit of Paymaster at Glasgow, Ky., and organization of Burnside's command for the Knoxville Advance—Battle at Campbell's Station and capture of Knoxville....	61-67
CHAPTER 11.	
Organization of the Second and Third Battalions—Ordered to report to Camp Dennison to receive the Second and Third Battalions of the regiment—Six week in camp under drill.....	68-84
CHAPTER 12.	
Ordered to the Field—Ordered by General Grant to report by water to Nashville—Orders changed at Louisville to march through Kentucky	85-89
CHAPTER 13.	
Patrol of the Tennessee River—Assignment to left wing Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Granville M. Dodge—Trouble with ordnance office at Nashville about ammunition settled by Grant—Union of the three battalions at Athens, Alabama—Capture of Captain Hetzler and one-half of Company "G" on Jack Peters' Plantation	90-98
CHAPTER 14.	
The Affair at Center Star—Failure to capture enemy at Center Star and the consequences.....	99-103

CONTENTS.

xiii

CHAPTER 15.	PAGE.
The Florence Campaign—And interesting incidents with which it was connected.....	104-123
CHAPTER 16.	
Battle of Decatur.....	124-129
CHAPTER 17.	
Rousseau's Raid — Reach Sherman's Army at Vining Station July 23, 1864 — Interview with General Thomas	130-143
CHAPTER 18.	
Preparing to remount the Command—Affair at Big Shanty	144-151
CHAPTER 19.	
Sherman's Grand March—Battle of Buckhead Creek.	152-161
CHAPTER 20.	
Battle of Waynsboro—Attempt to Liberate Prisoners at Millen Prison.....	162-167
CHAPTER 21.	
Siege of Savannah — Hog Island — Ordered to burn railroad bridge across the Altamaha River, thirty miles below Savannah—Sister's Ferry on Savannah River — Visit from Dr. King.....	168-177
CHAPTER 22.	
Descent on South Carolina—In Barnwell first night In South Carolina—Battle of Aiken.....	178-189

	PAGE.
CHAPTER 23.	
Battle of Averysboro and capture of Colonel Rhett— Battle of Bentonville—Through the Turpentine Forest of North Carolina—Kilpatrick's escape— Known by many of the boys as "Kilpatrick's Shirt-tail Skedaddle"	190-199
CHAPTER 24.	
The last Engagement of the War.....	200-214
CHAPTER 25.	
Service in North Carolina after the close of the War.	215-225
CHAPTER 26.	
Subsequent trip to the South—"Among Loyal Moun- taineers"	226-255
CHAPTER 27.	
Visit to Florence, Alabama, after twenty-five years..	256-264
CHAPTER 28.	
Recent Correspondence — Memorial Address at Athens, Ohio, May 30, 1886, before the G. A. R. Post, the Faculty and Students of the Ohio University and citizens of Athens—An Ad- dress given June 8, 1908, at Memorial Services, with flowers on the graves of the Confederate Dead at Camp Chase, Ohio—Incident in which Captain Brooks of Knoxville, Tenn., saved the life of an indiscreet Northern "Drummer," in 1861—A near view of Lincoln by Jonathan F. Linton, editor of The Daily Union City Chronicle of Illinois, in 1865, and a friend of the President; Mr. Linton also served at R. Q. M. in the 39th Ill. Vol. Infantry.....	265-305

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
Ashley, Edw. M., Q. M. Sergt.....	71
Black, Chas. W.....	34
Black, J. Morton, Orderly and Aide.....	16
Brown, Thos., Capt.....	71
Cochran, Thos. J., Lt.....	128
Coe, Albin, Capt.....	71
Curren, A. J.....	132
Daniels, Jos., Capt.....	68
Ely, Wm. B., Lt.....	128
Gamble, Jas. L., Sergt. Co. "G".....	145
Gatch, A. P., Capt.....	132
Hamilton, Arthur T., Adj.....	9
Hamilton, Henry	9
Hamilton, Robt. J.....	9
Hamilton, William	9
Hamilton, William Douglas.....	Frontispiece
Hamilton, Gen. W. D.....	Opposite Frontispiece
Henderson, Wm., Capt.....	270
Hill, Geo. H., Sergt.....	128
Hogue, Elijah, Capt.....	61
Iliff, Thos. Corwin, Sergt.....	271
Irvine, Jas., Maj.....	68
Kinnear, Wm. R., Corp.....	270
Mann, E. L., Capt.....	191
Mills, Warner, Capt.....	39

	PAGE.
Moffit, Robt. H., Hospital Stewards.....	186, 188
Morrison, Henry A., Lt.....	68
Nachtrieb, Michael, Musician.....	128
Pinney, Chas. H., Asst. Surgeon.....	68
Rownd, Robt. M., Chief Bugler.....	185
Selser, Volney	34
Sickinger, Robt.	132
Sniff, Albert, Sergt.....	20
Spencer, Harry L., Sergt.....	76
Spencer, Wm.	34
Stewart, John M., Lt.....	65
Swing, P. F., Capt.....	152
Thirty-second Regt., O. V. I.....	12
Van Ottanger, Max, Lt.....	71
Winnett, W. S., Capt.....	65

CHAPTER I.

Family History.

My father, William Hamilton, belonged to the Orbiston branch of the Hamiltons of Scotland. The family estate bordered on the River Clyde, sixteen miles above Glasgow.

It was on this estate, near the beginning of the 19th century that the celebrated socialist, Robert Dale Owen, established his "Industrial Community" and obtained funds to erect extensive cotton mills to be operated on his plan of "common ownership" the failure of which involved the estate and caused it to fall into the control of the Hamiltons of Dallzell, another branch of the family. The ruins of this enterprise still stand on the property, a monument to the blighting influence of a visionary enthusiast.

In the spring of 1838, my father and mother with three little children, myself, aged 6, my brother John, aged 4, my sister, Marion, aged 2 years, with three servants sailed from Glasgow with Captain Coffin in the good ship William Tell, bound for New York. Three years prior to this (in 1835) my father's brother Robert, and my mother's brother, Robert Jack, two young men, had preceded us to select a location in the New World. They reached Pittsburg,

at that time an industrial center of Scotch enterprise and thrift. From there they traveled on foot to Zanesville, and along the "National Road" to Columbus, Ohio, looking for good land, on good roads, near good coal. All this was rather difficult to find in those days. They finally selected a location a few miles west of Zanesville, between the villages of Gratiot and Brownsville, Licking County, where my Uncle Robert Hamilton bought a farm. My mother's brother, being an only son, had an "expectancy" at home but wanted to see the country.

Our trip across was before the days of great ocean steamers and we were subject to the usual discomforts of a six weeks' sail, but we children were supplied with plenty of good fresh milk from the Captain's cow for our oatmeal porridge, and were quite happy when not sea-sick.

We landed in New York at the "Battery." After a short stay among friends in that growing city we boarded a steamer which took us up the Hudson river to Albany. Here we were transferred to a railroad for Schenectady—twelve miles, it being at that time the only piece of railroad between New York and the great West. The speed of the train did not prevent one of our men from jumping off the car while the train was drawn up a grade by a stationary engine at the top, and running forward to a pump to get a pitcher of water for the children, as the day was warm and we were thirsty.

At Schenectady we boarded a packet boat on the

Erie Canal drawn by three good horses, driven tandem at a lively pace and changed at relay stations every ten miles, this being the "fast line limited." Three days' delightful travel brought us to Buffalo, where we took a lake steamer for Cleveland. We found the short, jerky waves of that shallow, land-bound lake more disturbing than the long, rolling swell of the ocean, and we were glad, after spending a night in that young city of five thousand inhabitants, to be consigned to the quiet waters of the Ohio Canal to begin the last stage of our long pilgrimage.

The charm of woodland and prairie along the northern stretches of this water-way did not impress my boyish mind so much as did some of the incidents of the journey.

On one occasion my dear little sister, Marion, ventured unnoticed by her nurse too near the prow of the boat and fell overboard, causing quite an excitement among the passengers. Her clothes kept her afloat until the boat had almost passed her. I well remember the heroic plunge of the helmsman into the waist deep water to save the "drowning child" and the beaming smile upon his face on receipt of the thanks and reward my father gave him. It was mid-summer, and the sight of the tall, growing corn and strange fruit interested us all. The captain had roasting ears for dinner which I thought very fine, and their peculiar flavor remained a memory to be renewed every year on tasting my first roasting ear of the season, and sometimes lingered pleasantly during

the stirring times of the great war when that food was sometimes about our only article of diet.

The village of Nashport, between Newark and Zanesville, near the Licking river, marked the end of our voyaging, for we found my uncle's wagon and driver waiting for us, and we finished the remaining ten miles across the rugged "Flint Ridge" where we were shown great old pits which we were told the Indians had dug for a peculiar flint out of which they formed their arrow heads. A three hours' drive brought us to the National Road, then five years old, which we were all delighted to see for it was in sharp contrast with the rough wagon track over which we had just passed. We were soon welcomed by our Uncle Robert and his charming young wife, the handsome daughter of a good English family near Zanesville, who was a kind aunt to us until she died two years ago.

Here we spent the winter and I was sent to school in a log cabin about a mile away in the woods. It was the surprise of the school that the little Scotch lad six years old could read the Testament and "say the ten commandments off the book."

The Bible is a school-book in Scotland.

In the spring my father bought a fine 200-acre farm across the line in Muskingum County, and this became the home of our family.

CHAPTER 2.

The Scotch Colony.

Soon others of our friends came from Scotland; other farms were bought and a Scotch colony was established about the year 1840 around the villages of Gratiot and Brownsville, two miles apart. Schools and churches were founded and Sunday schools were established. Profanity and drinking were unknown. Saloons which had flourished during the construction of the National Road gradually disappeared and not one has been able to live in either village during the last sixty years.

In 1851 I became a student of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, where I took an irregular course, teaching school at home part of the time. I then became a student of law under Judge Buckingham of Newark and completed the course in the Cincinnati Law School under Judge Bellamy Storer in 1858. In the spring of 1859 I became the junior partner in the law firm of Ball and Hamilton in Zanesville, Ohio.

This partnership was terminated in 1861 by the opening of the civil war. I had been taken ill with typhoid fever and was lying at my father's house on the farm when the news of the attack on Fort Sumter

set the North on fire. The President called for 75,000 volunteers for three months, as it was supposed the trouble could be adjusted by that time. Recruiting offices were opened in nearly all the county seats in the state.

Three companies were soon organized in Zanesville, and a fourth was commenced in our vicinity. One day Ulysses Westbrook, one of my village schoolmates, came to my room and told me that this company was being recruited by himself and Albert Spaulding of Zanesville, who belonged to a military company and understood military drill, and that about fifty men had been enlisted. But other companies were ahead of them and he despaired of completing their company in time. "But," said he, "if you will come and help us and say you will take the captaincy, I think we can fill it up in time to be accepted."

During my slow convalescence I had plenty of time to talk to my father and determine my duty in case of a rupture between the states, so I replied, "I will come and help you if I can, but I know but little of military affairs and Spaulding should be the captain." "That is very good," returned Westbrook, "but nearly all the men are my recruits. They don't know Spaulding and they all know you and there are a good many other young men around here who will join us if you will go. We are to have a meeting to-morrow night at Brownsville. If you will come to the meeting we will send a carriage for you. The meeting was held in the street and I talked from a

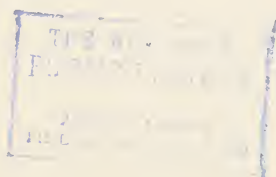
store box, urging the duty of the young men in the present crisis, and seven added their names to the roll.

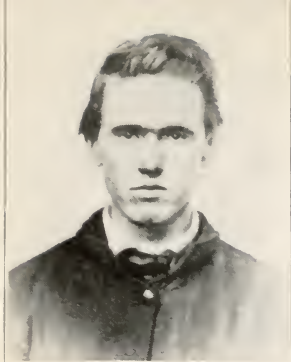
Little by little the company roll was increased, but before the full number was secured, the Ohio quota was filled, and we were left out. A number of the boys accepted appointments to fill vacancies in the more fortunate companies and our efforts at that time were ended. The disastrous battle of Bull Run and the President's new call for troops revived our activities. I was notified by Governor Dennison that my company would be received on enlistment for three years or during the war.

The community of which our little Scotch colony formed a part was generally loyal to the government. Although the institution of slavery was abhorred they were not inclined to interfere with the recognized rights of the southern states. Still the ill advised acts of that section produced an alarmed feeling of sorrow and foreboding. They relied with hopeful confidence upon the wisdom of the president-elect who was now to take the helm of the crippled Ship of State to guide it through the reefs which threatened it.

As Mr. Lincoln passed through Newark on his way to Washington for his inauguration my father was one of a number that gathered to meet him, but he came home disappointed and apprehensive, saying that when the train stopped a tall, ungainly man appeared on the platform and in a very ordinary way said in substance as follows: "My Fellow Citizens:—

It gives me pleasure to see so many good citizens of the great state of Ohio, and of your city with so many nice, happy-looking children before me." He then looked out upon the distant hills and remarked, "You have a beautiful country with its forest and hills. The state I come from is level but I was born in Kentucky and always loved the hills." He did not allude to where he was going nor what he was going to do. And my father said with a sigh, "I don't think he knows very well himself. I fear we have elected a man who is not great enough to realize the responsibilities he has to meet." But later events showed in that simple, evasive speech the intuitive wisdom of that wonderful man.





ROBERT J. HAMILTON,
Mortally Wounded Dec. 11,
1861, at Camp Alleghany.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died of Exposure on Cheat
Mountain, Dec. 11, 1861.



ADJ. ARTHUR T. HAMILTON,
Mortally Wounded in Battle, Aiken,
Mar. 11, 1864.

HENRY HAMILTON.



WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Died of Exposure and Starva-
tion, Andersonville, 1864.

CHAPTER 3.

The Call to the Colors.

Enemies were following the president-elect eager to report and misconstrue his every word. A plot was laid to take his life as he passed through Baltimore and he knew it. A few weeks later, however, the people here were willing to meet the issue and the president's call for 75,000 three months' men to quell the disturbance was eagerly responded to, as above related.

The rush to the colors produced by the first call for troops was modified by the seriousness of the outlook now, and the virulent opposition of the "Copperheads" (so-called). This made recruiting for this second call difficult. The opposition to the new administration, which had been checked by the Fort Sumter insult, was revived. Sneering intimations were circulated that the whole affair was "a scheme of the abolitionists to free the niggers," and the injustice of carrying on a war against the southern states and the crime of attempting to destroy the vested rights of these people was heard on every street corner, and gathering place in the country. But recruiting went on all the same. Meetings calling for volunteers were held in our country school houses

encouraged by our ablest men. But if an officer had intimated that it was to free the "niggers" he could not have secured a man.

Our little Scotch colony contained at this time sixteen young men within the military age; of these fourteen entered the service during the war. Two Hamiltons from my father's family, myself and youngest brother, Robert, leaving only my brother John to care for our home affairs. In my Uncle Robert Hamilton's family there were five boys; of these, William, Henry, Arthur and Daniel volunteered, leaving James, the youngest, at college. He afterwards became a Presbyterian minister. Of Mr. Black's family there were three; Dr. James Black, who became a surgeon in the 76th O. V. I., Charles W., and Morton Black; their cousin Mr. Morton's son, Robert; Mr. Miller's only son, John Miller, killed at Vicksburg; and John H. Bell. William Craig, a cousin of ours from Scotland, volunteered and served with us, but returned to Scotland after the war. Ten of these went with me in the beginning.

The village of Roseville furnished a contingent of thirteen to our company. The unlucky tradition of this number was not borne out in their history, for these thirteen, all faithful and efficient soldiers, messed together, slept together, marched together, fought together and endured together all the hardships of four long years, including Vicksburg and the *grand march*, and returned together, unbroken in number, spirit and self-respect.

When the roster of our company neared completion, the men were gathered into camp on the old Fair Grounds at Zanesville, August 13th, 1861. Here we began the A B C of our military education. I had been chosen Captain; Albert Spaulding, First Lieutenant; and Ulysses Westbrook, Second Lieutenant.

One day a young stranger came into camp and introduced himself as Sheldon Guthrie of New Orleans, a relative of the prominent and highly respected family of that name in Zanesville. As he wished to enter the service, his uncle, Austin Guthrie, sent him to me. He said he had five years' training in a military company at home, for such had long been the fashionable athletics of the young men of the South. He frankly asked a lieutenancy, but said he would be content with whatever I could give that would be of most value to the company. He was a serious and self-possessed young man and deeply impressed with the advantage the South possessed through the years of military training its young men had received. He responded gladly to my invitation to visit us for a few days, and the next morning when I gave him a squad to drill I noticed with satisfaction his familiarity with the regulations, and the prudent ability with which he applied his knowledge.

After his enlistment I appointed him First Sergeant of the company and I have always felt that much of the good military character which our company maintained was due to his efficiency; and I am pleased to record that he served throughout the war and com-

manded the regiment as Lieutenant Colonel at its close. He afterwards returned to the South, and died in 1912. This company was the first three-year company that entered the service from Muskingum County.

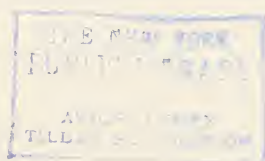
On September 1st, 1861, I received an order to report with my company to Colonel Thomas H. Ford at Mansfield, Ohio. As the company of one hundred men marched in column to the railroad station, the streets were lined with fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, laughing, cheering and crying; and with prayers for our safety they bade us good-bye. All this impressed us with the solemn importance of the mission we had undertaken. On September 4, 1861, our company was mustered into the United States service and assigned as Company "G" to the 32nd O. V. I., Colonel Thomas H. Ford commanding.

We were then sent to camp Dennison near Cincinnati where we received our equipment, and were armed with old, long-barreled, large-calibered, muzzle-loading muskets. These had been discarded by the Austrian government and bought for our use, as the best that could be got at that time. Conspirators in Buchanan's administration had transferred to the southern states all the artillery and small arms they could secure. The Secretary of War (Floyd) sent an order to Pittsburg for the shipment of a large consignment of new artillery to New Orleans. This was prevented by the citizens of that loyal city.

After ten days of drill practice we were ordered on the 10th of September, to Cheat Mountain Gap for



GROUP OF BOYS OF CO. "G," 32D O. V. I.



the purpose of checking the advance of Brigadier General R. E. Lee into western Virginia. While we were preparing for this movement I received a telegram from home saying that my father was dangerously ill. I went home at once and two days after my arrival he died. He had been seriously concerned about the prospect of his adopted country's trouble. He had given two of his three sons to the chances of war. In the delirium before his death he talked of war and pictured scenes of strife as if he were with Colonel Ford and the regiment. In a lucid moment he called me to him and said, "William, take good care of Robert and be a father to him in my place." Then looking up with a confident smile, he died.

After the funeral my brother Robert and I, with some others of the company, followed the regiment to its station at Cheat Mountain Gap in western Virginia, a dreary place of an altitude of 2,500 feet and covered with a thick growth of pine trees, except a clearing of about three acres on which stood an old log cabin known as "Soldier White's Tavern." This served as a stopping place for travelers on this, the principal road to east Virginia, and was the only habitation for twenty miles through the mountains.

We found the boys of our regiment with axes hard at work clearing ground for our tents. A place to drill was out of the question.

The 9th and 13th Indiana and the 25th Ohio Regiments had, the week before, repulsed the enemy commanded by Brigadier General Robert E. Lee in an

attempt to break through the Gap. In this irregular battle General Bushrod Washington, the last male survivor of the Washington family, and an intimate friend of General Lee, was killed.

The enemy had fallen back to their camp across Cheat river on the Staunton pike ten miles east of the Gap, and, as it was expected that they would renew the attack, our regiment had been hurried forward to re-enforce the brigade, which now consisted of about four thousand raw recruits.

We were not soldiers except in name; four thousand boys from the country, under the command of an Indiana lawyer who, we were told, had seen some service in the Mexican War, and whom we learned to know as Brigadier General Kimball. Four thousand sons of honest tradesmen and farmers, just from comfortable homes, unaccustomed to the rigors of camp life, were thus huddled together on a desolate mountain top where the winter had already begun. We had little knowledge of military duty and no opportunity to drill except in the use of the axe, with which most of the boys had served their apprenticeship. Trees had to be cut, places cleared for tents and a hospital built for the sick. A portable sawmill was sent from Zanesville, Ohio. Logs had to be cut and carried to the mill on handspikes over the rough and rocky ground on the mountain sides. A driving snow storm began to sweep the mountain. The boys had been furnished with only one blanket each and an oil cloth "poncho" to keep them warm. The only water we could get was melted

snow. Now as I look back through the sunlight and shadow of more than fifty years all this remains in my memory as a weird dream of a former existence.

I studied as best I could to learn the duties of an officer and familiarize myself with the hardships of an enlisted man. Sometimes I went out with the pickets to see how the sergeant placed his men. Once during a snow storm I remained all night at a post near the enemy's line. We formed a shelter of brush by the side of a log. In the morning the snow was ten inches deep. When the officer of the guard came around and saw me he exclaimed, in surprise, "Why, Captain, what in the world are you doing here?" I replied that I was taking lessons in the duties of a soldier's life. I considered it for the good of the service that my men should believe implicitly that I would not ask them to do anything I did not understand, nor go anywhere that I would not be willing to be with them.

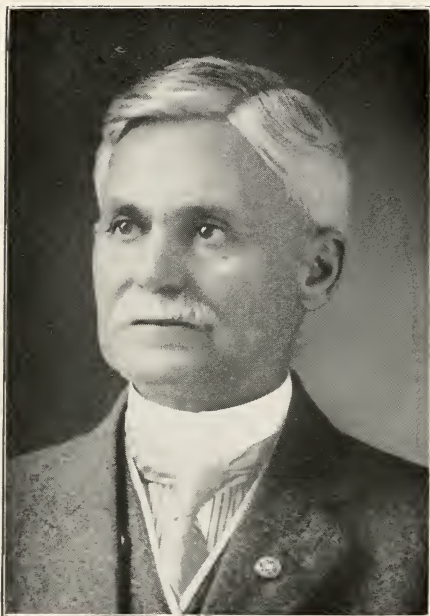
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CHAPTER 4.

Our First Battle.

On October 3d, General Kimball decided to attack the enemy. With that purpose in view orders were issued to the different regiments to have their companies in line fully armed, and with two day's rations, ready to march at one o'clock in the morning. This was serious business, but, at the hour named, Company "G" was in line, and as First Sergeant Guthrie, who had already committed our muster roll to memory, called the names in the dark, all answered but one private. I went to his tent and found him looking around in a dazed manner. I said, "George, what is the matter with you? Why are you not in line?" "I can't find my cartridge box," he stammered. I saw it at his feet and told him to buckle it on and get into line. He looked at me and with a trembling voice replied, "Captain, I feel that I am not prepared to die." I somewhat impatiently told him to buckle on his cartridge box, fall into line and do his duty for that was all God required of him. George obeyed, answered to his name, and before the war closed the poor boy tested my theology, for he gave his life for his country in the line of duty.

The brigade as now formed consisted of the 9th and 13th Indiana, the 25th and 32d Ohio, and marched in



J. MORTON BLACK,
Orderly and Efficient Aide, 9th O V. C.

the order named, General Kimball commanding. The road wound zig-zag down the mountain which was covered with timber. The night was dark and still. Now and then a frightened deer could be heard leaping away through the underbrush, and the wicked screams of disturbed catamounts calling to each other from the opposite mountain sides, and great horned owls began the sentinel's challenge, "Who, who (goes there?)" Before we reached the foot of the mountain the moon arose, and orders came to reverse arms lest its rays reflecting upon our polished muskets might betray our coming. All this seemed to come like weird warnings from a strange world, and caused the boys to feel that they were a long ways from home.

The enemy's camp was situated upon the same road across the Cheat river about a mile from the foot of the mountain. A road known as the "Gum Road" running parallel with the river, intersected the main road at the foot of the mountain. Here our command halted at 4 o'clock in the morning for an hour's rest. I was then ordered to take my company to the right, along this road about a mile, to prevent or give notice of a flank movement of the enemy from that direction. After marching about that distance we came to a spur of the mountain about 300 yards from the river. At its foot a large white pine tree, nearly three feet in diameter and without a limb for more than a hundred feet, had fallen diagonally toward the road in our direction. I placed

my company behind this ready-made breast-work and waited somewhat nervously for the coming of the enemy. Presently we heard distant footsteps among the leaves, and soon a whisper from the men, "Listen, they are coming." We saw dimly in the river fog an armed man walking—then another—then a third. I now was confronted by my first military problem. What should I do? If these men in military overcoats were the advance of an approaching force and I fired upon them the main body would be warned and make their disposition either to attack or flank us. If ordered to halt and surrender they would probably fire upon us and thus report our presence. If they were scouts they must be captured with as little noise as possible, and I decided to try this myself. I directed Lieutenant Westbrook to keep the men hid until I ordered, "Halt." He was then to cover the foe with his guns, but not fire. Slipping quietly over the log, I started cautiously at right angles to intercept them. Bravely enough I prepared to cover them with my pistol, but to my surprise a strange rebellion took possession of my legs. They wobbled like two sticks trying to support a load. This feeling increased the farther I got from our log. I had the men covered with my pistol, but I did not know then nor have I ever been quite sure whether I had it cocked or not. They grew in my eyes to at least seven feet in height. I tried to order them to halt, but my mouth would not go off. About that time, however, I heard the cocking of a hundred guns behind the log; then my

mouth let loose. By this time the three men in front took in the situation and when I succeeded in ordering them to lay down their arms, they did. Thinking that I might get some important information, I demanded to what regiment they belonged. The tall sergeant (I was sure he was 7 feet) replied with a quizzical smile, "The 13th Indiana. What is yours?"

I have been consoled by old hunters who told me that it was a case of "buck-fever" that had upset me. My men thought I did a brave act and cheered me on my return, and it was nearly a year before I had the courage to tell them how scared I was. That did not lessen the shame for the unsoldierly weakness I felt, and, for other reasons my tactics on that occasion would not merit the approval of military critics. The proper place for a captain in time of danger is with his company. I should have sent a subordinate with proper support, and kept the company in hand to meet any emergency. But, after all, the experience was valuable, for it began a confidence between my company and me that continued as long as we were permitted to remain together.

On the approach of daylight the battle began at the ford. We heard the roar of contending artillery and fire of musketry for the first time, October 3d. 1861.

About 10 o'clock a courier came with orders to return. We found the brigade in column returning to our camp on the mountain. The damage in sight as the result of the engagement was a lot of broken artillery and wagons, some disabled guns drawn by

crippled horses which had been struck by pieces of exploded shells, and a few dead and wounded men in the ambulance for which we were detailed as rear guard on the way to camp. The papers throughout the North reported that on October 3d General Kimball had made a "very successful reconnoissance in force against the enemy on Cheat river."

All that night, however, the command was kept at work preparing to receive the enemy in case they should incline to return the call, which however they did not do. Cold weather and snow soon came to our cheerless camp. Our tents were poor shelter from the mountain storms. We could not even drill to keep warm but were employed in cutting logs to build winter quarters. These were carried by the men and put upon the ground we had cleared for that purpose. Larger logs were cut and carried in the same way as before to the mill and sawed into lumber for roofing, flooring, tables and sleeping bunks, into which the men were huddled with but little covering. All this was a fearful experience for boys who had just left comfortable homes in Ohio.

OUR FIRST DEATH.

A hospital was soon established, built like the cabins but upon a larger scale. This was soon crowded and the men began to die. John Crosland was the first of our company to go. We made a coffin of green boards for his body which I kept in my tent all night. I wrote a notice of his sickness and death upon the lid and sent it with his body to his



SERGEANT ALBERT SNIFF,
Co. "G," 32d O. V. I.

Prominent minister in M. E. Church, died Sept. 1, 1904,
whose daughter, Miss Madge, rendered valuable assistance as stenographer in compiling this book.



people near Uniontown, also a copy to the Zanesville Courier. I give this in marked contrast to the way we disposed of the dead later on.

Many became so dangerously ill that Colonel Ford procured an order to move his regiment down the mountain twelve miles to the town of Beverly for better accommodations, and here new quarters had to be built. While we were at work on these buildings Colonel Ford received an order from General Milroy, then in command, dated December 10th, to report with his regiment back to the Gap to join in an advance on the enemy stationed at Camp Alleghany, thirty miles east of the Gap on the road to Staunton.

At this time many of the line officers and all the field officers, except the Colonel, were either sick or absent. The Colonel showed me the order, saying that neither he nor the regiment was able to make the trip and that he was going to so report.

I knew that there was not the best feeling existing between the Colonel and General Milroy and that this refusal would work an injury to both him and the regiment, and I suggested that he send a copy of the order to the different companies with a statement of the regiment's condition, but calling for volunteers for the expedition. This he said he would do if I would go in command. I told him I was willing to go, but as the Captain of Company "G" I was not the ranking officer and not entitled to command. The Colonel replied, "I will arrange that matter. Those who are ready for duty and whose commissions ante-

date yours I will detail on some other duty and then place the volunteers under your command and give you a note to General Milroy explaining our condition here."

This was arranged, and about two hundred of the best men and officers of the regiment, including fifty of my own company under Lieutenant Westbrook, reported for duty. We started that afternoon, December 11th, 1861, with three days' rations and one blanket each and marched six miles to Huttonville, where we bunched together for the night in the fence corners of a meadow at the foot of the mountain. At 10 o'clock the next morning I reported to General Milroy in the gap at the top and gave him Colonel Ford's note. After dinner the brigade, consisting of the 9th and 13th Indiana, the 25th Ohio and the detachment of the 32d O. V. I., started over the road of our night march six weeks before. We crossed Cheat river and rested in the camp recently occupied by the enemy.

I was surprised to find no empty bottles nor packs of cards, but Sunday school papers, and, in one case, a Testament with a mother's blessing written on the fly leaf, and letters written by fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, all full of affection; some of them from mothers urging their dear sons not to forget their prayers. These were addressed to the boys of the 12th Georgia Regiment. This was a revelation which went far to modify my feelings towards the Southern people.

CHAPTER 5.

Battle of Camp Alleghany.

At 2 o'clock A. M. December 13th, 1861, the command started, as it was General Milroy's hope to take the enemy by surprise. When within three miles of their camp, which was located on a plateau of the Alleghanies, Colonel Moody was ordered to take his regiment quietly around to the rear of the camp and begin his attack when he heard our guns.

After a short rest we proceeded — our detachment in front, followed by the 25th O. V. I. and the 13th Indiana. In a strip of timber when nearing the camp, our skirmishers encountered the enemy's pickets and were fired upon and one of our advance badly wounded. He was carried back along our column. The men were so tired and sleepy that they were marching almost mechanically, but were aroused by the firing and were so badly affected by the sight and the groaning of the wounded man that I sent word to the Lieutenant commanding the skirmish line not to send wounded men back along the column as it had a bad effect upon the men.

Beyond the timber there was a field rising at an angle of about fifteen degrees up to the plateau. On this plateau the timber was still standing and back of

it their barricades were constructed. We pressed forward as rapidly as possible, driving the pickets before us, and one of these we captured. We formed into line, hoping to find the enemy unprepared, but they were kneeling in line on the brow of the hill waiting for us. My command formed our left flank; the 13th Indiana, the right; and the 25th O. V. I. the center. When we came within close range they arose with a terrible yell and fired upon us. But they made the mistake common to all raw soldiers; in their excitement they fired too high. We halted long enough to return the fire but made the same mistake, for the same reason. But the battle was on. We could scarcely see them for the smoke, but the noise was terrific. The men became confused and began to waver. I myself felt uncomfortable until a bracing thought came to me, and I called out, "Steady, boys, keep steady. Remember we are making half this noise." The brave fellows cheered and rushed forward with shout, driving the enemy into the timber toward their works; and the roar of the battle and the shouting was all along the line.

Close on our right a big, burly fellow of the 25th was pressing ahead and shouting as he turned, "Come on, boys, come on. Lets give 'em h-ll". Soon a ball from the front hit him in the heel; he threw his gun in the air and limped across our line shouting, "Oh, Lordie, Oh, Lordie," in such a dismal way as to raise, a laugh, which, however, helped to steady the nerves of all the boys that saw him.

We had driven the enemy to the edge of the timber but saw reinforcements coming from their works to attack our right flank. Nothing had been heard from Colonel Moody, who should have been on hand to give them something else to do. They charged our right flank in force. The 13th Indiana held them for a time but was overpowered and began slowly to fall back. I called to our boys to take to the trees and hold their ground. This they did for a while, but the enemy was pressing the 25th regiment hard and soon we had to fall back to the woods, fighting as well as a retreat would permit. The lack of Colonel Moody's help made the day a failure.

Earlier in the battle, George Harvey, one of my men, called to me and said there was something the matter with his gun — it would not "go off" and had hurt his shoulder the last time he fired. I told him to throw it down and find another one. After the fight he brought his gun to me to examine. The muzzle was slightly spread, showing two small cracks. Upon unbreeching the gun we found a Minnie ball at the bottom of the barrel with the point down. We used round balls in our muskets, while the enemy, with better arms, used Minnie balls. It was plainly evident that at the instant Harvey had fired, a ball from the enemy had entered his gun and produced the effect he had complained of.

Bullets have been known to meet in the air, but this is the only instance I ever heard of during the

war in which a bullet of one side crossed the line to hide itself in the barrel of the other.

We listened anxiously for Colonel Moody's guns, but his guide was misled in the darkness and the troops which he was to engage were free to reinforce those opposing us.

They concentrated on our right flank and center which began to fall back across our rear. I ordered my men to follow slowly, which they did. They had been fighting well in the front, and I learned afterwards that S. H. Prior, one of my best and bravest men, had been killed while pressing forward. It is a strange fact that two nights before the battle he came to me and said, "Captain, I have a presentiment that I will be killed in the next engagement; it troubles me and I have come to tell you and to ask if you would join me in prayer." This was a remarkable incident; but I took his hand and we walked out to a log and knelt together there.

The yells of the enemy quickened our pace, but my brother Robert at my side with his tall comrades of the first platoon, said, "William, let us not run." We all walked instead, at a lively pace, it is true, but in good order. In a short time my brother stopped and said, "William, I am hit." I caught him and asked, where. He replied, "On my leg somewhere. I don't know exactly where." I took him by the arm and he tried to walk, but fell. I told the boys to spread a blanket on which we laid him, and four of

his comrades carried him down the hill. Six of the first platoon to which he belonged walked behind with me, all armed and determined to protect him at any cost. The enemy made a rush with a shout, and Robert said, "Put me down, boys, put me down. Don't get captured." But they all replied, "Not much, we will never leave you, Robert!"

I bitterly thought of the injunction which my father had given me on his death-bed three months before when he feebly said, "Take good care of Robert, my son; take good care of the boy and be a father to him." This hour was the only time during the war in which I ever courted danger, and I remember the wish that I were as big as a barn that I might shelter the brave young boy from their flying bullets. His comrades carried him from the field, while we maintained a guard retreating slowly behind him. The enemy soon left us, preferring to follow men whose backs they saw. We carried Robert to the wagons where we made a fire, for his foot was cold. The ball had gone through his leg just below the knee and had broken the smaller bone and cut the nerve. The surgeon said, "It is a bad wound."

Shortly after this, Colonel Moody's guns were heard on the far side of the enemy's camp, but it was too late. Some of the dead were left on the field but the wounded were brought off. I did not then know that Sam Prior was killed. Their wounds were dressed; they were then placed in wagons because we had no ambulances. I filled one of them with my

brother and four other wounded; gave my horse to Lieutenant Westbrook and drove the team myself on our return that cold December night.

This was the saddest trip I ever made. The mountain road was rocky and rough. The moaning of the wounded men and their continual plea for water made the night dismal. Water could be procured only by breaking the ice in the horses' foot-prints of the night before. When we arrived at midnight at the Mountain Gap two of the boys in the wagon were dead. On my return to our camp at Beverly next day I found that my cousin, Henry Hamilton, whom I had left very low, had died, and his body had been taken home by his brother Arthur, the day before. The father was notified and came but missed the wagon on the mud road between Grafton and Beverly.

On examining my brother Robert's wound, our surgeon, Dr. Brundage, asked me if we had an experienced surgeon at home. I told him we had and asked why he inquired. He said, "This wound is a bad one for which the books prescribe amputation and I would rather not take such a responsibility." I got a common springless wagon, laid him on straw, the best I could find; then I wrapped him in blankets and drove him forty miles to Grafton where I put him on the cars for Zanesville.

After an examination there, Dr. Hildreth said, "The leg should have been amputated before, blood poison has begun and there is now not more than

one chance in twenty to save his life. If it is not done, there is no chance." The doctor explained the situation in the presence of mother, my brother John and me. Robert was told. He replied, "I am willing to submit to whatever you think best. His leg was taken off, but mortification had begun. He suffered but little in the week he lived. He was fond of music, and after singing one of his favorite Sunday school songs in a gentle, sweet voice, he brightened up as he turned his head to me and said, "William, they can't say we played the coward, can they?"

He died at noon the next day. We started home with the body in the afternoon, the hearse draped with the flag for which he had given his life. Two companies of the 78th O. V. I., then organizing at Zanesville, were detailed by Colonel Leggett as an escort through the city. On reaching home at 9 P. M. it was found that it would not be advisable to wait until morning, and at midnight we laid his body to rest beside the grave of his father, made three months before, and that of his cousin Henry who died in camp the day that Robert was shot.

This was a severe beginning of the war experience for our family, and well calculated to increase a feeling of bitterness towards the men who had brought on the war. But I could not feel a hatred for the soldier whose bullet had struck down my brother. One of the regiments we were fighting was the 12th Georgia, in whose deserted camp we found the letters which had impressed me with the fact that they religiously believed that they were fight-

ing for a just cause for which their mothers were praying, and I felt even then that I could in sadness take the hand of the young soldier who fired the shot, in recognition of the fact that he was as faithful to his teachings as I was to mine.

One of the greatest friends we had while our company remained in Beverly was Mrs. Arnold, the wife of the most prominent citizen of the town. She was a strong Union woman and a faithful friend of our sick and wounded boys, often taking them home and caring for them, supplying delicacies which they could get nowhere else. Mrs. Arnold was especially interesting to us as being the sister and only near relative of Stonewall Jackson, the greatest military genius of the South, but of whom she seldom spoke except to express regret that he had taken up arms against his country. In her declining years she made her home at Shepard's Sanatarium in Columbus, Ohio, and one of the interesting features of our reunion here was the informal reception she always gave to the boys of Co. G. She died in 1912.

While at Beverly we had an opportunity to resume company drill and to become familiar with the duties of a soldier, especially that of camp and picket guard, upon which the safety of the camp depends.

On one occasion I induced the picket guard to let me through the line at night without the countersign. Next morning I put him under arrest for doing it. This was a lesson that was never forgotten. I should have been sent in under guard to headquarters by the Sergeant.

CHAPTER 6.

Advance from Cheat Mountain and our Experience With Foreign Adventurers.

When the spring of 1862 opened, our troops were ordered to advance on the Staunton road into the Shenandoah Valley, but Company "G" of the 32d Ohio was to remain at Beverly until the sick and wounded could be removed.

On April 20th an order came from the colonel to bring my company via Grafton on the B. & O. R. R., to Martinsburg and report to the regiment on Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley. En route I received an order to stop off temporarily at New Creek, now called Keyser, to protect the railroad, for it was rumored that the enemy was coming to tear it up at that point. Here I was put in charge of a new style of battery, consisting of twenty small steel guns of one pound caliber for sharp shooting artillery practice. Some two weeks afterwards two foreign officers appeared and presented an order from General Fremont, then in command of the Army of the Shenandoah Valley, appointing them captain and lieutenant respectively in the American Artillery, and directing them to proceed to New Creek and take command of an infantry company with a battery of artillery which

they would find there. The captain then produced an order directing me to turn over my company to Captain Von Otto by order of Major General Fremont.

The captain was very gracious and told me he belonged to the Austrian nobility and was an artillery officer on temporary leave of absence. His order gave him authority to draw on the post quartermaster for horses to take the company and battery to General Fremont's headquarters at Cedar Creek.

This whole proceeding seemed to me arbitrary and I felt that General Fremont was not warranted in depriving me of my command without a cause and taking my company from the regiment to which it belonged without the knowledge of the colonel under whose order I was acting, simply to accommodate some foreign adventurers; but as I was anxious to reach Cedar Creek and read a copy of the order to the company and put them under the orders of Captain Von Otto. General Fremont was better known in Europe at that time than any man in our army, having once been a candidate for the Presidency. He became surrounded by a lot of idle adventurers known as "Soldiers of Fortune", who rushed over here to assist us in our domestic troubles of which they knew little and cared less. They came to instruct us in the science of war, by which they hoped to reap some glory and a comfortable share of American gold.

One of them came to our camp in West Virginia the year before, when General Fremont was com-

manding that department. He claimed to be a major from some European army and had an authority from Fremont to be placed in command of scouting parties in search of the enemy, and "bring on a fight," the "bloodier the better," and "get his name up" as he said. But he was not given a chance and soon disappeared.

I was therefore not favorably impressed with Captain Von Otto and his Lieutenant, nor with the prospective value of the services and military instruction that Austria was about to furnish through the services of these men. Their manner and imperfect English when they undertook to instruct the company made their efforts seem ridiculous and the men would laugh at their mistakes. This would cause them to lose their temper and storm and swear until the drill became a farce. The arrogant way in which they treated the men destroyed respect.

As the captain was tall and slim he was referred to as "Tongs," while the lieutenant who was short and thick was known as "Tubs." "Tongs" and "Tubs" were the names by which they were known with the company, and this, the boys said was "the long and short of it."

Their idea of the relations maintained among officers was good enough, but their manner toward the enlisted men was overbearing and generally objectionable and not calculated to secure discipline nor respect from American volunteers.

One hot day, for example, the captain dismounted

with polite ceremony to talk to me, but with an overdone imperiousness he called to a soldier near by, "Here, fellow, hold my horse." The boy, I may mention, had been one of my school pupils and was one of my best soldiers. He is now the Honorable Charles W. Black, a prominent citizen of Iowa and late member of the state legislature. He obeyed promptly, but the flies were troublesome, and the horse with a sudden turn switched the captain slightly with his tail. Thereupon he became furious, cursed the boy and drew his sword as if to strike him. Of course I stopped him, saying that would not do in the American Army. Turning to me he was prompt to apologize. "Oh, don't apologize to me," said I, "speak to the boy". But this suggestion was quite foreign to his ideas of army discipline. The familiar relations between American officers and volunteer soldiers disgusted him, while his assumed superiority over the men disgusted them, and efficient cooperation was impossible. I felt sure that in this whole affair General Fremont had transcended his authority, that the President would not knowingly permit it, and I determined to make the issue before the war department in Washington.

About the middle of June, Captain Von Otto received an order to report with his new command to General Fremont near Cedar Creek and transportation was provided. The company's rifles had been boxed and I ordered Lieutenant Westbrook to have them put in a car. On arriving at Martinsburg, in-



CHAS. W. BLACK.

WM. SPENCER.

VOLNEY SELSER.

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stead of turning them in to the post-quartermaster as Captain Von Otto had suggested, Lieutenant Westbrook placed our rifles in the wagons. After three days march we arrived at Cedar Creek. The battery was placed in camp; I then reported to Lieutenant Colonel Sweeney, commanding the 32d O. V. I. then at Cedar Creek. The colonel was a West Point man but his poor health had interfered with his field service. When I explained how I had been relieved and my company given to a foreigner he was indignant and said, "I have had no notice of this nor that your company has been detached from my command, and I order you to report with your men to your place in the regiment."

CHAPTER 7.

Arrested by Order of General Fremont. — Winchester and Harper's Ferry. — First Battalion, Ninth Ohio Cavalry.

This I did, and as I expected, General Fremont had the company ordered back to Captain Von Otto and issued an order placing me in arrest. I was given three days in which to prepare for trial for disobedience of orders. Colonel Sweeney took me to the headquarters of our brigade commander, General J. Saunders Piatt, where we met the general and his adjutant, Colonel Don Piatt, the well known writer and war correspondent. To both of them I gave a detailed statement of what had occurred. They became deeply interested and sent to General Fremont's headquarters for a copy of the order depriving me of my command and giving it to Captain Von Otto.

A feeling existed throughout the army that the foreign element was having too much influence with Fremont. The pompous and ceremonial style of most of these adventurers was more in keeping with that of a foreign court than of an American camp. Our officers were becoming sick of it, and often when returning from business interviews at headquarters they could be heard repeating that wicked formula, "Damn the Dutch." Much interest was aroused when

my case became known and it was intimated that perhaps the General might do well to look after his own affairs.

I received plenty of assistance in preparing my defence. On the morning of the day set for the trial we noticed the General's splendid escort of 100 men standing by their horses in line in front of headquarters. A negro in charge of his magnificent white horse stood at the head of the line. Soon General Fremont appeared in full uniform with sword buckled by his side. At a given signal the bugler sounded the call to mount. All as one man sprang into saddles, and as the bugle sounded, "Fours right into column, March", they followed their leader at a gallop. And thus the flag of the General passed over the hill toward Washington and was seen in the valley no more, for the President had relieved him of his command. Fremont was too radical for the times and lacked the patience of Lincoln.

My friends and I went back to headquarters. General Schenck of Ohio, the ranking general, had already been placed in command. At the proper time I reported for trial. He asked what the case was. When I told him, he looked at the entry docket, and told me the case was dismissed and that I was to resume the command of my company in the regiment.

The next day being the 4th of July, our brigade celebrated by reading the Declaration of Independence on the field where, later on, the defeat of an army was to be turned into victory by the arrival of a single

man, as immortalized in Read's poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

The following day the entire brigade proceeded under orders to Winchester. Although this town was less than "twenty miles away" that march was the most fatiguing that I ever endured. The sun was like a furnace in blast. The limestone road was nearly an inch deep in dust; and this, stirred up by the tramp of four thousand men, filled the air so that it was distressing either to breathe or to see. The springs along the way were entirely insufficient, and our thirst became almost unendurable. We reached Winchester that night with many of the men in ambulances.

After a few days' rest we began building fortifications on the hills behind the town. These were afterwards captured and retaken many times during the course of the war by the opposing forces. The brigade, under command of General Saunders Piatt, was engaged in this work for about a month.

On the 15th of July some of the boys of Company "G", imposing on the leniency and good nature of Lieutenant Westbrook, who was officer of the guard, that day, persuaded him to permit them, against orders, to go through the lines on a private foraging expedition, their object being to capture some choice honey they knew of in the vicinity. They got the honey, one man carrying the hive and the other two beating off the bees as they came out of the box, but on the way back they were fired upon by a party of rebel scouts.

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CAPT. WARNER MILLS.

They all ran but Nelson Croft who was carrying the hive, stumbled and fell. The other two, supposing he was killed, hurried into camp and so reported. A searching party was sent out from headquarters, but no trace of the missing man could be found. There was no help for the poor lieutenant. Here was a clear violation of a well known military law with disastrous consequences. He begged me to intercede for him but I could not help him and he was dismissed from the service. The health of my First Lieutenant was such that he had been of little service to the company and had resigned at my suggestion. Westbrook had taken his place, and Sergeant Guthrie became first, and Sergeant Mills, second lieutenant. Company "F" of our regiment at its own request was taken from the regiment and given a battery.

I was asked by Colonel Ford if I could secure another company in old Muskingum County as good as the one I had. I told him I thought I could as quite a number of the boys in my company had friends at home who had written asking if places could be found for them. It was thought that Winchester could now be held. General Milroy, who commanded at the battle of Camp Alleghany and who was now in command at Winchester, approved of the plan and I was detailed on recruiting service with authority to select three enlisted men to assist me. I named Sergeant William Sims, Arthur T. Hamilton of Company "G" and Thomas Cochran of Company "B" and

we proceeded at once to Columbus and secured recruiting commissions from Governor Tod. In less than three weeks we had 53 men. By this time Stonewall Jackson had driven the Union forces out of Winchester into Harper's Ferry and captured without a fight about 11,000 men, including our regiment and my company — the most humiliating affair of the war!

Lieutenant Guthrie was so affected by the humiliation that he shed tears like a child, and his chagrin was increased when he found in one of the Louisiana regiments, a number of men of the New Orleans company to which he had belonged.

I reported to Governor Tod that I could not continue to recruit for a paroled regiment and asked for other orders. He said to remain, nominally at least, on recruiting service and if anything occurred by which he could use me he would call for me. In about two weeks he sent for me and said he had a call from Washington for two regiments of cavalry.

"I will select two camps, one in Cleveland, the other in Zanesville," he said. "I will give you the organization of the 9th Regiment with headquarters at Zanesville. An order will be issued that the drafted men who will go as volunteers will have the privilege of selecting their commands; otherwise they will be assigned to the regiment having the most need of them. The best men who have been drafted will go as volunteers and will prefer to ride. This will give you an advantage, and with the volunteers you will

be able to enlist throughout the country, will secure material to make a first-class regiment."

I thanked the governor but said that these men were recruited for the 32d O. V. Infantry where they already had a large number of friends, and as they were not as yet mustered in they might refuse to go. "Not very likely," replied the governor, "as all boys like to ride horseback." "Besides," I said, "I know very little about the cavalry service, and have a poor opinion of it from what I have seen." "You know a horse when you see one?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye." "I was brought up on a farm," I said. "That is about as much as any of them can say," he replied.

This order from the governor explains how I became a cavalryman. I was censured at the time by boys of the 32d O. V. I. and their friends at home for leaving the regiment, but afterwards when they had learned how little a soldier in the service has to do with his own disposal, any feeling that they may have had was forgotten. And by the time the war closed the company was better and more efficiently officered under Captain Mills than when I was taken from it. I am glad to say that my name is still borne upon its muster roll and called at the annual reunion of the survivors as Captain Hamilton to which I am proud to answer whenever I can.

On October 1st, 1862, "Camp Zanesville" was opened to receive the drafted men. Recruiting officers from regiments in the field arrived to secure

men to fill vacancies in their respective commands. The Governor issued, as I recommended from time to time, commissions for recruiting the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. Skeletons of the different companies were made up, and recruiting was prosecuted vigorously.

The Tenth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry was assigned to Captain Smith of the regular army, to be recruited at Cleveland.

On November 1st I received an order from Adjutant General Hill to report the number of recruits I had in camp. This I interpreted literally, understanding it not to include the fifty-three infantry volunteers and a number of new recruits living in the county, to whom I had given leave to visit their homes until called for. I reported six hundred and forty men, embraced in seven companies, which I had organized. I then received an order to send three of my companies, "A", "B" and "C" to report to Captain Smith of the Tenth O. V. C. at Cleveland. This singular and unexpected order was explained by the fact that Governor Tod had received a "Hurry" call from Washington for a regiment of cavalry, and as Captain Smith had reported seven hundred recruits, he could, with the three companies from me, take the field before I could.

This is the only instance during the war in which I felt that I had not received fair play from the Government. The Tenth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry was now completed and fully organized which enabled Cap-

tain Smith to be mustered as a Colonel of Cavalry and remain on detached duty at Washington while his regiment served through the war under command of Lt. Colonel Sanderson.

My new companies, as "A", "B", "C", and "D" were organized as the First Battalion of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, the first named company being composed of Muskingum County men, including the fifty-three originally recruited for the Thirty-second Infantry.

On November 15th I was ordered to Camp Dennison, and on the 19th of November the battalion was mustered and commissions were issued as follows:

W. D. HAMILTON, *Major*, Age 30.

<i>Co. A.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Co. C.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
Wm. Sims, Captain....	31	E. Hogue, Captain.....	38
John W. McCumber, 1st		Wm. Winnett, 1st. Lieut.	25
Lieut.	35	John Stuart, 2nd. Lieut.	44
Thomas Cochran, 2nd.			
Lieut.	26		

<i>Co. B.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Co. D.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
John Williamson, Captain	36	E. Hoagland, Captain..	48
James B. Daniels, 1st.		S. Hill, 1st. Lieut.....	36
Lieut.	36	A. T. Hamilton, 2nd.	
R. D. Mason, 2nd. Lieut	27	Lieut.	20

We received our horses and full cavalry equipment with blankets and clothing for the men, and the ensuing four months were devoted to drilling horses and men, as well as officers, in the line of their duty.

CHAPTER 8.

The Knights of the Golden Circle. — Service in East Kentucky. — East Tennessee Scout.

While recruiting at Zanesville, a young man about my own age, whom I knew slightly, called on me, saying he had concluded to enter the service, and thought that he would like to join my command. I was a little surprised, and felt somewhat complimented, he was above the average in intelligence and ambition. He had been something of a politician and a disciple of Vallandigham, whose influence in opposition to the war had made the draft necessary in Ohio.

Among my recruits were a number of drafted men who had become volunteers for the privilege of choosing the regiment in which they should serve. I told this young man that I would be glad to have him with me, that while he would have to come as a private, I would see that his worth was properly recognized. He said that was all he wanted, and so I took his name. Later on I appointed him acting quartermaster sergeant, and he proved energetic in supplying the men with proper clothing to protect them during the extremely cold weather of the January that followed.

One morning the assistant I had given him came to my quarters and handed me an unfinished letter, the substance of which was as follows:

"DEAR JAKE:

I have been here now about two months, and have made the friendly acquaintance of most of the men of this command. Many of them were drafted. They don't like the drill nor their officers, and complain that they can hardly keep from freezing. I feel sure that when I get the word, I can bring with me more than half the men fully armed."

When we remember the secret intrigues of the agents of the confederacy in Canada about this time to liberate the rebel prisoners confined at Johnson's Island and elsewhere, the significance of this paper can be realized.

I asked the soldier who brought the letter to explain it. He said that the sergeant was writing at his desk when one of the boys came to get a blanket. The sergeant hastily crumpled up the sheet he was writing on and threw it in the stove as he went to get the blanket.

"I had just put some fresh coal in the stove", he said, "and so got it out before it took fire."

"Why did you do that?" I inquired.

"Well," said he, "I don't understand the sergeant. He does a good deal of writing that he is very careful about it and seems to have secret talks with some of the men."

"Do you know of any dissatisfaction among the men?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "except that some of them complain that the barracks are cold."

"Do they complain of their officers?"

"I never heard any complaints".

I thanked him for the paper, and told him to say nothing about it. Next day I happened to meet the sergeant near my office and invited him in. We talked for a while casually about Zanesville acquaintances, and presently I mentioned one, Jake Parkison, a recently defeated candidate for sheriff on the Democratic ticket, asking:

"Have you heard from Jake Parkison lately?"

He flushed and seemed ill at ease, but replied,

"No, I don't know much about Jake."

"Don't you ever write to him?" said I.

"No."

"Isn't this your writing?"

He stared and was silent.

"You know your own writing and so do I, and I take it that you are writing to Jake Parkison. Now, explain it," said I.

"Oh, Major," he floundered, "I didn't mean anything. It was cold and I hadn't anything to do and just scribbled without any purpose."

"It was a surprise to me when you proposed to join my command", said I. "I understand it now. It has been known for some time that there is an organization in the North whose purpose is to thwart the efforts of the government to put down this rebellion. Your friend Jake is at the head of it in

Muskingum County and you joined my command for the purpose of co-operating with him. Now, I place you under arrest, and will file a charge of treason against you."

The wretched man was overwhelmed. He fell on his knees and implored me for the sake of his wife and his child, and for God's sake, not to do so. I sent for his captain and directed that the accused be held in the camp guard house until further orders. With my permission he sent for his father, an ignorant but honest well-to-do German farmer, who at first did not seem to appreciate the seriousness of his son's offense. But when he learned the punishment for treason his terror and anguish were great.

"Oh, my God, my God", he exclaimed. "You won't have him hanged. He is my only son."

He went on to say that he had worked hard for this boy, and he had two good farms he intended to leave the young man, but that he would give me one of them if I would let him go free. I told him not to say that, but assured him his son should have a fair trial, but that I could do nothing more nor less.

The young man was turned over with a report of the facts in the case to the provost marshal in Cincinnati, where he remained in jail while we were at the front too busy with the enemy to give him any attention.

In the meantime the deep laid plans of the agents of the confederacy and the "Knights of the Golden Circle" to liberate and arm the Johnson's Island

prisoners were frustrated by the capture of the conspirators who had quietly taken control of a revenue cutter, and steamed into Sandusky Harbor, and who were as quietly arrested by the secret service officers just as they had risen from the banquet tables to drink to the success of their enterprise. Their whole scheme thus proved a failure; they were made prisoners and the leader was hanged.

Our sergeant was finally discharged from prison and sent to join his command after the taking of Savannah. I sent him to his company, but none of his old companions would bunk or mess with him, and during our march through the Carolinas, he was captured while foraging, and we saw nothing more of him during the war.

An account of this incident was published in the Zanesville Courier at the time, and shortly afterward Parkison concluded that he could find more congenial company in the South. He was mistaken in the character of the southern people, and disappointed in the reception which his story earned him, he never returned to Ohio, and died in Tennessee.

On April 12th I received an order to report with my command to General Wilcox commanding the Department of Eastern Kentucky, at Lexington.

We crossed the Ohio river at Cincinnati, and on the evening of the 15th went into camp a few miles beyond Georgetown, in a field where the blue grass was about eight inches high. We picketed our horses so that they could eat what grass they wanted, though

we carried corn with us. While our own suppers were being prepared, a man with a broad rimmed, soft, white hat came galloping up from a fine country house in the vicinity and called out :

“Where is the boss of this here caravan?”

When I was pointed out to him, he dashed up and haughtily repeated his inquiry.

“I am the man you are looking for,” I replied.

“Well, sir,” he continued, “I am Dick Osborne, Sah. This is my land, Sah; two thousand acres, and I want to know by what authority you break into my field in this mannah and take possession of it without my permission, Sah. I presume you are Yankees from the North. Mr. Morgan and his men have visited me and have shown themselves to be gentlemen. We southern men are gentlemen, Sah, an’ expect to be treated as gentlemen.”

“Well, Sir,” said I, “we are gentlemen from the North, and we are here by authority of the United States government. We are instructed to procure from the region through which we pass such provision for our horses as is needed. In the morning I shall call at your residence and give you a voucher for what I have taken, which will be paid by the government when you prove your loyalty, but I suggest that your friendship for Mr. Morgan will not help you any.”

Our visitor became quite affable before he bade us good night, even inviting me to come and spend

the night at his house, which, of course, I declined to do.

When we reached Lexington I reported to General Wilcox, and received orders to proceed to Clay County to protect the Unionists of Eastern Kentucky; to consult freely with the Honorable John C. White, a Union member of the Kentucky legislature, to watch the movements of the enemy at Cumberland Gap to prevent work at the salt works, and to guard against disturbance in that locality.

While stationed at London, Kentucky, two men of Company "C" deserted in the night. They were drafted men between thirty and forty years of age, "Vallandigham Democrats", and had no heart in the war. I sent four horsemen in pursuit, who overtook them about eighteen miles from camp, on the road to Ohio. I explained to them how desertion was regarded in military law; how it was visited with the severest punishment, even death; and then directed their captains to place them in the guard house, and have them "bucked and gagged" as provided in the regulations, for two hours a day until further orders.

This disgraceful punishment was inflicted by seating the culprits on the floor, and placing a two foot stick under the bend of knees, and over the bend of his arms, his hands being tied together firmly. Another stick about eight inches long was placed across his open mouth, and fastened with cords behind his neck. So the man remained "bucked and gagged."

In the afternoon I went out to the guard house and saw these two men sitting on the floor in that condition, and I then concluded that for a serious violation of military law a man might be shot, but I would never again subject an American soldier to a humiliation like this. Yet, strange to say, it was not infrequently resorted to in our volunteer army.

Accordingly I sent for the captain and changed the punishment, ordering that fifty pounds of broken stones be put into grain sacks, that one should be fastened on the back of each man, and that they should thus be marched over the parade ground for two hours a day for two weeks; and the case was explained in an order published to the command.

These were the only desertions I had during the war, and the most severe punishment I ever inflicted for anything.

I had been given as a scout and guide a Tennessean by the name of Fullington. He was a deputy sheriff of Claiborne County and a member of the First Tennessee (loyal) Infantry, — a typical mountaineer, with an inveterate hatred of the “rebels.”

One evening the pickets brought in a prisoner in citizens' clothes, who had been caught slipping around inside of our lines. I questioned him in the presence of Fullington. He was a simple-minded mountaineer about twenty-five years old. He admitted that he belonged to a rebel regiment, and said his colonel had told him that if he would find out how many men we

had and what we were doing, he would give him a thirty day furlough to go home.

"Do you know what a spy is?" I asked, "and what his punishment is if caught?"

He said that he did not. I told him that the laws of war require that he be hanged, "and," said I, "you have been caught trying to enter our line as a spy."

Fullington was becoming interested. The prisoner looked up in a dazed surprise and asked:

"Are you going to hang me?"

Fullington's eyes glittered with an odd brightness as he watched me. I replied, "I have not determined what to do, but if I decide to hang you, it will be at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

Fullington's expression was jubilant. The prisoner looked about him in sorrowful half-comprehension, then with a long drawn sigh, asked:

"Would you let me write a letter?"

"To whom do you want to write?"

"My wife," he said.

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, two."

"Well, you may write, but I must see the letter."

I gave him pencil and paper and sent him under guard to an old log school house within the camp. Fullington came forward with a look of satisfaction and said: "I'd like you to put that fellow in my charge." The letter he wrote was a mere pitiful scrawl, bidding his wife good bye, with a kiss for the babies, and the hope that he would not be forgotten.

The next morning some wagons were to go back to Lexington for supplies, and I sent the prisoner with a note to headquarters, very much to the disappointment of Fullington, who, after watching the wagons as they started off, came to my tent and sat down with the familiar manner of equality which all mountain people carry, and began sadly:

“Well, I don’t understand you Northerners at all. It looks like you don’t know what war is. We think war means killin’. Ef you had a let me have thet chap, I’d ha saved you all this bother. We had some schoolin’ down here afore you’ns come down to help us. You may think I hain’ got any feelins, and neither have I fer that breed o’ cattle. We had some experience in Tennessee afore we seen any soldier f’m the North. Ol’ Harris sent his militia up to the mountains to press us into his damned rebel army. They wuz too many fer us, an’ we had to leave our homes and make pens in the woods to sleep in o’ nights. Our cabins wuz watched, ’n’ our families abused. We had some bloody fights when we met, en’ I can say my rifle done its share. But I had to leave, en’ I went to camp Dick Robinson and jined the Union army.

“On th’ night I left, a rebel gang come to my cabin door en’ as’t my wife whur I wuz. She tole ’em she didn’t know — which wuz true. They tole ’er, hit wuz a damn lie, thet I hed been seen thet evenin’, en’ ef she didn’t tell whur I wuz, they’s a gion’ tuh burn down the damn house. She wouldn’t

tell, and they up en' burnt hit down; 'en hit was twelve o'clock at night, en' the snow was four inches deep on the mountain. En' with half drunk yells en' curses they left her a standin' by our burnin' cabin, with six little children, one o' 'em six months ol', another, two ye'rs, and all o' 'em in thin cloze, a havin' to find the nearest neighbor's cabin three miles away through the woods. That night's tramp killed my wife, and two o' my children. You may think I'm wicked in my bitterness, — well — mebbby, but hit's the religion o' my life t' meet them damned scoundrels in a battle er single handed, I don' care which, en' get a chanst t' give 'em a bloody pass t' th' hell where they belong in, wherever that is!

“You people f'm the North don' seem to have no feelin' in this war; but then you got no personal accounts to settle. But hit's different 'ith us in the mountains, en' we're a hopin' the war wont let up till we c'n git some little satisfaction fer whut's ben done tuh us.”

Whether or not poor Fullington ever got his measure of satisfaction, I do not know, for he was with us but a short time.*

*I have learned with regret that in one of these bitter Mountain broils since the war that brave Fullington was killed.

CHAPTER 9.

Raid on Big Creek Gap. — The Morgan Fox Chase.

In June 1863, it became necessary to open railroad communications between Chattanooga and the East by way of Knoxville, which at that time was held by the enemy. General Saunders of Kentucky was directed to organize a cavalry force, and make reconnoissance around that important city to learn something of the strength of the enemy and the defence of the place. This force included my battalion of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry then in camp at London, Kentucky, and the Forty-fourth Ohio Mounted Infantry under Colonel Sam Gilbert, a personal friend and very able officer, whose son, Cass Gilbert, is the well-known architect of New York City. Colonel Gilbert was ordered to cross the Cumberland River at Williamsburg, make a detour to the left, cross Pine Mountain Gap, to the east and make a feint on Big Creek Gap, East Tennessee, where a force of the enemy was stationed. The object of this detour was to attract the enemy's attention, and to keep them from disturbing General Saunders in his effort to get around Knoxville.

Colonel Gilbert directed me to move by way of Pine Mountain Gap while he crossed by another route. The gap was known to be held by the enemy,

and when I reached a farm house at the foot of the mountain at about ten o'clock, as had been designated, we concluded that this force was a pretty strong one, judging by the size of the parties sent down to the farm house for forage.

I dismounted the battalion in the shade of an orchard and had our horses fed. Then with the advance guard, consisting of fifty men, I quit the main road and led them up by a cow path, leaving our horses to rest half way up the mountain with a guard. I gave twenty-five men to Sergeant John Axline and instructed him to make his way quietly around the side of the mountain in the woods above the gap, while I with the remainder followed the cow path to its intersection with the road below.

The leaves were thick on the trees, and we moved in single file, reaching the road about two hundred yards below the station in the gap. Here four men leading their horses up the mountain, came around a bend of the road within fifty yards of us. They had been down firing on our pickets. I stepped into the road above them and behind cocked pistol called on them to halt. My men hurried forward, cocking their guns as they ran; the horsemen cried out, "Don't shoot, we surrender." I told them to come quickly. I was anxious to add them to our party as I saw men on the rocks above trying to get a shot at us.

Sergeant Axline with his men had got above the road as directed, but was discovered in the woods by the cracking of a stick, and, in the belief that they

were being surrounded, the entire command of the enemy fled down the mountain on the other side, and so left the gap open for us.

Our four prisoners were armed with double barreled shot guns loaded with ball. They were surprised at the good treatment we gave them. They took the oath not to fight against the "Yanks", 'for they hadn't known they were such nice people.' The young lieutenant told me it was his twenty-first birthday. He rode a fine horse which he offered to present me. I thanked him, but said that the horse now belonged to the United States Government, but that after turning him in to the quartermaster, I would have him appraised and buy him back; and this I did later on, paying forty dollars. His gun was a double barreled German fowling piece, and as it was of no use to the government, I sent it home as a present to a friend; and it is the only piece of southern property I ever appropriated.

I ordered the command up from the orchard and passed through the gap. We went into camp on the other side, where Colonel Gilbert and his command joined us. In the morning the colonel said that my command was entitled to the advance, and we formed in the usual marching order with an advance guard, following the extreme vidette. The enemy was not far away. Here Fullington was in his glory. I rode forward to ask him about the road. He heard me coming and looked back. He was a picturesque figure — tall and slim, and rode with short stirrups

which enabled him to rise in his saddle and look about to good advantage. His carbine was cocked and rested on his thigh in readiness. When he saw me coming, he sang out, "Go back, Major, go back. The damn scoundrels are not far ahead, and the fun'll begin in a minute, and you'll be needed back there with the men." I learned what I wanted to know, and waited until the head of the column came up. In a few minutes we heard firing ahead, and I ordered the first company forward in a gallop. When we came up I found Fullington's horse standing in the road, and he was up on the side of the mountain in the timber. I heard a shout from the enemy ahead: "There's ol' Fullington, God d—n his soul," to which the response was given "Come out from behind that tree, you d--n cowards." Then turning to me he exclaimed, "Major, dismount half your men en' put 'em up both sides on the mountain, an' we'll give 'em the devil for shore." I thought of Washington's counsel to Braddock, and followed the suggestion. In this style we pushed forward under Colonel Gilbert's command and drove the enemy before us, in spite of the fire of a field piece which they opened on us whenever opportunity permitted, until night came and we reached the brow of the hill that overlooked their camp at Big Creek Gap. Here we went into camp for the night, building fires enough, in full view of the troops at the gap, to cook supper for a force of twice the size we had.

In the morning we saw the troops in force in the gap, getting ready to resist our attack, so we knew they had not gone to bother Saunders at Knoxville. We spent the day threatening to make an attack. Next day we started back to camp at London, Kentucky, after a very fatiguing and successful raid, having given General Saunders ample time to make his Knoxville trip a success.

On the long, hot and weary return march, with nothing left in my pocket but a piece of raw bacon which made me sick to taste, I became too weak to ride safely. Our surgeon, Dr. Finch, gave me a drink of whiskey and water. This supported me until we reached camp. I have always thought it the proper treatment under the circumstances, and that it should always be provided for by the medical department at least.

After supper and a good night's sleep I was in good shape again.

Next morning we received the cheering news of the battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg.

On the evening of July 5th, we had arrived at our camp at London, Kentucky. I received an order to report at once to General Carter at Stanford, Ky., twenty-five miles distant, and to burn any stores I had that would delay my start. Having no wagons, we accordingly burned all that could not be carried on our horses, including some tents and horse feed. We marched all night; and on arriving I was ordered to be ready next day to join in the chase after Morgan;

to open communications with headquarters, and secure instructions as to my movements by telegraph whenever a station could be reached. This I did. Other cavalry forces were sent out in different directions, and a grand fox chase was begun.

En route I received an order to make a forced march to intercept Morgan at Danville, Kentucky. In execution of this order we covered a distance of fifty-seven miles in twenty hours, stopping thirty minutes about noon by a wheat field, that the horses might be fed on the sheaves of wheat, and the men on the blackberries which we found in abundance in the fence corners along the road, a common sight in Kentucky!

Morgan was compelled to turn toward the river and got over into Ohio where he and his army were captured by "Buckeyes" about the twenty-fifth of July, 1863.



CAPT. ELIJAH HOGUE,
Company "C," 9th O. V. C.
Succeeding Major Wm. Sims, Resigned from Disability.

CHAPTER 10.

Knoxville Campaign.

I was then ordered to report with my command to Glasgow, Kentucky, to join the expedition under General Burnside in his advance into Tennessee for the capture of Knoxville.

When we reached Green river which in past ages had cut an almost perpendicular channel more than fifty feet deep and from three hundred to four hundred feet wide for miles through the shale formation of that region, we found that the wagon bridge had been burned and there was no possible way of crossing except on a railroad trestle which spanned the chasm and upon which boards had been laid lengthwise but with no side protection. The water was surging more than fifty feet below. To attempt to cross this looked as fearful as entering into a battle, but there was no help for it.

I dismounted the command, covered my horse's eyes with my handkerchief and led him to the trestle, directing the men to follow, keeping close up in single file.

The horses were tired enough to move quietly and the mule teams followed. All went well until the last six-mule team had nearly reached the other side,

when one of the mules stumbled and fell off the bridge, pulling the mule in front off with him. Both were stripped of their harness as they fell. They struck on a bank of sand at the bottom. When I reached the place I found the mules badly hurt internally and unable to get up. They looked up at their driver with an expression in their eyes as if pleading for help, and he stood by with tears running down his face and sorrowfully repeating, "My poor pets, my poor pets."

The wagon had been brought over by the wheel mules, and was taken the rest of the way by the four remaining ones. And after the column started the wagon master ended the suffering of the fallen mules with his pistol.

In spite of the bad reputation this much abused servant has acquired, there are few animals that respond more kindly to kind treatment. He was our standby in the army.

While at Glasgow, Ky., we received three months' pay, which, as usual, I urged the boys to send home, that they might have something to begin with when the war was over; and some twenty thousand dollars in packages addressed to the folks at home were brought to me. In company with a number of my officers I carried it twelve miles to the Mammoth Cave Railroad Station, from which I sent it home by express, taking a receipt for each package.

We then visited Mammoth Cave, which was about three miles distant. We found that the nearer we

approached the cave the less the natives knew about it; but we were very much interested in examining this wonderful curiosity of nature.

We returned to Glasgow next day, where I distributed the receipts, but one for \$200, to Captain Daniels of Company "B" was missing. The following morning I returned to the railroad station and hunted in vain for the lost package. It had required two hours or more to register and get receipts for the three hundred packages, and we could not account for the missing one, which had probably been stolen by one of the many loafers about the station at the time. I reported the loss to Captain Daniels, and made it good to him the next pay day.

While encamped at Glasgow I learned that some gambling had been going on. I sent for the parties implicated. I found four losers but only one winner. He looked like a man who had seen a good deal of the world; the losers, like young country boys who had seen very little of it. Very few greenbacks were found in the crowd. The man of cards said he had sent his money home; the others said they didn't have any to send home. In examining the gambler's outfit, however, \$200 in gold coin was found. He said he found it while foraging. I brought out all the facts in the presence of the entire battalion, telling them that gamblers could be found in uniform who had entered the service not to put down the rebellion, but to rob the boys who were trying to do it. I then called up the man who had won the money and those

who had lost it, and distributed the gold to each of the losers in proportion to his loss. I then ordered them to send it home, and directed their captain to see that they did it.

Major General Burnside with his command, about 10,000 strong, crossed the Kentucky river at "Jintown," whose principal claim to notice is that it was the birthplace of "Mark Twain". It was also a county seat, and had been held by the rebel cavalry, and the Court House had been used as their stable.

The march across the Cumberland Mountains was a dreary one. The land is underlaid with coal, but the surface is poor and thin. The region was sparsely settled, the inhabitants making a meager living out of cultivating small clearings scattered here and there along the different roads. Word had reached them that the "Yankees were coming", and they were in a state of happy expectancy. They were too poor to be secessionists! The men had been hiding out to keep from being pressed into the rebel ranks; and the cross roads were lined with men, women and children, gathered in from miles around to see the Yankee troops. As the great, long blue columns of cavalry, infantry and artillery came in sight, they became wild with excitement and enthusiasm, shouting, and singing hymns, and hailing us as their deliverers. The old men waved their straw hats, and the women their gingham sun-bonnets, with joyful tears of welcome. Mothers would come close to the column as we halted and ask if we had seen their "Henry", their "Tom",



CAPT. W. S. WINNETT,
Second Captain of Co. "C," 9th
O. V. C.



LT. JOHN M. STEWART, Co. "C."

or their "Sam", thinking of course we knew them for they had "jined the Yankee Army". Bashful daughters of the mountains, barefooted and sunburned, stood apart in groups, and gazed in wonder and admiration at the strange and imposing vision of the long column of blue-clad horsemen with carbine and clanking sabre at their sides. "La, there they come! There they come! Haint they purty!" and "Land Sakes, haint the' a sight of 'em!" and "Won't they make them Johnnies run!" were their frequent exclamations.

The enemy waited for us in force at Campbell's Station, ten miles out from Knoxville, and in a stubbornly fought battle were defeated. Knoxville was evacuated, and occupied by General Burnside. My friend, Colonel Sam Gilbert of the Forty-fourth Mounted Infantry, who was an excellent executive as well as a field officer, was appointed Post Commander, and I was made Provost Marshal.

The Knoxville Campaign has become American history, and it is not necessary to discuss it in this personal narrative.

Will say, however, that here for the first time wire fence was used to obstruct a charge against artillery, and it is reported that in dredging the river thirty years after the bombardment, a twenty pound shell was found in the bottom of the river with the powder still dry, as the shell exploded on being tested in a fire.

But the result was a great disappointment to many of the citizens of Knoxville who confidently expected that Longstreet with his 20,000 men would promptly re-take the city. Many families busied themselves preparing something good for their soldier friends who were with that popular southern general; and a great deal of fine food and delicacies went to waste because they did not come. It will be remembered that Longstreet found Fort Saunders in the way, and his effort to pass it cost him over a thousand men in less than half an hour.

It is well known that in the beginning the state of Tennessee had voted a majority 60,000 strong against secession; this came principally from the mountain section. The powers in control at Nashville, however, were not satisfied with the result of this vote, and Governor Harris ordered a new election, and called out certain of the state militia in order to control it. As a result, the state of Tennessee was given to the South. The militia of the different states, as it was then constituted, owed their allegiance not to the President, but to their respective governors.

I was told that a Captain McCall of the state troops from one of the eastern counties of Tennessee, received an order from Nashville to report with his company to the provost marshal at Knoxville, fully armed and equipped. On arriving here he reported as directed, and was told to take his company out to the stockade to guard some prisoners.

They proceeded accordingly, but soon afterwards

were seen returning. The company was halted in line before the provost marshal's office, and Captain McCall entered. "Mr. Provost Marshal," said he, "I supposed that I should find a lot of roughs, black-legs and outlaws in the stockade. Instead, I find only a number of good citizens from my neighboring county, and my old friend, Captain Brownlee. Brownlee and I were captains in the same regiment in Mexico. I saw him lead the Tennesseans under the Stars and Stripes up the heights of Chapultepec. He tells me that you'ns are tired of that old flag and want a new one, and because they don't, you've got them all in that pen out there. I'm here, sir, to tell you, they've a right to their choice of flags. I've got a hundred squirrel hunters from the mountains, fully armed, in line right here. Everyone of them can send a bullet through the head of a squirrel in the top of a tree, and we're going out and pull down your stockade and the men in it are going home like we are, and any body that don't like it had better keep away."

With that he returned to the stockade and put his words into effect; and both captains with new companies took their place afterwards under the old Flag of the Union. And this is the way the old Scotch-Irish blood of the mountains maintained the loyalty of East Tennessee.

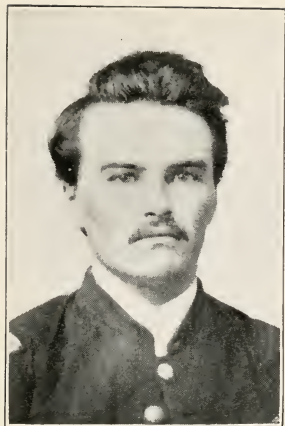
CHAPTER II.

Organization of the Second and Third Battalions.

On November 10th, while in Knoxville, I received an order to report to Camp Dennison to take command of the other two battalions which Governor Tod had secured for me. I placed the First Battalion in charge of Captain Sims, of Company "A", and proceeded by way of Cumberland Gap to Camp Dennison to meet the officers and men. Here I remained a week and then reported to Governor Tod at Columbus to express my thanks and receive instructions. He gave me a commission of Lieutenant Colonel, dated November 19th, 1863, and directed me to return to Camp Dennison and open a school of instructions for both officers and men.

Quite a number of both had seen service in the infantry. We drilled for a month on foot, and then horses were secured and were distributed among the companies by color, so that we had three companies on black horses; three on bay; one, sorrel; one, gray; and the band of sixteen pieces, on cream colored mounts.

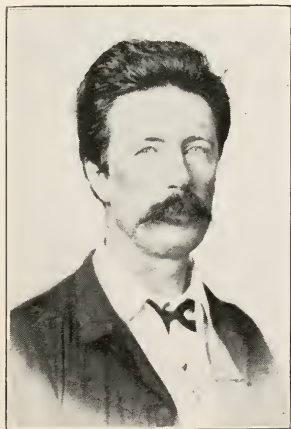
On the 2d of December, 1863, I was commissioned as Colonel, and the regiment was fully organized as the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry commissioned as follows:



CHAS. H. PINNEY,
Asst. Surgeon.



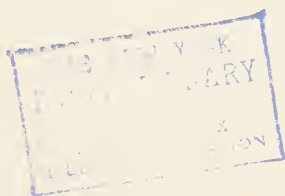
JOS. DANIELS,
Capt. Co. "B."



MAJ. JAS. IRVINE.



LT. HENRY A. MORRISON,
Co. "A."



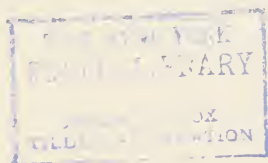
OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE NINTH OHIO VOL- UNTEER CAVALRY.

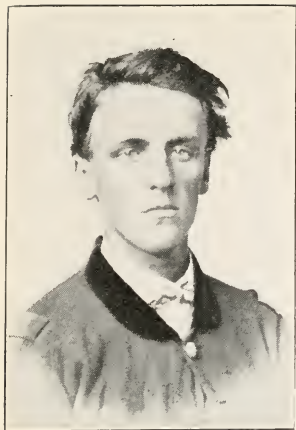
As organized December 16, 1863, at Camp Dennison for three years' service.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
William D. Hamilton.....	Colonel ..	29	Sept. 4, 1861.	Promoted to Major from Captain Co. G. 32nd. O. V. I., Nov. 19, 1862; to Lt. Colonel Oct. 30, 1863; to Colonel, December 2, 1863; brevetted Brig. General, Apr. 9, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 20, 1865.
Thomas P. Cook.....	Lt. Col. ...	38	Oct. 30, 1863.	Promoted from Major Dec. 2, 1863. Dismissed for cause, Apr., 1864.
William Stough	Lt. Col. ...	42	Nov. 2, 1863.	Promoted from Captain Co. H, Sept. 8, 1864, to Lt. Col- onel Oct. 1, 1864, Brevet- ted Brig. General March 10, 1865 for gallantry in en- gagement near Fayetteville, N. C.

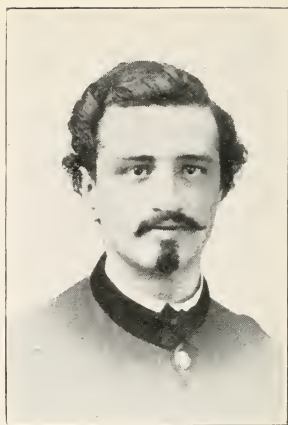
OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Continued.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
William Sims	Major	31	Apr. 1, 1862.	Promoted from Captain Co. A. October 30, 1863. Re- signed for physical disabil- ity June 21, 1864.
John Williamson	Major	36	Oct. 6, 1862.	Promoted from Captain Co. B. December 2, 1863. Re- signed on account physical disability, July 28, 1864.
Henry Plessner	Major	31	Sept. 4, 1863.	Promoted from Captain Co. E. December 7, 1863. Dis- missed for cause.
Elijah Hogue	Major	38	Oct. 7, 1862.	Promoted from Captain Co. C. July 13, 1864, Resigned from physical disability March 9, 1865.
Lewis H. Bowlus.....	Major	27	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted from Captain Co. K. October 1, 1864.
John W. McCumber.....	Major	35	Oct. 3, 1862.	Promoted from Captain Co. A.
James Irvine.....	Major	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted from Captain Co. M. May 31, 1865.





Q. M. SERGT. EDW. M.
ASHLEY,



LT. MAX VAN OTTANGER,
Co. "K."



CAPT. THOS. BROWN,
Co. "F."



CAPT. ALBIN COE,
Co. "E."

Cyrus M. Finch.....	Surgeon	Oct. 5, 1863.	Transferred to the 5th O. V. C. July 23, 1865.
William McMillen	As. Surg..	30	Mar. 26, 1863.	Discharged.
James C. Thorpe.....	As. Surg..	Oct. 5, 1863.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. D. December 16, 1863 to Captain February 10, 1865, but not mustered. Died March 6, 1865 at Che- raw, S. C. of wounds re- ceived February 11, 1865 in battle at Aiken, S. C.
Chas. H. Pinney.....	As. Surg..	Apr. 22, 1864.	
Arthur T. Hamilton.....	Adj.	20	Dec. 1, 1862.	
John F. Oviatt.....	Adj.	21	Aug. 23, 1863.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. M.
John Frey	R. Q. M..	33	Oct. 30, 1863.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. H.
Samuel D. Miner.....	R. C. S....	25	Oct. 11, 1863.	Promoted from private of Co. D.
Ezekial S. Hoagland.....	Chaplain .	48	Oct. 8, 1862.	Appointed from Captain Co. D. January 18, 1864. Re- signed August 20, 1864.
John D. Axline.....	Serg. Maj.	20	Aug. 28, 1862.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. A. January 1, 1865.
Albert Brush	Serg. Maj.	28	Dec. 23, 1863.	Promoted from private Co. E. June 16, 1865.
Edward G. Ashley.....	Q. M. S...	21	Aug. 4, 1863.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. E. May 21, 1865 to 2nd. Lieut. Co. B.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Concluded.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Eugene L. Whitney.....	Q. M. S..	20	Oct. 15, 1863.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. E. June 16, 1865.
Merritt A. Rice.....	Com. Ser.	23	Aug. 21, 1863.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. E. to 2nd. Lieut. Co. F. May 31, 1865.
James Doran	Chf. Bug..	34	Sept. 11, 1863.	Promoted from Bugler Co. K. Paroled prisoner in hospital at Columbus, O. Discharged July 29, 1865 as of Co. M.
George Fisher	Hos. Std..	33	Oct. 11, 1863.	Promoted from private Co. M.
Robert H. Moffitt.....	Hos. Std..	21	Nov. 8, 1862.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. C. May 1, 1864.
Geo. R. Baker.....	Hos. Std.., 1864.	
Thomas D. Stevenson.....	Sad'le Ser.	23	Sept. 15, 1863.	Promoted from Saddler Co. H. January 1, 1864.
John Woodward	Vet. Surg.	35	Jan. 17, 1864.	Promoted from private Co. E.

On December 2d, 1863, the Regiment was organized in full. Officers of 1st Battalion as given on page 43. Officers of and Battalion as follows:

COMPANY E.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Henry Plessner	Capt.	31	Sept. 4, 1864.	Promoted to Major December 7, 1863.
Chas. W. Breyfogle.....	Capt.	22	Aug. 18, 1863.	Appointed 1st. Lieut. August 31, 1863; promoted to Captain December 7, 1863; resigned October 3, 1864 on account of physical disability.
Albin Coe	Capt.	28	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. K. November 3, 1864.
Walter Morrison	1st Lieut..	30	Jan. 13, 1864.	Promoted from Q. M. Sergeant Massachusetts Vol. Cavalry to Capt. Co. G. May 31, 1865.
Angue A. Methven.....	1st Lieut..	31	Jan. 29, 1864.	Promoted to 2nd. Lieut. from private Co. M. September 8, 1864, to 1st. Lieut. May 31, 1865.

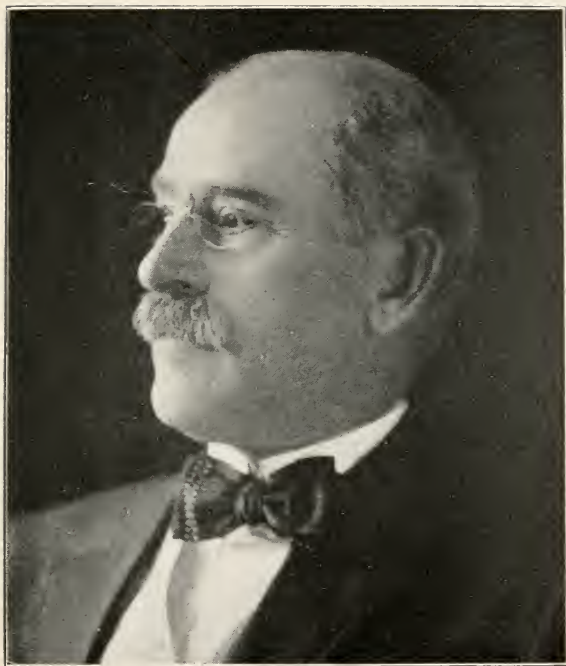
COMPANY E—Concluded.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
St. Clair J. Fechner.....	2nd Lieut.	20	July 27, 1863.	Promoted to 1st. Lieut. July 30, 1864 but not mustered ; resigned September 12, 1864.
Finley Ryan	2nd Lieut.	29	Oct. 22, 1862.	Promoted from 1st. Sergeant Co. D. May 31, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Joseph McCutcheon	Capt.	58	Sept. 10, 1863.	Honorably discharged September 24, 1864.
Samuel H. Cole.....	Capt.	32	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. I. November 3, 1864; mustered out February 3, 1865 by order of War Dept.
Peter F. Swing.....	Capt.	18	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Co. L. February 10, 1865.
Thomas Brown	1st Lieut..	32	Sept. 17, 1863.	Promoted to Captain Co. I, July 30, 1864.
Allen J. Alexander.....	1st Lieut..	28	Oct. 11, 1862.	Transferred from Co. G.; honorably discharged April 3, 1865.
Enoch L. Mann.....	1st Lieut..	33	June 14, 1864.	Appointed 2nd. Lieut. from civil life June 14, 1864; promoted to 1st. Lieut. February 10, 1865.
Anthony Pritchard	2nd Lieut.	19	Sept. 17, 1863.	Honorably discharged April 4, 1864.
Merritt A. Rice.....	2nd Lieut.	23	Aug. 21, 1863.	Promoted from Regt. Com. Sergeant May 31, 1865.

COMPANY G.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Joseph Hetzler	Capt.	33	Sept. 17, 1863.	Captured April 13, 1864 near Florence, Ala.; discharged February 24, 1865.
Walter Morrison	Capt.	30	Jan. 13, 1864.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. E. May 31, 1865.
Thomas W. Fanning	1st Lieut..	34	Sept. 17, 1863.	Resigned January 20, 1865.
Allen J. Alexander	1st Lieut..	28	Oct. 11, 1862.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. B. February 10, 1865; transferred to Co. F.
Frank H. Knapp	1st Lieut..	32	Oct. 21, 1863.	Captured April 13, 1864 near Florence, Ala.; promoted from 2nd. Lieut. September 8, 1864.
William R. Wood	2nd Lieut.	23	Oct. 10, 1862.	Promoted from 1st. Serg. Co. C. September 8, 1864; to 1st. Lieut. Co. D. May 31, 1865.



SERG. HARRY L. SPENCER,
Co. B, 9th O. V. C.

Now residing at Oskaloosa, Iowa, and one of the most successful and prominent business men of the state.



COMPANY H.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
William Stough	Capt.	42	Nov. 2, 1863.	Promoted to Major September 8, 1864.
Joseph McCulloh	Capt.	30	Oct. 9, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. M. September 8, 1864.
James P. Caldwell	1st Lieut..	30	Oct. 30, 1863.	Appointed November 2, 1863; promoted to Captain Co. K. October 1, 1864.
Samuel B. Woodmansee...	1st Lieut..	20	Jan. 26, 1864.	Promoted to 2nd. Lieut. from private Co. D. 1st W. Virginia Cavalry January 26, 1864; to 1st. Lieut. February 10, 1865.
John Frey	2nd Lieut.	33	Oct. 30, 1863.	Promoted to 1st. Lieut. and Regt. Quartermaster December 16, 1863.
Riley Y. Woodlief	2nd Lieut.	21	Oct. 27, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Serg. Co. L. February 10, 1865.

Officers of 3rd Battalion as follows:

COMPANY I.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Benjamin Turner	Capt.	59	Nov. 16, 1863.	Died July 17, 1864 at Nashville, Tenn.
Thomas Brown	Capt.	32	Sept. 17, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. F. July 30, 1864.
Samuel H. Cole.....	1st Lieut..	32	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted to Captain Co. F. November 3, 1864.
Charles C. Vance.....	1st Lieut..	21	Nov. 8, 1862.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. C. February 10, 1865.
William P. Gardner.....	2nd Lieut.	19	Nov. 16, 1863.	Promoted to 1st. Lieut. October 1, 1864, but not mustered; honorably discharged February 4, 1865.
Charles M. Cunningham...	2nd Lieut.	25	Oct. 1, 1863.	Promoted to 2nd. Lieut. February 10, 1865 to 1st. Lieut. June 23, 1865, but not mustered.

COMPANY K.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Lewis H. Bowlus.....	Capt.	29	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted to Major October 1, 1864.
James P. Caldwell.....	Capt.	30	Oct. 30, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. H. October 1, 1864.
Albin Coe	1st Lieut..	28	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted to Captain Co. E. November 3, 1864.
William D. Ely.....	1st Lieut..	19	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. L. November 3, 1864.
Charles B. Sweetland.....	2nd Lieut.	29	Dec. 2, 1863.	Resigned November 2, 1864.
Lewis Geague	2nd Lieut.	23	Aug. 7, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Sergeant Co. E. November 3, 1864.

COMPANY L.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
Asbury P. Gatch.....	Capt.	30	Dec. 2, 1863.	Mustered out with company July 20, 1865.
Peter F. Swing.....	1st Lieut..	18	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted to Captain Co. F. February 10, 1865.
James Bolicau	1st Lieut..	33	Oct. 21, 1862.	Promoted from 2nd. Lieut. Co. D. February 10, 1865.
Amos Briner	2nd Lieut.	32	Aug. 16, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Sergeant Co. H. November 3, 1864.
Wm. B. Ely.....	2nd Lieut.	19	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted to 1st. Lieut. Co. K. November 3, 1864.

COMPANY M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Remarks.
James Irvine	Capt.	36	Dec. 2, 1863.	Promoted to Major May 31, 1865.
Henry V. Epley	Capt.	22	Sept. 23, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Lieut. Co. D. May 31, 1865.
Joseph McCulloh	1st Lieut..	30	Oct. 9, 1863.	Promoted to Captain Co. H. September 8, 1864.
James Stonehocker	2nd Lieut.	24	Oct. 10, 1863.	Promoted to 1st. Lieut. Co. B. July 30, 1864.
John Carhartt, Jr.	2nd Lieut.	22	July 22, 1863.	Promoted to 2nd. Lieut. November 9, 1864; resigned March 25, 1865.
John F. Oviatt	2nd Lieut.	21	Aug. 23, 1863.	Promoted from 1st. Sergeant Co. F. November 3, 1864 to 1st. Lieut. and Adjt. June 23, 1865.
David M. Ferguson	2nd Lieut.	24	Oct. 10, 1862.	Promoted from 1st. Sergeant Co. C. June 23, 1865.

I think it proper to concede in this connection that in the age of the officers the regiment was certainly not a model one according to Napoleon's idea of a model army in which the enlisted men should be under twenty and the officers under twenty-five years of age. But this would require that they be commanded by a field marshal like himself and fighting simply for glory, as he was.

I think, however, that the limit of enlistment by draft or otherwise a country with the extensive and growing population which we have should be reduced to forty years instead of forty-five, and should include volunteer officers as well. I was, as shown by our roster, the youngest field officer in the regiment and younger than any of the captains when we took the field. In the 1st Battalion the captain of Company "D" was forty-eight years—a minister whom I had known from my boyhood and who placed my name on the church record when I was sixteen years old. He organized a company largely of his own parishioners and placed them under my command against my earnest advice, as I told him it would be embarrassing to both of us. He was very able as a minister, but after a year's service in command of a company during which he proved his courage beyond a question, he realized that he was unable to acquire proficiency in the drill. On the organization of the regiment he was appointed Chaplain but his health failed and he resigned before the war closed.

The first captain of Company "F" was fifty-eight,

and the captain of Company "I" was fifty-nine years, both prominent men at home who had organized their companies through their influence and offer to take the field with their men. What they knew about military tactics was learned under the old militia school which was of no value in our war. One of them remained with his company until near the close of the war. He was well liked by his men as he took good care of them, but was of little value in the field. The other died in a hospital in Nashville July 17, 1864.

His 2nd Lieutenant, Wm. P. Gardner, was the son of Judge Gardner of Toledo. Although but nineteen years old, he seemed born for the army. He was a student of military matters, and had the appearance and culture of a West Point man. He became an efficient officer of the company, although his manner made him unpopular with the men, until their first engagement, when his coolness under fire and his success in handling the company changed their estimate. Before he entered the service he had been at work on an improvement in breech-loading artillery about which he had occasionally talked with me. In January, 1865, when we all felt the war would soon be over, he decided to resign and complete the model of his gun and take it for inspection to the War Department at Washington. He did resign, completed his plan and submitted his gun to the War Department which turned it down. But not discouraged, he went to London and submitted it to the British Admiralty. The gun was accepted and he was em-

ployed to superintend its construction. When General Gordon, known as "Chinese" Gordon, was sent to India to quell the insurrection they armed him with the Gardner gun. With it he drove the hosts of the enemy before him, took the city of Khartoom and held it until the ammunition and supplies were exhausted and the city fell. General Gordon was murdered two days before the arrival of re-inforcements. But the value of the Gardner gun was established and Mr. Gardner was given a high salary to remain in the employ of the government, where, after a very successful career, he died a few years ago.

CHAPTER 12.

Ordered to the Field.

On February 6th, 1864, I received an order from General Grant at Louisville, directing me to bring my command with full equipment by water to Nashville. This included nine covered wagons with six mules each, all of which were supplied by the quartermaster's department; and in proper order our gay fleet of seven river steamers started from the wharf at Cincinnati, a large crowd cheering as the band on the first boat struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," while the Stars and Stripes were unfurled on the flag staff. The steamers wheeled into column behind the flag ship, and as I looked upon this naval display I felt myself inflating with the rank of a commodore!

This inspiring start however got a back-set when, on reaching Louisville a few hours later, I was handed a dispatch from General Grant, directing me to disembark my command, and march through Kentucky to Nashville by a route given. I learned subsequently that depredations were being committed in Kentucky under the belief that the supply of troops from the North had been exhausted. We remained in Louisville some days, awaiting supplies, and then started on the march for Nashville.

We camped the first night near Bardstown, Kentucky. The next morning, I was accosted by a citizen, who informed me that three of my men had broken into and robbed his house. He gave me the letter on their caps, and they were soon found, the stolen property recovered and returned to him. Two of the culprits were young boys from a country village; the other, the leader in the escapade was older, a hard looking man from about the wharves in Cincinnati, who had been recruited for the 1st Battalion, but not yet been mustered into service. That evening I directed their captain to bring them to my quarters, and a "Drum Head Court Martial" was held. A trunk had been broken open with the butt end of a carbine, and pillaged. Among the plunder was a razor. After we had learned the facts, I called for the stolen razor, and had the hair on one side of the head of each man cut and shaved from the line of the nose to the back of the neck. I told the leader that, as we were soldiers not burglars, he could be of no value to the regiment except to show the result of misconduct. I then took his arms and accoutrements, gave him a day's rations, and placed him in front of the regiment standing in line. Between two files of soldiers we marched him down the line in front of the drum and fife playing the "Rogues' March," and sent him away. This was radical treatment but I thought by the looks of the man that his influence in battle would be as injurious as in camp. In the case of the two boys the lesson was effective,

for they both became good soldiers and conducted themselves well thereafter. One of them is now a good, industrious and respected citizen of Columbus, Ohio, and a warm friend of mine.

On February 15th, I reported at General Grant's headquarters in Nashville, and was assigned a place for a camp by Colonel Potter, General Grant's adjutant general, about two miles out of the city on the "Granny White Pike", here the command passed a very satisfactory inspection.

While here two of my officers, Captain Gatch and Lieutenant Peter F. Swing asked permission to call on General Grant, as their company, "L", was from Clermont County where Grant was born, and these officers were distantly related to him.

Some time afterward, in telling about their call, Captain Gatch said that General Grant talked with interest of the old home and old friends, and said he was glad they felt it their duty to enter the service,— "For the war is far from settled and most of the young men of the North will be needed." He then asked, "Who is your colonel? What is his military experience, and what sort of a man is he?" The young officers had learned one lesson on military courtesy which was to speak well of their commanding officer! They told him of my first year as an infantry captain, and my second as a major of cavalry, and of the discipline maintained in the regiment, mentioning that neither drinking nor gambling was permitted. "Does he drink himself?" the general

asked, and, "Does he handle cards?" Upon their answering in the negative, he went on to say: "The discipline of an army depends not so much on the orders issued by its officers as upon the example set by them, and especially upon the personal character of its colonels and captains, who are principally responsible for the efficiency of an army.

One day while in camp some of the boys told me that in a house near by were some refugees who were sick and starving. I went and found an old man and wife with two married daughters, two daughters-in-law and eight grand-children. They had traveled on foot from one of the mountain counties of East Tennessee. The old man said:

"Our 'men-folks' had to leave home and sleep in the woods to keep from being forced into the Southern army; and now they have gone to jine you'ens. It wasn't safe for me and the 'women-folks' to stay, and we tuck all our truck and victuals and started six days ago to come here. When we had nothing left to eat some good folks helped us. But some of the young'ens tuck sick and we had to leave most of our truck and carry 'em. We had nothing to give 'em to eat and they grew worse. We got here yesterday and went into this empty house, but we've been up most of the night with the children."

A young woman was sitting on a stool in a corner of the room beside what appeared to be a bundle of old clothes on the floor. She turned them down and

I saw the wasted form of a little girl—the child was dead.

Another mother showed me her little son lying in a corner weak and delirious. All were suffering from starvation; but no complaints were made, no tears were shed: sorrow had gone beyond the help of tears.

The old man had been told that if he could get to Nashville the Government would take care of them, but he did not know where to find the "Government."

I went back to camp and arranged to have some rations and hot coffee taken over, while I found the "Government" in the form of the Post Commander; and these poor, helpless, starving families were provided for while their brave, God-given protectors were fighting in our ranks.

CHAPTER 13.

Patrol of the Tennessee River.

We were assigned to the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Granville M. Dodge, and ordered to Athens, Alabama, to patrol the Tennessee river for fifty miles between there and the shoals below Florence. It had been reported that the rebel General Forrest was on the other side of the river and would probably make an attempt to cross.

I made out a requisition for the necessary ammunition and also for 100 carbines to arm the recruits for the First Battalion. This I presented at the ordnance department, but the officer declined to fill the requisition, saying:

"It lacks the approval of the chief of cavalry."

I replied, "The chief of cavalry, with whom I am acquainted, is in Chattanooga for two days but will sign it on his return. In the meantime General Rousseau commanding this post will vouch for me until the chief of cavalry returns."

The officer said, "I cannot take any chances," and continued with a very superior air, "The papers sent in to Washington by the Army of the West, as a rule, have been so carelessly prepared that the government

has had to employ five hundred extra clerks to overhaul and correct them. I have been detailed here to bring order out of the confusion, and I will not recognize any papers that are defective in any way. The regulations provide that your requisition shall be signed by the chief of cavalry and I will not recognize any other authority."

"How about General Grant?" said I.

"He is not the chief of cavalry," he said.

"But," said I, "It has been reported that General Forrest is about to cross the Tennessee river and I have orders to proceed to Athens, Alabama, to report his movements and hold him in check until a sufficient force is ready to meet him. I can not do this without ammunition."

"You don't have to," he replied. "The regulations provide that a command must be properly equipped before being ordered out, and all you can do is to wait for the return of the chief of cavalry."

I left the office to lay the matter before General Grant. I went up to his headquarters in the city, a large, old-fashioned private house with two large rooms in front and a hall between, and without the usual armed guard before the door. I called on Colonel Potter, the adjutant general, whom I knew, and explained the situation. He said:

"You must have that ammunition. Do you know General Grant?"

I replied, "I have never seen him."

The colonel said, "He is in the next room; come and I will introduce you."

The general and a citizen were standing at a window talking. He wore a common army blouse, with no mark of rank that I remember. When I was introduced he said pleasantly, "Well, Colonel, what can I do for you?" I explained the situation and told of my unsuccessful interview with the ordnance officer, about the ammunition.

"Where is he from?" asked the general.

I replied, "He says he's from the Army of the Potomac."

"From the Army of the Potomac, is he? What is his name?"

I replied, "His name is Stoddard."

"Well, he must be a very correct young man. However, you must have the ammunition."

He took up a pen and paper and wrote a note which he told me to hand to Captain Stoddard. He asked if there was anything else I wanted. I then told him I had just arrived with two battalions of cavalry recently organized in Ohio, that my First Battalion, with which I had been in General Burnside's campaign, was in Knoxville. "Their horses were used up," I said, "and they are doing guard duty dismounted. "I have tried to have them relieved to join the other battalions at Athens, but the commanding officer at Knoxville declines to give them up. I have a hundred men with me recruited to fill that depleted battalion. I would like to have the

three battalions united, and an order on the Post Quartermaster for horses and the necessary equipment to prepare the First Battalion for duty with the other two." The general immediately turned and rang a bell, and Colonel Potter came in. "Colonel, wire General Foster at Knoxville to turn over the First Battalion of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, now under his command, to Colonel Hamilton when he arrives, and see that transportation is furnished them to Athens, Alabama; also instruct the quartermaster here to furnish horses and equipment for the First Battalion." Then turning to me, he asked, "Is there anything else needed?" I told him there was not, thanked him and took my leave. The slip of paper he had given me, read:

"CAPTAIN STODDARD,

Ordnance Department.

You will honor Colonel Hamilton's requisition or I must find some one that will.

U. S. GRANT,

Major General Commanding."

Upon receipt of this, Captain Stoddard ordered the requisition filled without further controversy.

I was very much impressed with General Grant, he seemed so plain and unassuming. He knew what should be done and the simplest way of doing it; and his gentle and considerate manner did not indicate the heartlessness which his enemies ascribed to him.

The following incident that occurred after the war may be given as illustrative of his real temperament.

In the spring of 1866 I was visiting a Mr. Curry at his beautiful country home near New York harbor, on the Jersey shore, some five miles from the City Hall. His family and ours had been friends in Scotland. He had been a strong and active supporter of the government during the war.

One night after attending a lecture in the city, Mr. Curry and I had taken the ferry for the Jersey shore, when we noticed some excitement at the far end of the boat, and it was said that General Grant was on board. Mr. Curry was quite interested, and said that he would like to see him. We went back, and found a great crowd with faces all turned toward a man sitting at the side of the boat, and were shouting, "Hurrah for General Grant!" He was seated on a bench among the other passengers, bundled in an overcoat and pulled down over his eyes was a soft felt hat with a gold cord on it—the only mark about him of a military character. The crowd was wild, but no one ventured to intrude upon him. Mr. Curry said he would like to meet him, and urged that I go up and speak to him. With some reluctance I consented, for I did not suppose that he would remember me. We made our way through the crowd. As he looked up I said: "General Grant, you probably don't remember me. I commanded the Ninth Ohio Cavalry under General Sherman. My name is Hamilton, and I want to introduce my friend Mr. Curry, a strong friend of yours and of our government." The gen-

eral greeted us cordially, but seemed very sad, and turning to me he said:

"I lost Potter today," "In what way?" I asked. He replied: "I had just taken Fred up to school at West Point. When the return train arrived, there was a rush, and after we had got a seat, I discovered that I had left my satchel in the depot. Potter ran out to get it. The train had started but there was a sudden stop, and I heard an outcry, a man killed. I thought at once of Potter, and hurried out. There he lay. He had slipped and fallen under the wheels. The blood was flowing and he was so mangled I wouldn't have known him but for his uniform. Poor boy. He enlisted in my regiment in Galena, Illinois, as a private when I was a Colonel, and has been with me ever since, ready at my call in every battle I was in. And now that he should lose his life through a trivial oversight of mine!" And his voice trembled as he spoke.

All this time the crowd was pressing around, shouting, "Thee cheers for General Grant, the Hero of America!" and "Three cheers for General Grant, the Hero of the World!" And to it all he was thoroughly oblivious. A young lady had unknowingly seated herself beside him, and had listened to him with intense interest. When the boat reached the dock, he arose to go, and she inquired timidly, "General Grant, may I shake hands with you?" He turned and said, "Why, certainly, Sis, if you want to." He

looked so tired and worn, that my friend Curry invited him to spend the night with us, but he said he was needed in Washington; he had been delayed by the unfortunate death of Colonel Potter, and must go on.

Going back to the regiment at Nashville; after receiving my ammunition and equipment for the recruits of the First Battalion, I proceeded with the two battalions to Pulaski, Tennessee, and reported to General Dodge, who directed me to make my headquarters at Athens, Alabama, in execution of the orders already received.

After establishing camp at that point, I placed Lieutenant Colonel Cook in command to carry out the orders received, and proceeded to Knoxville to get the First Battalion.

The horses were worn out by the Knoxville Campaign and I obtained an order from General Foster, in compliance with General Grant's instructions, to take the men to Nashville to be remounted. This consumed two weeks, after which I returned to Athens with the battalion on fresh mounts.

Lieutenant Colonel Cook had received orders from General Dodge to take four companies to the Mussel Shoals twenty-five miles down the Tennessee river, and to search for stock and supplies supposed to be in that vicinity.

He remained at the Mussel Shoals until I arrived at Athens, but had sent Captain Hetzler with Com-

pany "G," our gray horse company, twenty-five miles farther down the river to examine the country.

On the night of April 13th, 1864, Captain Hetzler camped his men in a cotton gin house on the Jack Peters Plantation, four miles below Florence, and left them there, while he himself spent the night at the plantation house some distance away. Two men were detailed as horse guards, but no pickets were put to protect the camp.

A confederate regiment which happened to be on the other side of the river at the time learned of the presence of the company, and sent a force across in a ferry boat in the night, surrounded the gin house, killing one of the two horse guards, and quickly capturing the lieutenant and thirty-nine sleeping men, with forty gray horses.

I arrived at Athens with the First Battalion on the following day, and learned of the catastrophe from some members of the company who had been out scouting, and had not been captured. Taking a battalion I started at once for that locality. At Mussel Shoals I found Colonel Cook, still in camp, having taken no action in the case. I ordered him to follow me with two companies; but on reaching the place, all I could learn only increased my chagrin. Not more than two companies of the enemy had crossed over. They had compelled a darkey to guide them to the gin house in which our men were sleeping; the capture was made without a fight. Captain Hetzler

was found and captured at the plantation house, where he was sleeping. The men were taken across in the ferry boat and the horses made to swim.

We afterward learned that the thirty-nine men were sent to Andersonville; and near the close of the war eight of them were exchanged and reached the regiment, broken in health and spirits, reporting that all the others had died from exposure and starvation while in that horrid prison.

The lieutenant (Knapp) who was confined elsewhere, escaped from his prison, and although chased with bloodhounds, he succeeded, through the assistance of a darkey, in reaching our lines after we reached Savannah.

Captain Hetzler, who was a physician before entering the service, never returned to the regiment, but is understood to have taken up the practice of medicine in Missouri after the close of the war.

I had always tried to impress upon the men that parties of soldiers properly armed should never surrender; that brave men are never cruel and cruel men, never brave; and although they might be well treated by their captors, they would be almost sure to find cruel men among prison guards.

CHAPTER 14.

The Affair at Center Star.

I returned to Athens to give attention to the welfare of the regiment, and the cultivation of cordial relations among the men and officers of the old and new battalions. Shortly afterward an epidemic of smallpox broke out, and we lost thereby ten or twelve good men. Vaccination was resorted to, which in some cases proved about as bad as the disease itself.

While here I learned from scouts that a mounted battalion of the enemy had crossed the river, and were camped at the Mussel Shoals near Center Star, where Lieutenant Colonel Cook had been stationed with four companies the month before. I inquired of Colonel Cook as to the situation of the camp and its approaches and learned that, as the scouts had reported, the camp was near the ford and the islands; and that two roads starting a mile apart on the Florence road, converged at the ford. On each of these roads cavalry pickets of the enemy were stationed about a mile from their camp. I told Colonel Cook that here was a fine chance to return the compliment they had paid us at the Peters' plantation; that I would take the two companies, and would give him two, including Company "B" of the First Battalion

and Major Williamson, a very capable officer who had formerly been its captain; we would move at one o'clock a. m. by the Florence road to the entrance of the first road. Here he would halt his command while I proceeded to the second road. At precisely four o'clock we were to move forward simultaneously on the two roads; and the fire of the enemies' pickets on either column, would be heard by both and be the signal for an immediate charge by both columns. We would thus come in upon them, I on one side and he on the other, and have them cornered.

We saw that our watches agreed, and at the hour named, I moved forward. I drew the picket fire first, and at once charged. When I reached their camp they were mounting in great haste, and heading toward the river near the mouth of the first road. Expecting the charge of Cook's column, I felt sure that we had them. However, they reached the river without opposition, and crossed to the island, from which they returned our fire from the cover of a dense cane brake. We, finding that we could proceed no farther, took position along the river behind the old unfinished canal bank which had been built by the government some years before the war under the supervision of Capt. Gothall.

I found that nothing could be accomplished, however, and ordered the men back out of danger, for some wounds had already been received and one man killed. When I reached higher ground, Colonel Cook

had just arrived, and in reply to my question what had become of him, he said he had not heard the picket fire upon us, but that he had encountered a strong picket in ambush, and had dismounted some men to get them out from under cover, before advancing. I was thoroughly disgusted and went to Major Williamson for an account of the occurrence.

"I heard the picket fire, on your road, and was ready to charge," said the Major, "but Colonel Cook ordered me to dismount some men and clear the road before we tried to pass. We also heard your guns in the enemy's camp before we got started, and then we came forward at a common trot. And I now want to say right here that while I don't want to speak disrespectfully of my superior officers I will resign rather than serve under that man again!"

Lieutenant Colonel Cook was a fine looking and plausible man of thirty-eight. He had been a private in the Mexican War, and a captain of infantry earlier in the Civil War; had commanded a company at the ill-fated battle of Perryville, Kentucky, in which, it was claimed, he had handled his company well. Governor Tod had given him a recruiting commission and the general management of the two battalions he was recruiting for me; issuing commissions on his recommendation, and had given him the promise of a lieutenant colonelcy on the completion of the regiment.

In the beginning, I had been unfavorably impressed with two or three of the officers he had selected for the two new battalions, but Governor Tod had

asked me to try them in the field since he had promised them commissions; but assured me that if I found it necessary to call on him, he would give me all the assistance he could. And I desire here to record to the memory of Governor Tod that he faithfully kept his promise.

The affair at Center Star was the first opportunity I had to test the efficiency of Colonel Cook, in the face of the enemy. During the six months he had been with the regiment, whenever he had been called on to tax either his body or his nerve, he had managed to prove his disability by a certificate from his friend, the assistant surgeon, Dr. Thorpe. But this affair was beyond excuse. I, at once, wrote to the governor setting forth the facts. He endorsed my letter and forwarded it to Stanton, Secretary of War at Washington; and an order was immediately published dismissing Lieutenant Colonel Cook from the service.

About six weeks afterwards Major Plettner, another of the objectionable officers, who, as ranking captain of the new battalions, had been promoted to major on the organization of the regiment, was dismissed in the same way, for similar reasons; and the assistant surgeon found it advisable to tender his resignation.

In two other instances, after a meeting with the enemy, the resignation of officers was, at my suggestion, handed in. And the reputation the regiment maintained was by reason of the fact that objec-

tionable officers were promptly weeded out and the vacancies supplied by the promotion of better men from the ranks.

I believe from 4 years experience in the army that fully 10 per cent of both officers and men were of no value to the service except to count. And that of the 2,600,000 names entered upon the pay roll during the war at least 260,000 were a dead weight to the service, and the money spent in their support should be charged to "Profit and Loss" as one of the wastes of war.

CHAPTER 15.

The Florence Campaign.

In April, 1864, I received an order from General Sherman through General Granville M. Dodge, to take my command to Florence, Alabama, and from that point as headquarters, to continue the patrol of the Tennessee river, obtaining subsistence from the surrounding region and to exhaust the supplies found in that locality.

The valley of the Tennessee for miles both above and below Florence was a very fertile district, and had been General Forrest's unfailing source of supplies for his cavalry in their raids upon the Union forces in Tennessee.

We took only two days rations and a fair supply of sugar and coffee, and moved down to Florence, establishing our camp two miles below the town on Cypress Creek on the plantation of Captain Coffee, whose fine home could be seen in a grove of trees on an eminence above the creek. Captain Coffee was a son of General Coffee, a distinguished officer of the War of 1812, and second in command to General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. The son, Captain Coffee, had been a captain in the confederate army, but had resigned by reason of wounds received

in the battle of Shiloh, and remained out of the service under the law passed by the Confederate Congress, which exempted from military service all planters owning forty or more slaves, this being to enable them to raise supplies for the army which were badly needed. This was a great relief to the wealthy planters but it had a bad effect upon the rank and file of the southern army, for it drew the line between the men who brought on the war and those who were compelled to do the fighting.

The morning after our arrival I made a detail of scouts in charge of officers to canvass the country for eight or ten miles in every direction on the north side of the river, noting the roads, the different plantations, the names of the owners, and their visible supplies, as far as possible; and especially to visit and examine the plantation of Jack Peters, on which half of our gray horse company had been captured. In the evening the officers in charge made quite a satisfactory report as to the quantity of supplies of every kind in sight.

Next morning a detail of 10 teams—6 mules each—was sent out on the different roads, each in charge of a sergeant and guard, to gather from the different plantations corn and hay and oats for the horses; and the store houses belonging to the cotton mills were prepared to receive the supplies.

I instructed the men that in their intercourse with people they must never allow the "soldier" to outrank

the "gentleman." That we had to restore the Union as well as to crush the rebellion.

The following day the teams were sent with instructions to secure bacon, hams, beef and other meats, corn meal, flour and other supplies for the men, and to the consternation of the people we began to carry out the object of the expedition.

The Jack Peters plantation comprised 6,000 acres extending from the river back into the highlands. Peters, the owner, was a bachelor about sixty-five years old, originally from one of the New England States, an unpopular citizen, hard and close, but successful financially. He had come there many years previously with some money, and now besides his land, he had some five hundred slaves of all ages and shades of color, some of whom were said to be relatives of his own!

I stationed a company on this plantation to patrol the river below, and instructed the officers to see to it that their camp was kept properly guarded, to make their men comfortable and to gather their subsistence from this plantation for both horses and men.

Some days afterwards I rode down to see them, and Peters, hearing I was there, sent for me. I rode over to see him and found him sitting on the veranda. A rather good looking and cleanly dressed quadroon girl was leaning against the door frame a short distance from him. When he saw me he said in a loud, imperious voice, "I want to let you know, Sir, that the men you sent here are injuring my property."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, they are feeding their horses on my corn and hay; they are taking my bacon and sweet potatoes, and even chickens, without leave. They are burning my fence rails to cook their victuals and keep up fires at night; and they are talking mischief to my overseer and people; and I want you to take them away, Sir, the sooner the better."

"Two weeks ago," I replied, "a part of a company of my command was captured on your plantation while their captain was asleep in your house. My men suspect that you or your overseer know something about it. I sent this company here to do just what you are complaining of; and it is only because I have not sufficient evidence that the enemy got some word from you, that your house is still standing; and although I have given orders not to burn your premises, if you are not very careful your house may yet go up in smoke." And with that I turned and left him.

I will say here, that my experience in command of cavalry operating at a distance from the heavy bodies of infantry, brought me into intimate acquaintance with the character and mode of life of the southern people. Nearly all planters, "to the Manor born," looked upon their slaves with a paternal interest, having care for their health and comfort. This interest was generally responded to by the warm-hearted and faithful servants, and it was with a sense of shame I learned that some owners who were

said to be oppressive taskmasters had come from the North, expecting to find an easier road to wealth through the forced toil of slaves. They tried to get as much work from the easy-going and good-natured blacks as was obtained from the paid white labor of the North.

The planters led the easy life of English country gentlemen; many of them were descendants of good families from the British Isles. They were hostile to a society composed, as they thought, of inferior representatives of the mixed nationalities of Europe, who were impelled with the feverish ambition to accumulate wealth, even—by outwitting friends, which they understood was the common spirit that pervaded the North and I felt that while it was a great thing to put down the rebellion and preserve the unity of the States, it was also great to obliterate the prejudice that had grown up between the two sections, and to pave the way for the development of a homogeneous people.

It was my practice to go about through the camp at supper time, to see what the men had to eat. On the third evening, I found one of the companies in quite lively spirits, with a good supper, and a large assortment of valuable silverware to eat it with.

I asked the sergeant in charge of the forage team where he got the silver. He said he inquired of a colored man where he could get corn, and was told that down by the river there was a big limestone cave full of it. He drove down and found it as he

had been informed. The corn was still in the husk; in filling his wagon bed, he uncovered the silver-ware, and so brought it along.

There was a large quantity of knives, forks, spoons of different sizes, and fine dishes of different kinds, engraved with the name "W. H. Key," and marked "Sterling."

On reaching my quarters I sent for the captain and directed him, when the men cleaned up the things after supper, to gather up that silver and bring it to my quarters. This was done, and I had the silver wrapped in packages and placed in charge of the sergeant with orders to deliver it to Mr. Key, the owner, who, I learned, lived on a plantation seven miles down the river.

Next morning I sent the silver with a note to the owner, telling how my men had found it, and saying that if he had any more valuables hid out anywhere, he should take them to his house, as they would be safer there.

That afternoon a colored man brought me a note from Mr. Key, in which he thanked me for the return of the silver and expressed surprise that a Yankee would do a thing like that; adding, however, that as some of the more valuable and highly prized pieces were still missing, he had gone to the cave, but had not found them, and he was uncertain whether my men or some colored men had taken them.

I sent for the sergeant and asked him whether or

not the men had taken all the silver they had found. He said they had not; that there were some large pieces which they had re-buried under the corn in another part of the cave. I had him make me a diagram of the cave, and mark the spot. I then sent for the captain and told him to go in the evening when the men were at supper and see if there was not some more silver among the men, which they had secreted the night before; if so, to bring it to me. This he did and found some.

Next morning I wrote another note to Mr. Key, enclosing the diagram of the cave, and explaining the facts; and returned the silver gathered up the night before. In the afternoon I received another note of thanks from him, in which he said that he had gone to the cave and found the silver as I had described, and closed with a request that he might be permitted to come to camp and thank me personally for my unexpected kindness. I wrote in reply that I would be glad to meet him.

The next day a typical southern planter, about forty years of age, came to my tent and was introduced by my friend Mr. Martin of the cotton mill, as Mr. W. H. Key, who I learned was a prominent man familiarly known as "Buck" Key.

"I was the more surprised," said he, "at your kindness, for I suppose you had been told that I was a rebel."

"Oh, I don't know," said I, "but that would have

made no difference. I suppose you are all secessionists down here."

"Now, let me correct you there," said he, "I suppose I may properly be called a 'rebel,' but I am not a secessionist. The original secessionists belong to South Carolina; they are the followers of John C. Calhoun. My family and I are old time Whigs, followers of Henry Clay of Kentucky, who did not believe in secession. But we have been driven to rebellion by the encroachment of the North, and I see no way but to fight it out."

"Mr. Key," I replied, "I thank you for what you have taught me today. I never realized the difference between a 'rebel' and a 'secessionist.' My father's family, also, were old time Whigs and followers of Henry Clay," and, cordially giving him my hand, I continued, "So that after all I suspect we are half-brothers in politics."

We spent an hour very pleasantly in my tent, and as he arose to go, extending his hand again, he said, "By the way, Colonel, I have an order from the major general commanding our department at home, who is my wife, to invite "that Yankee" to dine with us, if after making his acquaintance I think him a proper person to be introduced into our family, for, fortunately or unfortunately, I am not sure which, we have a family of six children of whom all but the next to the youngest are daughters; and in these troublous times my wife is cautious about inviting

strangers to the house; but I would be glad to have them meet you at our home. When can you come?"

I replied: "You may give my compliments to the major general commanding your department and say that I appreciate the honor offered and will be glad to come at any time."

"I have *carte blanche*," he said, "Can you come tomorrow?"

"Name the hour." And two o'clock was named.

"I will be there," said I.

His plantation embraced some two thousand acres of cotton land on the river. A few miles below this, on the other side, a rebel regiment, which had been recruited in that locality, was stationed.

The next morning I made a detail consisting of a lieutenant and fifty men, and set off. We came in sight of the place from a rising strip of timber overlooking the extensive plantation. A large white house was situated in the center of a grove of trees some distance from the road. It was a beautiful April day. I ordered the lieutenant to dismount his men quietly in the woods and watch that no one approach the house while I was there.

I found Mr. Key awaiting me on the wide veranda, and was introduced to Mrs. Key, who, with cordial welcome, invited me into the parlor where Mr. Key left us. She was a fine looking lady, easy and refined in her manner, and in all respects a typical planter's wife. She was too well bred to betray any

unusual excitement about the presence of one whom they had been taught to regard as a dangerous enemy.

The conversation was frank and pleasant. After a while a little black eye peeped in about the height of the door knob, and the mother, looking around, said, "Come in, Lottie come in, don't be afraid. This is not one of the bad Yankees you have heard about; this is a good Yankee." The little girl came in timidly, keeping her back close to the wall until she got her mother in line between her and me; then coming forward, slowly, she placed her chin on her folded arms across her mother's knee, and looked at me curiously. Soon, however, we became friends and I had her on my knee.

When dinner was announced I was introduced to the older daughters, and invited into the dining room. I had been told that the young ladies were handsome, and had dressed myself with care accordingly. Being a young man and a Yankee, I felt it my patriotic duty to make as good an impression as possible, even upon the ladies. Mr. Key took his seat at the head of the table and began carving, while I devoted myself in my best form to the daughters, who were quite attractive. The dinner was excellent, although Mrs. Key said that their table was very much restricted by reason of General Forrest's troops which had been encamped upon their property recently, the General himself being the guest.

While I was complimenting the dinner, a servant

opened the door and said that there were some soldiers out doors. A change of expression came over the faces of us all. Mr. Key got up from the table and went out. The ladies looked at me with alarm. Soon Mr. Key returned and said that they were Yankee soldiers. I asked what they wanted.

He replied, "A sergeant asked for the key to my smoke house."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that you were in the house, and he answered, 'That is all right, but we want the keys to the smoke house all the same.' A sergeant and six men with a six-mule team are out there waiting."

"Well, Mr. Key," said I, "I know of no alternative but for you to give him the keys."

He replied, "It is just as you say," and left the room.

All the family were looking at me, and I looked at my plate, but I think none of us felt very hungry just then.

After a while Mr. Key returned.

"Well," said I, "How did you get along with the boys? How did they treat you?"

"They treated me personally well enough, but the sergeant wanted the keys. I opened the smoke house door, at his suggestion; he looked in and asked if that was my entire supply of meat. I told him it was. He inquired the number in my family and I told him. He then showed his men what pieces of meat to take. I noticed they were mostly hams. He

asked then for the keys to my corn crib, and I left him finishing the load with corn."

Mr. Key sat down, took up his knife and fork and resumed his dinner. The silence had become oppressive. I laid down my knife and fork, and slowly straightened up.

"Mr. Key, I must confess this is the most embarrassing position I ever was in, in my life. Here I am, invited to your house, as a gentleman, seated at your table as a guest, and my men are out there robbing your smoke house and corn crib and I know it, and I do not forbid them. The fact is they are acting strictly under orders I received from my commander, General Sherman. They seem severe, but under the circumstances are unavoidable. The war cannot be carried on without supplies; and, after all, it is more humane to destroy the supplies of the enemy than to kill the soldiers, especially in a civil war like this. General Sherman knows that your region here has been a valuable source of supplies for the forces of General Forrest who has been resting here and feeding his troops between his raids into Tennessee, which have resulted in the death of so many good men on both sides, and he will do this so long as your supplies last. And, Mrs. Key, allow me to suggest that if your family had been boys instead of these handsome girls, you would probably have cause to mourn the death of some of them, instead of simply regretting the loss of the corn and bacon. I sent back your silver because I had no orders to take silver,

and if I had left it among my men it might have crippled their efficiency by injuring their discipline, and being family plate, it could not be used to strengthen the confederate cause."

They began to realize the truth of what I had said, and with fine courtesy, continued the cordiality they had shown me in the beginning. I left them as friends and was almost glad that the embarrassing occurrence had taken place just as it did. They invited me to come to see them whenever I could. I found my escort had enjoyed a fine afternoon, and we returned to camp in good time.

A few days later I was introduced by Mr. Martin to Governor Patton, who owned a plantation in the vicinity. He was a rather delicate looking gentleman and reminded me of a college professor. He was Lieutenant Governor of Alabama when the state seceded; and had earnestly opposed the step, as an old Henry Clay Whig, but as he told me, he had gone with his state.

He had called to see me, he said, at the request of his wife. All his able "help" had left him, and there was none at home except the old servants who had taken care of him when a child and their grandchildren.

"I was in a field," he said, "trying to plow some ground, with the only team the war had left me, that they might plant it in corn, when a corporal and two of your men rode up. They told me to unhitch the

horses, and after trying them, they took one and left the other, saying it was of no account to them. My wife, who was near by, saw it and was greatly grieved, and suggested with tears that I go down and see the Yankee officer,—perhaps he might do something about it. I know the rules of war in the enemy's country, and I expect nothing. I came only to satisfy her. Our own people took the best of my stock."

"I suspect, Governor," I replied, "that your wife has more faith in the Yankee's heart than you have. My men were acting under my orders and if they left a horse in your field it wasn't worth much. But it is time your field was plowed, if your people are to raise any corn this year. I think I can help you. I have some horses whose backs have been so injured during our night marches when saddle blankets were lost that they cannot get well in time to be of use to us, but their shoulders are good. Come out and look at them, and pick out one." He chose modestly, but I told him to take a better one. He selected another, that one would do, said I, but no horse that my men had left could keep up its end of the double-tree with that one. "Pick one that can." He chose another. "Now that will make you a good team, but hereafter when their backs get well, some other soldier may want one or both of these. Select another and turn it out in a back field with the one my men left you, and you and the old folks will be able to tend your corn."

We found some leading ropes and he went home with three horses that were an encumbrance to us, but could be made of value to him.

The feeling born of the war still existed among the people, but I sent a guard consisting of a non-commissioned officer and three men to each plantation house within reach of the river, and this was changed every few days. My men were eager for the detail, as they thus made acquaintances, and often were given something good to eat. I told them, however, that none but gentlemen would be sent on this duty, for I wanted to let the people know that we had good people in Ohio; and the captains had instructions to detail none but those who showed by their deportment that they had been well raised at home. This had the effect of stimulating a proper ambition among the men and did much to elevate the regiment in public estimation; and more to cultivate a high order of discipline than methods of punishment commonly resorted to.

One day, shortly after we established camp, the corporal of the guard brought a young lady on horseback, to headquarters wanting to go through the lines. I asked her where she lived, what her name was, where she was going, what for, etc., all of which she answered very pleasantly. She seemed to enjoy the experience and her black eyes sparkled with its novelty. In fact, I asked her more questions than the regulations require, just because of her bright eyes.

I learned that she was going to town to see some relatives. The next day she was again brought in by the corporal from the opposite side of the camp, and I began the catechism again. She had been visiting an aunt in town, two of whose sons were at the time attending the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. Her name had been given as "Mrs. McQuire." I asked where her husband was. She replied that she had none, that she was a widow and lived with her mother, Mrs. Collier, who also was a widow, on their plantation some miles down the river. In a few days she came again on her way to town, and was brought to my headquarters again, when we talked at greater length. She remarked, "I understand that you are Scotch."

"Who told you that?" I asked.

"The guard you were kind enough to send down to our house. You see our people are also Scotch."

Her father who, I had learned, was at one time governor of the state, but had died some years before. She had an older sister at home whose husband, Captain Simpson, was a quartermaster in the regiment across the river. Her mother had asked her to invite me to come and see them. I told her I should be delighted to do so, if she and her sister would promise not to invite their friends across the river to come over and capture me. She laughed and promised that they would not. I went down afterwards with a scouting party and called on the family.

Mrs. Collier and her two daughters lived alone

with their servants, as they preferred to take some personal risk rather than leave their home unoccupied and exposed to the lawlessness of the times. I had a very pleasant call. They insisted that I was not a Yankee but a Scotchman. I said, however, "I am a Yankee from Ohio—or rather, a Buckeye grafted on the stem of a thistle. In early life I was fed on oatmeal porridge and the Shorter Catechism, in an atmosphere where it was considered a sin to "Whussel on the Sawbath Day." But I was educated as a Yankee, and am now neither better nor worse than the average Yankees of the North who are honestly trying to keep the nation from going to pieces."

They seemed puzzled and said that there was surely something wrong about all this; and they expressed a wish that I could meet the colonel and some of their friends across the river, and proposed that they would give a party and invite some of their officers over and if I would bring some of mine to meet them at supper, all would spend the evening together.

"Would you be willing to come?" they asked.

"Oh, certainly," said I, "but your officers would not come. They would be at a disadvantage exposing themselves on the wrong side of the river without having as much faith in us as would justify the venture."

So that in spite of their gracious proposal we

unfortunately were not permitted to meet and arrange the terms of peace!

Captain Coffee also invited me to his house, and my acquaintance with him and his family was interesting and pleasant. They had only one child, Mary, a sweet little girl of about ten years; and we soon became great friends.

One day when I called, I found her sitting by her mother plaiting rye straw from a bundle on her knee.

"What are you doing, Mary?" I asked.

"I am trying to make a hat."

"Who for?" I asked.

"Why, for myself," she said.

"If you will give me some straw, I will help you."

"Do you know how to make a hat?"

"Of course, I do."

"Do you know what the fashion is in the North?"

"Oh, I know all about it."

I drew up a chair and sat down beside her; she gave me a bundle of straw and we went gayly to work. It took us several afternoons to finish that hat, and we had great fun over it. "After all," she said, "the only way to get a new hat is to make one, for the cruel Yankees won't let the ships bring us any new hats."

I had given instruction that while the men and horses were to fare liberally, the different plantations should be allowed to retain sufficient provisions

for their own real needs. So that we came to be looked upon simply as one of the burdens of a cruel war; and they met the inevitable without complaint like a high-spirited people.

I called frequently at the Key's plantation. Mr. Key displayed a new interest in the war, and wished to learn more from our point of view. Although this was in the spring of 1864 the South had not lost faith in the final success of their cause. Their papers had been misleading, but new light had begun to break in upon them, and they suspected that they had been entertaining an incorrect view of the northern people. They had also noticed some difference, in character and deportment between Forrest's men and mine.

"Your men," said Mr. Key, "we have found, are orderly and polite. We never hear them quarrel, and they always speak with the highest respect of their officers; and while we thank you for the guards you send to our houses, we feel that we scarcely need their protection. We would like to know more about the home life of your officers and men."

I told him that allowance should be made for the fact that Forrest's men received their pay only in a currency that had but little value. And discipline in a modern army cannot live long without money. I gave him an account of the organization of my regiment, saying that it might be regarded as fairly representative of the people of Ohio.

"Many of the boys," said I, "are our neighbors' sons, and went to school to me in the winter and

worked on the farms in the summer. I have also the sons of merchants, manufacturers, bankers and professional men, and we all were taught that work is honorable. The social organization of the South, we regard as unnatural, and not consistent with a democracy such as this nation was intended to be. My father reared his family comfortably on a farm of two hundred acres. It takes two thousand acres and a hundred slaves to supply the wants of your family. This, we think, discredits labor, and dooms your sons to idleness."

Once afterwards when I called I found him in the barnyard, and two of the daughters were milking the cows.

"Ah, Colonel," he remarked, "you find us practicing at the lessons you have been teaching us. We have been thinking that perhaps it might be well to try and get ready for any change that may be approaching."

After a campaign of nearly a month I was ordered to Decatur and left that locality with the good will of its citizens none of whom had been deprived of their necessary supplies or subjected to any humiliation. But Forrest's base of operations was destroyed which was submitted to without much regret.

CHAPTER 16.

Battle of Decatur.

On the 2nd of May ('64) I was ordered with my regiment to Decatur, Alabama, about sixty miles up the Tennessee river from Florence, and some 130 miles below Chattanooga, and the only point held by Union forces below that point.

On my arrival here I found a regiment of infantry and a small fort with a battery of artillery. My orders were to patrol the south side of the river above and below Decatur.

The rebel General Roddy with a mixed command of one brigade of infantry and mounted men, had been making frequent demonstrations in that locality with the purpose of taking the post at Decatur so as to have full control of the south side of the river. General Sherman, however, considered it important to be held, in view of his proposed advance toward Atlanta.

Our respective scouts had frequent encounters, but seldom at close range. The enemy's force was increased and it seemed to be their determination to drive us back across the river. To prevent this an infantry brigade under command of Brigadier General Davidson was sent to our assistance.

The enemy frequently attempted to capture our outposts, consisting of a sergeant and a squad of men dismounted some distance in advance of our infantry pickets, and a mounted vidette kept under cover as much as possible some two hundred yards in advance.

One midnight a big, strong prisoner was brought to my quarters, bleeding from a shot in the face, and moaning piteously. It seems that the vidette was sitting on his horse under a tree in the dark, and saw dimly what at first he thought was a hog, across the road, in the woods, behind a fence. It was slowly moving toward the picket post. He became convinced that it was a soldier and fired. The man, — for such it proved to be, — cried, "Oh, I am shot!" At the picket post he told the sergeant that he had been coming in to give himself up, for he was tired of the war. His gun was found, however, in the morning lying loaded and half cocked behind the fence where he was shot. Although he declared he was on his feet when shot through the cheek, we found the bullet hole in a thin rail near the ground, and he must have been on his hands and knees when the vidette fired. I sent him to the doctor at the hospital and he was taken care of.

An order had been issued by the post commander that in case a general attack was made, a gun should be fired from the fort, and this would be a notice for all the forces to turn out without further orders. All the companies were notified of this arrangement.

At daylight on Sunday morning, the 8th of June,

the alarm gun was fired. Ten companies of the Ninth Regiment were promptly in the saddle, and we dashed forward to the point of attack. The mounted officer of the picket guard, who was from our Regiment, met me and pointed out the position and formation of the enemy's line which was in a field to which a road from the town lead. On one side of this road was a heavy body of timber, on the other a fence and corn field, leaving no way to attack the enemy except by charging along the road in column for a quarter of a mile.

This I decided to do, and placing myself with Captain Walter Morrison at the head of the first company ("E"), I ordered the bugler to sound the charge. The men responded with a shout and drew their pistols as the horses dashed forward. The enemy held their fire until we came well within reach, then opened upon us. On this first volley, I received a shot in the right foot.

The woods and the cornfield gave them a narrow frontage through which to fire at us, and before they could reload their pieces, we were upon them with pistol and sabre. They were thrown into confusion, lost their formation in the center, and rushed pell mell across the narrow field into another body of timber, where they re-formed behind an old rail fence.

I rode into the open to see their position and ordered the companies to form from column into line as they came up, and to charge as I directed.

My orderly and watchful aid, Morton Black,

suddenly called out, "Look out, Colonel." It was Sunday morning. I had dressed for Sunday inspection, and was therefore rather conspicuous in full uniform. I followed his glance and saw three puffs of smoke rise from near the bottom of the fence across the field, and at the same instant felt the pass of one bullet at my right, and another on my left. The third disabled my horse. I called for another and in changing, found that the shot received in the road had lamed me. I had not had time to give attention to it, except to feel that I could still move my toes.

In our charge by companies in line I noticed near me E. B. Gatchel of Company "F" who dashed forward, yelling, "Come on, boys, there's dead loads of 'em over there." He had not gone far when a bullet struck him in the lower jaw. He did not fall from his horse but saying, "They've plugged it to me, boys," put his hand to his face, stopped his horse, slowly dismounted and lay down.

Approaching a planter's house surrounded by trees, I saw a woman pulling at a wounded man to get him behind a big white oak tree, for protection from our charge. I called to her to leave the man, run to the house and get into the cellar, if there was one, for this was no place for a woman. She had not realized the danger until she saw the line of horsemen almost upon her. They gave her the right of way however, as she left the wounded man and ran for dear life.

We broke and scattered the second line of General

Roddy's forces, and they fled into the thick woods. On returning, we met General Davidson and his brigade of infantry who had arrived during the second charge. When I reported to him, he said, "That was handsomely done, Colonel."

In this affair we lost no men killed; we gathered up our few wounded and those the enemy left, who were taken to a hospital, and we returned to headquarters.

The surgeon examined my wound, and found that the ball had hit the iron bolt of my wooden stirrup, bent it and split the wood, striking a large spur buckle. It had glanced off, leaving a deep impression on my boot, but not going through the leather, and my foot was badly swollen. The surgeon directed that cold water be poured on my foot during the rest of the day, to allay the swelling, after he had let the blood out of the wound. I went about on crutches for a time, but was not off duty, chiefly for the reason that I had no field officers present to take my place.

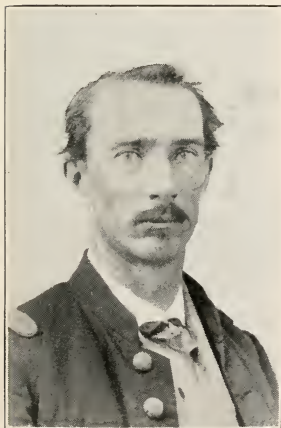
While here, Michael Nachtrieb, an artist and member of the band from Wooster, Ohio, found a prepared canvas on which he asked to paint my portrait. I have the painting still and value it in memory of a genial comrade who proved himself as proficient in art as he was in music, both of which, however, were more to his liking than the care of his horse, which on inspection day was tested by the use of a white pocket handkerchief. One morning Mike appeared on a new horse, for which he had traded with



MICHAEL NACHTRIEB,
Musician.



SERGT. GEO. H. HILL,
Co. "I."



LT. THOS. J. COCHRAN,
Co. "C," 9th O. V. C.



LT. WM. B. ELY,
Co. "L," 9th O. V. C.

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one of the boys. I reprimanded him, saying that the horse was not as good as his old one. "Not quite," he said, "but it was a clean one, Colonel!"

Some time after the war I met Judge Woods of Florence, formerly a colonel in the confederate army. Speaking of the Decatur engagement, he told me that Major Ferguson, afterwards a prominent lawyer in Memphis, was criticised at the time by General Roddy because his line gave way on our second charge. Ferguson replied, "What was the use, Gennul, the mo' we fiahed, the wuss they got!" And the Judge said this reply became one of their stock army jokes.

CHAPTER 17.

Rousseau's Raid.

In the spring of 1864, Sherman began crowding Johnston back from Chattanooga toward Atlanta; and during this movement, the Ninth Ohio Cavalry operating in connection with a brigade of infantry held Decatur, guarding against a flank movement of the enemy in that direction and protecting Sherman's reinforcements at this, the only available crossing of the Tennessee river below Chattanooga.

When Sherman crossed the Chattahoochee in his advance on Atlanta it became necessary to cut the railroads over which supplies were brought to that city and to Johnston's army. The most important of these was the road reaching Salem, Alabama, Montgomery and the southwest. At Salem were situated the confederate government shops which furnished most of the artillery and ordnance supplies for the confederacy. This road also extended down through a rich farming region which furnished the commissary supplies. Johnston had so effectually guarded it for miles out of Atlanta that Sherman had been unable to reach it.

On the 6th of July I received a dispatch from General Rousseau commanding at Nashville, directing

me to meet him there the next morning. When I arrived he showed me an order from General Sherman, directing him to organize a cavalry force of about two thousand five hundred men, and start as soon as possible from Decatur for the purpose of cutting the Salem Railroad anywhere outside of a hundred miles from Atlanta.

"This," said General Rousseau, "will require a march of about three hundred miles. How many good men and horses can you furnish?"

I replied, "I can furnish five hundred men and horses." General Rousseau then said, "I will be at Decatur on the ninth with two thousand men besides, and will organize the force so as to be ready to start on the tenth."

I returned to Decatur, called a meeting of the officers and explained the project; said that I had promised five hundred good men and horses, and directed the officers of each company to make such selections as would aggregate that number. When the general arrived with two thousand men, my quota was added, and the entire command was divided into two brigades.

Colonel Harrison of the Eighth Indiana cavalry was placed in command of our brigade and I was given the other.

As I had no field officers of my regiment with me I was compelled to put the ranking captain, William Stough, in command.

We started on the morning of July 10th and after

a rapid march of three days it was found that quite a number of both horses and men of the command would be unable to stand the trip, and 300 horses and men were sent back to Decatur under command of Captain Daniels of Co. B.

On reaching the Coosa river, we found a force of the enemy on the other side ready to dispute our passage.

There was a field of green corn adjoining the road on that side and a small ferry boat fastened to the bank.

Here we went into camp and in the night sent over some men to bring over the boat, and sent over Captain Gatch with 30 men who concealed themselves in the cornfield. In the morning when we were preparing to cross, a force of the enemy's cavalry came to dispute our passage. But Captain Gatch and his men were waiting for them and when in close reach opened a fire which reduced their force by one officer and twenty men and horses. And we crossed the river without opposition. But from that time on General Clanton with his cavalry force kept us unpleasant company during our march. He would not stand for a fair fight but hung on our skirts capturing stragglers and forage parties.

To avoid him we traveled mostly in the night, often changing directions to mislead him. We had no supplies except the men could find and quite a number of stragglers, especially from the 9th O. V. C., which was the largest in the command. Captain



CAPT. A. P. GATCH, Co. "L."



A. J. CURREN (Left).
ROBERT SICKINGER (Right).



Stough had been a fine infantry officer but was nearly 50 years old and although rather slow for the cavalry in his care, his men straggled and were captured. Irvin Dorn, my chief bugler, found whiskey, got drunk and went to sleep and was captured. His bugle fell into the hands of General Clanton. The General's widow returned it to me years afterwards and I still have it.

Eight men of one of my companies left the ranks without leave, to find something to eat and were captured and sent to Andersonville.

A very interesting account of the affair was given by Comrade Daniel Moses of Co. K., one of the survivors, and read before the schools of Fremont, in which he gave a most vivid account of the suffering in Andersonville prison, an extract from which was sent in a letter to me for publication in this book. Conditions were such in my regiment that it became necessary that I should take direct command and General Rousseau felt it necessary to relieve me for that purpose. This was mortifying but conditions made it necessary. After that there was no more trouble.

When we came to the Tallapoosa river which recent rains had swollen, although it was dark we could dimly see the water rushing along among large boulders almost covered. The head of the column halted, and when I came up the captain in the lead said he could not make out the ford. I rode to a cabin near by and woke up a negro to come and show

us the ford. He was terribly frightened and said he could not tell where it was. I ordered him to put on his clothes and come quickly or it would be the worse for him. I put him on a strong horse, told him to start across and that I would keep close to him. He begged piteously, but I told him the boys would shoot him if he did not go. I then told the captain to follow us with his company, and to station men about fifty feet apart on the line of the ford. I let the negro see the gleam of my pistol, and we started, and slowly stemmed the rushing torrent, among the rocks until finally we struck the opposite bank; all got safely through except one poor darkey and his pack mule which were washed over a half submerged boulder and disappeared under the flood; and we were unable to rescue either of them. Ever after we referred to the crossing of that river in that night, with a shudder, for the thought of it was as unpleasant as that of any battle we were ever in.

We passed on through a wild region, in which the city of Birmingham now stands, and on July 17th, reached the Salem Railroad at Lochapoka, twenty-five miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at two o'clock in the morning. We slept by our horses in a strip of timber until daylight, and after finding some corn for our horses and making our breakfast off the forage of the day before, the column started toward Montgomery, Colonel Harrison's brigade in advance, the Ninth Ohio and the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry in the rear.

When we had gone about half a mile I found General Rousseau sitting on his horse at the side of the road waiting for me. He said, "I am going to destroy the road toward Montgomery and burn a large railroad trestle six miles below here. You will turn your regiment and the Sixth Kentucky back to Lochapoka, and from that point tear up the railroad track toward Atlanta. Don't stop till you hear from me. If Clanton attacks you, fight him; if he is too much for you, fall back on me. But unless it becomes necessary, don't stop the work."

I thanked the general for this evidence of his confidence and turned the head of my column toward Atlanta, a hundred miles distant. As I re-entered the village, I saw the head of General Clanton's column coming in at the other end. I ordered the buglers to sound the "Charge" and the command dashed forward. The movement was a surprise which the enemy did not understand, and they fell back in confusion. I sent the Kentucky regiment after them while we halted and proceeded to organize our wrecking force.

The railroad was built on the old plan with wooden stringers, six by eight inches and probably fifteen feet long, mortised into the ties and held in place by wooden wedges; and on these stringers, iron straps one inch by two and a half inches were spiked.

Half the entire command I placed on guard; and of each four men of the remainder, dismounted numbers one, two and three for a working force, in-

structed number four to follow closely with the horses.

I arranged the men in working squads. Two men, placed in the lead with axes, which we had found in the village, drove out the wedges, and a sufficient number following with hand spikes lifted and brought the timbers with the iron rails together in the center of the track; other squads gathered and piled on these all the ties, fence rails and other combustibles at hand; others started fires and saw that it did its work.

The duty assigned to the mounted force was to protect these working men, for which they were sometimes needed in the front, sometimes at the rear, and again, at either side. Each of the men in charge of the horses kept as close to his working comrades as convenient, so that in case of an attack in force, they all could quickly mount. At intervals the workers and the defenders changed places, and the work was rushed as fast as possible.

The way led through a poor country thickly overgrown with bushes and scrub timber, through which it was difficult to handle cavalry or to watch their movements. Clanton was about us all day and occasionally tried to stop our work. Early in the day he made an attack from the front, which, however, we repulsed, and one of his men was left dead on the track.

At noon we approached the town of Auburn, which we learned contained a confederate hospital, and a stock of commissary and quartermasters' sup-

plies. The negroes that came out to us, told us that there were soldiers in the town, and that the officers were arming everybody and getting ready to fight us. As yet we could see nothing of the town on account of the growth of brush, but when close to it, I stopped the work, mounted all the men, formed in lines as best I could, and ordered all the buglers along the line to sound the "Charge." The rush through the thickets could be better heard than seen. The men who had been collected to oppose us, broke on our first fire, and scattered in every direction. I then ordered the force back to resume the work, and I took possession of the store houses and proceeded to distribute the supplies among our men. These included clothing, underwear, shoes, tobacco and provisions. After the whole command was supplied, I sent word to the citizens to come and help themselves to what they wanted. This changed the excitement. Women and children, white and black, came rushing to help themselves. A well dressed lady, that I noticed, came with a colored servant, and pointed out some hams, which she ordered him to take to the house. "Haint got time, Missus, haint got time," replied the negro, eagerly grabbing what he wanted for himself. The lady then proceeded to help herself as the others were doing.

About this time a whistle was heard in the distance, and I was told that a train of soldiers was coming from Atlanta. We had cut the wires in the morning to prevent the giving of information. I sent Captain Gatch with his company ahead to learn and report the

facts, and put the remainder of the men to barricading the streets. This alarmed the negroes and women, who anxiously inquired if we were going to fight right there among them. I replied that it looked like it, but that they should not be alarmed; if any of them were hurt it would be by their friends, not by us! Soon, however, a courier came from Captain Gatch to say that the train consisted of a locomotive and two cars, with men to repair the telegraph line, and that he had let them come on past him, and had then torn up the track behind them, and had captured the train.

We set fire to the rebel storehouses and the railroad station, and proceeded with our work on the track. On reaching the train, we took the sledge hammers found there, broke up the breakable parts of the engine, and set fire to the cars. The men were treated kindly.

The engineer came to me and said that he was from the North and had been running on the road when the war broke out; that he was not in sympathy with the rebellion, but had no way of getting home. He would like to stay with us, and would give us all the help he could. I asked him what state he was from. He replied, "Massachusetts", and I concluded from the way he "guessed" instead of "reckoned" that he was telling the truth.

We continued the work of tearing up the track and twisting the rails until twelve o'clock that night, leaving a line of blazing light behind us as far as we could see. At midnight we had reached West Point

Junction, fifteen miles from Lochapoka, from which we had started in the morning.

While seated on my horse among the men still working, I heard a voice inquiring for Colonel Hamilton. It was an aid from General Rousseau, who had sent him to find me, to present his compliments and say he wanted to see me. I asked where the general was, and he replied, "Back there among the men."

When he saw me he called out,

"Hamilton, are you going in to Atlanta tonight?"

"I don't know," I answered, "my orders, as I understand them, were to keep at work until I heard from you, and whether that would take me in to Atlanta or not I was not certain."

"Well, sir," he said, "I want to thank you for your day's work. You have made this expedition a success. I saw a dead rebel or two by the road as I came. Did you have much trouble?"

I told him I had had a skirmish or two.

"Well, I will take pleasure in giving you and your command proper credit in my report. I was not very successful on the other end. When I reached the railroad bridge I found it guarded by a company in a block house, and as I had no artillery, I could not dislodge them. Call off your men and let them sleep till morning. I see a house with a porch yonder, let us lie down and take a nap."

This we did, lying on our saddle blankets with our saddles for pillows.

Next morning, the 21st of July ('64) the entire

command started northeast for our lines about Atlanta, and by night we reached the village of Lafayette. Rumors were thick that the enemy's troops were hunting us. We found a little corn for our horses that night, but nothing for our own suppers. The men were ordered to keep their horses bridled, and to lie down beside them ready for an attack. Next morning we found some more corn for our horses, and after feeding, started again northeast to meet our friends.

We traveled all that day (the 22nd of July) to the sound of the great battle in which McPherson was killed. In the afternoon we came upon a Union picket post—a lieutenant and a platoon of men all cleanly dressed in blue. They welcomed us with guns at a salute as we passed. My eyes filled as I returned it, and I thought them the handsomest men I ever saw. A feeling of restfulness came over me to which I had been a stranger for these thirteen days and nights.

The day after our arrival, I felt myself unfit for duty, and lay in my tent all day, by advice of the surgeon—the only instance of this kind during my four years of service.

The third day I received an order to report my regiment to General McCook, who had been ordered to make a raid south of Atlanta. This, I was told, would require an expedition of several days. I ordered the different companies to prepare for the trip as well as they could, and we started in column. But in the meantime I asked for the inspector of cavalry to examine my command as to its fitness for such a duty.

On his arrival, I rode with him along the column and told him of the character and extent of the service the regiment had performed, and after his inspection he reported its condition to General McCook.

The general then directed me to proceed with his column along the river about ten miles to where the pontoon was being laid for him to cross, and to remain there for two days, after which I was to take up the pontoon, and return with it to Vining Station, where I could go into camp and rest my command.

The morning after our return, I went across the river to report to General Thomas. The battle of the 22nd. of July had occurred in that vicinity, and the scene before me was disheartening. Broken wagons, dismounted artillery, dead horses and mules, and other debris of the battle strewed the ground as far as one could see. Trees here and there were shattered by cannon balls. Long ridges of freshly turned earth showed where soldiers had been buried side by side in one common trench. Skulking camp followers, and straggling soldiers completed the gruesome picture. The air was filled with a sickening stench. I was told by the stragglers that it had been a bad fight, and that we had got the worst of it.

When I reached General Thomas's headquarters on the right beyond the battlefield, I found the general sitting on a camp stool in front of his tent in the shade of a canopy of green branches. He was in his shirt sleeves and his straw hat lay near him.

After the formalities, in which I reported the return of my regiment to his command, he invited me to a seat. I remarked upon the desolate appearance of the scenes I had passed, saying that it looked depressing.

"Ah, well", said he, "It always does in the rear after a battle, but up at the front you will find the boys in the rifle pits cheerful, confident, and in good humor. It was a hard fought battle, and we lost McPherson, but the enemy failed in their purpose and got badly worsted."

Presently a man rode up on an ill favored horse, with an old bridle, and a blanket for a saddle. He was barefoot, and coatless and wore an old straw hat. Dismounting, he saluted and asked, "Is this General Thomas?" At the general's reply, he continued, "I am Colonel Jim Brownlow of the First Tennessee Cavalry. I desire to apologize for my appearance by stating that I was with General McCook yesterday when we were attacked by a Tennessee rebel force. My regiment occupied the rear of the column and we were cut off. I ordered a charge, cut through their lines and made for the river, giving orders to cross. At the point we struck it, the bank was too high for the horses. I called to my men to leave them and take to the water. They are mountaineers and many of them could not swim, so I stripped to give what assistance I could. Though the enemy was firing on us, it was through a thicket of bushes that skirted the

river, and most of us got across. I picked up this rig and came to report."

The general said not a word until the colonel had finished then he asked,

"What became of McCook?"

The colonel replied, "He kept straight ahead. The Johnnies let him go and took after me." The general seemed satisfied, and asked the colonel what had become of his men. He answered.

"I don't know where in the devil they are."

"Yours is the First Tennessee Cavalry, you say", said the general. "I have no doubt they are around in the mountains somewhere. You go to the quartermaster and get a pair of shoes and some clothes, and have a good night's rest. Your mountaineers will all be back in the morning."

A few years ago I told this story in Knoxville to the colonel's mother, the venerable and bright widow of "Parson Brownlow". She laughed and said naively, "Jim told me that same story and showed me the shoes that General Thomas gave him." Mrs. Brownlow died a year ago at the age of ninety-five, at Knoxville.

CHAPTER 18.

Preparing to Remount the Command.

During the latter part of the Atlanta campaign the horses of the cavalry were badly used up by too much work and too little food, and I obtained an order to take four hundred of my men to Nashville and draw 1,600 horses for my own and other commands.

September 21st I detailed four hundred men with their arms, and we proceeded in a train of box cars. About midnight, shortly after passing Big Shanty, a station in the mountains, we passed through a long deep cut, in which the top of the cars reached about to the level of the surrounding surface. In this cut, a force of rebels had placed an iron "frog" on the track, and the engine and a number of the forward cars were ditched. The rebels stood on the bank above the track and opened fire on the train. The cars were full of men, riding both inside and on top, mostly asleep. The officers were sleeping in a box car in the rear. The jolt and firing woke us. I pulled on my boots, which had been my pillow, and threw open the side door. The night was so dark that I could not see, but I climbed to the top of the cut, coming up near the rebels who were firing on the train. A number of the rear cars were still on the track, and the men on top were returning the rebels'



SERGT. JAS. L. GAMBLE,
Co. "G," 9th O. V. C.

fire. I saw, however, that they were firing too high, and called out, "Ninth, Ohio, fire lower!"

The boys responded with a yell, and I heard two or three call out, "The colonel's out there, give it to 'em boys!" A rebel near me overheard this, and shouted to his companions, "God, Boys, there's a whole regiment of 'em". And at that they all broke and ran.

We found three of the cars wrecked, and a few of our men were badly hurt, some by the wreck, and some by the shots of the enemy.

One of the boys had the flesh on his leg so torn in the wreck as to expose the bone from the knee to the ankle. The surgeon, Dr. Finch, was unable to dress the wound in the dark. He called for a light, but there was none to be found, until John Brandenburg of Company "L" came running up with some candles. He said he was the last one to leave the camp. Just as he was ready to start he noticed a bundle of candles and thought of taking them, then hesitated thinking the delay would probably cause him to miss the train. But something seemed to impel him to go back and gather them up, and with the bundle of candles under his arm he reached the train just as it was pulling out.

Another of the injured was a boy about eighteen who had been lying on his back sound asleep on top of a car; evidently his lips had been closed, for a ball had crossed his mouth, and without touching his teeth, had cut both his upper and lower lips. I

consoled him by saying that this might get him a furlough to go home; that his sweetheart would be glad to see him, and particularly interested in the rapid healing of his wound.

A bullet passed through the sides of one of the cars and killed a colored cook who was lying asleep within.

In the meantime the wrecked cars had taken fire, and by the light of these the surgeon was better able to dress the injuries of the wounded.

We were detained two days before we could get another train to take us forward. Then we proceeded to Nashville, but finding no horses there, went on to Louisville where the government had a large corral of them bought especially for the cavalry. We remained there fully a month, selecting and testing horses. Many of these, we learned, had been rejected more than once, but had been taken back and craftily doped and doctored by the dealers until they looked good enough to be accepted.

The magnitude of those brazen rascalities would make common swindling seem innocent pastime, for these grafters were defrauding the government and jeopardizing the lives of honest men, by furnishing drugged and worthless horses to be used against the splendid cavalry of the South.

After a months' hard work assisted by the veterinaries, we finally selected 1,600 horses, and with each man riding one and leading three, we started for Atlanta.

Nov. 2nd. On approaching Nashville I received despatches from that post directing me to come with all the horses as soon as possible, as Forrest, in the supposition that all the troops had gone to the front, was reported crossing the Tennessee river. I arrived that afternoon.

~~Nov~~ Oct. 3rd. General Rousseau and General Steedman were at work arming the commissary and quartermasters' clerks, and all the available employees of the government, and scouring the stables of the city for horses and saddles. We worked all night to equip my extra horses, which, with those that could be found in the city, gave us 1,800 cavalry. The improvised companies and other availables added another 1,200 of infantry. These men were armed and loaded into a hundred government wagons, and after breakfast the cavalcade started, my cavalry in the lead, General Steedman in command of the infantry following, and General Rousseau in command of both. It was a picturesque turn-out. The first day's march was more like a hilarious frolic than serious advance against the enemy. On the second, we found signs of the enemy; and the wagon contingent began to complain of the roughness of the road and wanted to quit. Our scouts reported the enemy retreating, and wagon contingent felt better. We were, as a matter of fact, not strong enough to meet Forrest in an open engagement. All we could do was to make a show such as would drive him back across the river. We finally came in sight of his rear guard which was re-crossing the river at the Shoals.

They waved their hats at us as they reached the other side, and with considerable relief we greeted them in reply and started on our return to Nashville, and the campaign was ended and the glory ours.

The only loss we suffered was that of a number of doped horses that I had drawn in Louisville, had given out and were returned to the post at Nashville as unserviceable.

Nov. 13th. I then proceeded to Chattanooga, and on my arrival reported to the commandant of the post, who had a telegram from General Sherman for me to report with my command to General Kilpatrick in front of Atlanta. But I was two days behind the time expected, and was told that I could not get through; that Sherman had started south, and the rebel army was moving north; that all supplies for forty miles this side of Atlanta had been brought to Chattanooga, and that a train was running night and day removing them out of Hood's reach.

At Chattanooga I found a hundred and twenty of my regiment, who, on inspection, had been found unfit for duty on Sherman's contemplated march, and had been sent back from Atlanta under command of Major James Irvine. This contingent became part of the force under General Thomas which defeated General Hood in the series of engagements ending at Nashville. After this they joined us at Savannah, coming by way of New York and the sea, and were with us on the return march through the Carolinas.

Major Irvine said that the army was already mov-

ing and that our boys were anxiously looking for us with the horses. After making proper provision for the major and his men, I learned that the supply train above mentioned would start back for a load about four o'clock in the afternoon.

I told the colonel in command of the post that I had determined to go through. He earnestly advised against the risk, but I started my mounted men forward under Lieutenant Colonel Stough, instructing him to follow the railroad and when he came to the last station to be reached by the train, to leave a company with my horse and push on without delay, that I would come by the train and overtake him.

In the meantime Brigadier General Ben Harrison with his chief of staff had arrived from home from a leave of absence, and reported at headquarters on his way to Atlanta, inquiring at what time the train left. He learned from the commandant what the situation was, and that the train in removing the supplies would go only about half way to Atlanta. He said that his brigade was with Sherman and that he must get to it. He was told there was no possible way; but learning of my plans, he hunted me up and asked to go along. He said that his adjutant general was with him and had a wagon load of stuff from the sanitary commission for the boys; that he would make a requisition for a wagon and team, and two saddle horses, if I would furnish the protection. I told him if he were willing to take his chances with me, I would do the

best I could, and at four o'clock we started. About eleven o'clock the train stopped at Cass Station, and the conductor told us that he was to go no farther.

My command had passed about an hour before. I found a captain and his company waiting with my horse; the general got his team and horses and we moved forward to overtake them. In less than an hour we came to a picket post, which I found to my surprise, to be composed of my men. I asked why they were there, and the corporal said that they had struck a rebel force and had a "brush"; that two of our men had been wounded, and the surgeon Dr Finch was dressing their injuries in a nearby house where we could see a light. The command was camped, just ahead. The surgeon brought forward the wounded men, and they were put on their horses. The lieutenant colonel reported that the enemy was camped not far away. We called in the pickets, mounted the men as quietly as possible, and moved out.

By daylight we reached the Etowah river, distance about eighteen miles. The bridge had been burned and the bank was too steep for a wagon to pass, so that it was necessary to dig it down and throw in some brush and earth in order to make a way for General Harrison's wagon.

When we had gotten across, we met a courier from General Kilpatrick, with three scouts, who had been sent to find me. Their horses were all afoam, and they said they had been chased by some of Hood's cavalry.

The courier gave me a message from General Sherman directing me to report with my command to General Kilpatrick in front of Atlanta.

We reached the Chattahoochee river about three o'clock in the afternoon (November 16th), found a pontoon waiting for us, and we all crossed over. The pontoon was then taken up and sent forward. When he had gotten his wagon safely across, General Harrison rode up and thanked me for the assistance I had given him, and with a formal salute, bade me "Good bye." And thus his chance for the presidency was saved!

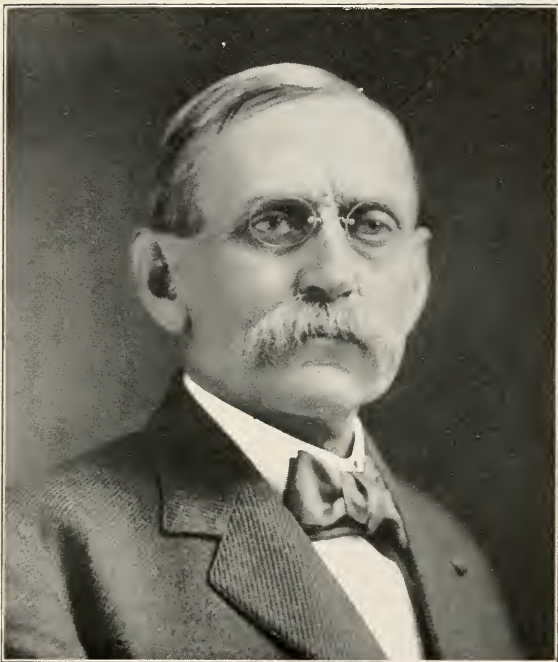
I overtook our cavalry division and found the other half of my regiment that evening as they were going into camp and my extra horses were distributed as needed in the command. During my absence the part of the regiment remaining in command of Major Bolwus took a creditable part in the cavalry fight at Jonesboro, November 15th.

CHAPTER 19.

Sherman's Grand March.

General Kilpatrick, to whom I had reported, was a young man, a graduate of the class of 1861 at West Point. He was of small stature, energetic and ambitious, a great talker, with a vocabulary which he did not learn at Sunday School, but was a dashing officer whose enthusiasm inspired his men.

I was assigned to the second brigade commanded by Colonel Smith D. Atkins of the Ninety-second Illinois Mounted Infantry. This brigade was composed of the Ninety-second Illinois, the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, and the Ninth and Tenth Ohio Cavalry. The last named, it will be remembered, had been organized in Cleveland at the time I was recruiting the Ninth and contained three of my companies, as they still claimed. It was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Sanderson, a deserving officer, who remained lieutenant colonel because the regiment's first office was still held by Colonel Smith of the regular army on detached service. The Ninety-second Illinois was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk; the Ninth Michigan, by Colonel Acker. Lieutenant P. F. Swing of my regiment, and one of my best officers, was detailed on the staff of Colonel Atkins and remained a very efficient officer during the campaign.



CAPT. P. F. SWING, Co. "F,"
For the Past Twenty Years a Prominent Judge in
Cincinnati, Ohio.

General Sherman had decided, after hearing the reports of the country, that it would take a strip of country forty miles wide to support his army in its march. His force was divided accordingly into four columns of 15,000 men each which marched by parallel routes ten miles apart. The position of the cavalry, consisting of 5,000 horsemen, by general orders, was to be at all times between the infantry and the enemy.

For three days we encountered no opposition. On the fourth we saw the enemy was gathering in our path. The work of the cavalry then began; and it continued more or less actively, during the entire march, either by brigades, regiments, companies, or squads, as occasion required.

Details had been made from the different infantry commands to forage throughout the country for supplies; these "bummers" became ubiquitous,—nothing could escape them in their ravenous hunt for something to eat, from the finest flock of Cashmere sheep to a sitting hen and when horses or mules were found, they were captured to bring in the spoils.

One evening I saw a jolly soldier coming to camp riding on a mule, with chickens hanging on one side, a ham of meat on the other, a bag of flour in front, a hen and oat sheaves tied behind. In one arm he hugged his hat full of honey comb, with the other he guided his mule, while, dragging behind was a slaughtered shoat with a rope through his nose and tied to the mule's tail. He was voted a premium by the company and mentioned for promotion! (by the boys).

On one occasion while my regiment was in the advance, I came to a fine plantation house by the road. The owner, a dignified gentleman, was sitting in his shirt sleeves, on the porch ; while the "bummers" were gutting his house. Flour was scattered on the floor of the porch and in the front room, they were rushing through the house with hands full of cakes and pies, with mouths and faces smeared with preserves. I dismounted and drove them out, and apologized to the owner, regretting that he should be treated in such a manner.

"Oh," said he, "I know what war is. This isn't the first time I've been raided. All I ask is that when you get into South Carolina, where I suppose you are going, you will treat them just the same way."

This illustrates the feeling against South Carolina which had been so active in bringing on the war.

On another occasion when my regiment was in the advance, as we came up to a house, the "bummers" were after the chickens. Just as I came up a soldier was chasing a rooster around the front porch. The chicken was almost fagged out and he was about to reach it with his sabre, when a woman very much excited, rushed to the porch and screamed out, "Let that chicken alone ; you dirty Yankee, it belongs to me. Let it alone, I tell you." And looking at me, called out, "Take your nasty Yankee thieves out of my yard and let my things alone. What business have you down here tearing up our country? Get these scoundrels out of here, I tell you. I hope God Almighty will kill

every one of you." "Well, madam," said I, "He is about the only one that can do it. But we are here to let you see what war is. You women of the South in your wild enthusiasm have been urging your young men to the battle field where men are being killed by the thousands, without remorse, while you stay at home and sing of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag.' But you set up a howl when you see these Yankees down here getting your chickens. Many of your young men have told us that they are tired of the war and would quit, but you women would shame them and drive them back."

While talking, a small column of smoke was seen coming out of the roof of a barn across the road, filled with cotton. The woman gave a frightened look and asked in a more subdued manner, "Are you going to burn my cotton?" "Yes", I replied. "Your government claims your cotton to be shipped abroad and sold for money to carry on the war and we think it better to destroy the cotton than to let it be sold for that purpose." I left her with the advice to keep quiet and neither she nor her house would be injured.

In order to impede our progress, Governor Brown of Georgia called out all the militia he could control, and wrote a strong letter to President Jefferson Davis, ordering the troops returned to the defense of the state, calling attention to his right under the Confederate Constitution to do so. Davis in his reply admitted the constitutional right, but declined to return the troops because they were needed at the confeder-

ate capital, and "necessity", as he said "is above law." This correspondence was published in the Georgia newspapers; an evidence of the absurdity of "States Rights" for which the South was fighting, and it was greatly enjoyed in our camps.

Nov. 22d. The only considerable battle our infantry had was fought by the command of General Charles C. Walcutt, of Columbus, Ohio, against the gathered forces of Governor Brown's militia. I was marching to the left of Walcutt's brigade about a mile away, and halted; expecting to be sent for; but the attacking force was repulsed without need of assistance.

As the army progressed southward, corduroy roads through the cypress swamps had frequently to be constructed by the pioneer corps to enable the army to pass through. This was a slow process, which the enemy took advantage of by lying in ambush until a considerable part of the command had crossed, then making a cavalry dash upon the rear.

It was our business to prevent this and to hold them back. One day I was guarding the rear of General Jefferson C. Davis' command, the Fourteenth Corps, as he was passing through one of these swamps on a long corduroy road. The enemy had gathered for trouble. There was a cleared field adjoining the swamp, but an open thicket of scrub oak surrounded the field. The rear and the wagons occupied the field while the troops went through. My regiment occupied the scrub timber outside of which the enemy was

massing. A squad of dismounted Ninety-second Illinois Regiment with the Spencer carbines was stationed in the brush near the mouth of the corduroy road. When the wagon train began to move the Johnnies undertook to make a capture, but were held back until all the train had started through. The enemy had not yet been able to advance beyond the scrub timber and I sent the 1st. Battalion, under command of Major McCumber, to follow the train; then the second, under command of Major Bowlus; holding the enemy as best I could with the third. The enemy again made an advance but the last battalion still held them in check, assisted by the squad in the brush with their Spencer carbines.

I finally ordered three of my companies, one at a time, to take the road while the fourth kept up a fire. At last the enemy crowded us too much, and I ordered the men to break for the corduroy road, every man for himself; and a rush was made. A company of the enemy rushed in from the right, firing as they came and yelling, "Run, you damned Yankees, we've got you." We ran, but one of my men was mounted on a mule and fell behind. When the mule heard the noise in the rear he stopped—looked around at the advancing horsemen and began to He Haw. His rider kicked and whipped but to no effect. I rode up and told him to jump and run, which he did, saying feelingly as he threw himself off, "Damn a mule anyway." The fact is, our business seemed to regard that kind of language as a prayer rather than profanity. I told

him to take hold of my stirrup and keep up and without any harm we made good time together under the range of the Spencer guns till we reached the timber. Here we found a corps of pioneers cutting trees. They were working in their shirt sleeves two men to a tree, and had them more than half cut through. These were soon thrown across the road as we passed and we were safe.

On November 24th ('64) the cavalry division marched from the west, or right flank of the army, to the east, or left flank, as it was thought that troops had been sent from Richmond against Sherman's columns.

It was learned that General Hampton had arrived from Richmond with two brigades of cavalry, and had joined General Wheeler. A determined opposition to our advance now began.

On November 28th our brigade went into camp in a body of timber. The enemy had been following us as usual and camped not far in our rear. At two o'clock A. M. we received orders to move out quietly, the Ninth Ohio Cavalry in the rear.

The enemy however discovered the movement and opened on us with artillery. My regiment, being the last to move, the men had to sit quietly on their horses in the woods while cannon balls and bursting shells played havoc with the trees above them, cutting off limbs which fell in the darkness around them, producing a feeling of horror and helplessness worse than an open battle could create. The firing, however, was at

random and in the dark, and no serious damage was done except to the trees. The next day we moved forward pressed by the enemy with unusual vigor.

When the cavalry division reached Buckhead Creek, General Kilpatrick placed the Fifth Ohio Cavalry armed with Spencer repeating rifles in position with the artillery to keep the enemy occupied while the division crossed the bridge, which was then destroyed.

Beyond this bridge, General Kilpatrick decided to make a stand and took a well chosen position on a plantation about two miles from the crossing. Murray's brigade was placed on the right, and Atkins' brigade on the left. The Ninth Ohio Cavalry with a section of artillery, was on the extreme left of the latter brigade. Our horses had been tethered in a strip of wood in our rear. The men took position behind a barricade consisting of a fence built three rails high, on which other rails were laid, one end resting on the ground toward the enemy, the other on the fence.

The usual orders were given to throw out a skirmish line from two to three hundred yards in front of our position. The space between the brigade line and Buckhead Creek contained some brush and timber, but in front of my position there was a clear field sloping to the creek.

When all had been made ready, the Fifth Ohio Cavalry was withdrawn, and soon the enemy crossed the creek and were plainly seen forming in line for a charge. A skirmish line in our case, although ordered, was more of an obstruction than a benefit. So I di-

rected the lieutenant of skirmishers to place his men prone upon the ground not over a hundred and fifty yards in front of the line; to hold his fire until the enemy got well within reach, then rise and fire one volley and fall back to our line as fast as possible in order to clear the way for the artillery and line fire. They executed this order with their accustomed bravery and with good effect. The men of the Ninth were not armed with Spencer repeating rifles, but with breech loading Burnside carbines. The guns of my section of artillery were loaded with grape shot.

When the order to fire was given, the cannon and the carbines opened with a roar that was terrific. When the smoke permitted the effect was apparent, wounded men and horses floundering; but the advance continued, and they received the second volley within a hundred yards of our barricade. My men were cool and deliberate, for they felt that the charge would fail at the rail barricade. A third volley disorganized the enemy and they fell back in confusion, every man for himself.

They rallied in the distance, however, and presently an officer mounted on a beautiful gray horse started forward with a battalion, evidently intending to get around our left flank. It was a daring and splendid effort and a fine sight. He rode ahead of his men, waving his sword and shouting encouragement. Artillery and carbines were instantly trained on them. They hesitated and some of them fell back. The others, also, wavered, and another volley from our

carbines turned them back. The officer tried to rally his men, and as he turned toward them, private Toole of the Ninth Ohio, a former British soldier and a capital shot, said to me, "Colonel, shall I take him?"

I hesitated, but it was war, and I told him he might try. Several of the other boys heard what was said, and saddles were emptied by the shots that followed. I saw the gray horse stumble and the head of his gallant rider sink forward on his breast—and they both went down together. His daring attempt was a failure. But a feeling of sorrow came over me to see that brave man fall.

The attempt to flank us was not renewed, and the attack failed all along our line. Such was General Hampton's introduction to our cavalry of the West. It was learned that they had lost in killed and wounded nearly 300 men.

CHAPTER 20.

Battle of Waynesboro.

On Sunday morning, December 5th., our cavalry division received orders to attack the rebel force under Wheeler and Hampton located near Waynesboro.

We moved out in column of regiments. The Fifth O. V. Cavalry on the right, the Ninth O. V. Cavalry on the left, the Tenth O. V. Cavalry, the Ninth Michigan and the Ninety-second Illinois Mounted Infantry in the center. The enemy fell back slowly until they reached the line of barricades which they had thrown up along a body of timber during the night.

This was Sunday morning; the day was calm and beautiful. The sun was shining, birds were singing and all Nature seemed at rest. I thought of the good folks at home on their way to church. After a while orders came, "Column into line." I formed my regiment accordingly as provided by the army regulations,—fighting men in front with the flag in the center, line officers in proper place under direction of the field officers, each behind his battalion, while I and the chief surgeon, Dr. Finch, occupied the rear and center in this holiday display.

As we passed a strip of timber we saw the enemy in line waiting for us. As we approached they opened

a straggling fire; bullets begun to fall near us, and I remarked to the doctor that we seemed to be in more danger than the men in line. Soon a staff officer came at full gallop, saluted and said, "Colonel Atkins presents his compliments and directs that you charge the enemy's line at once."

I ordered my bugler to sound the charge. This was repeated by the company buglers. The companies began to move in an awkward, irregular line, looking back for me. I remarked to the doctor that the regulations were better for a parade than for a fight, and, giving spur to my black horse, he dashed through the line with his usual spirit. Waving my hat, I called, "come on, boys." A shout went up all along the line, and the glitter of their sabres following the fire of their carbines showed the mettle of the men, when the charge was on.

A squad of officers in my front looked on with less dread than I liked to see, but my horse would not slack his pace. I tried to cover them with my pistol, and fired twice. (I never fired but four shots at the enemy during the war and feel thankful to believe I never killed anybody.) The officers turned and left our front and soon led in a retreat, for our entire brigade was on them.

During the charge that broke the enemy's line I came up to a horse in his death struggle, and lying at the foot of a tree near by was a young Confederate soldier, shot in the head, but still breathing. His youthful appearance disturbed me as I

passed, and when the battle was over I returned and found him. He was not more than seventeen years old and very neatly dressed. I noticed a tooth brush in his pocket (unusual for a soldier). I dismounted. He was dead; but his handsome form was still warm. I kneeled on one knee beside him and laid back his hair and found that a ball had reached his brain. Something was the matter with my eyes as I looked on that innocent boy and remembered my young brother who fell a year before, and thought that another mother's heart would soon be breaking.

We drove the enemy through the town toward Buckhead Creek. When we were firing supported by the Ninth Michigan and the Tenth Ohio, Kilpatrick ordered a halt, much to the disappointment of the men, as it was thought that twenty minutes more would have given us about five hundred prisoners. Not many of our men were killed in this charge. None in my regiment, although we had a few wounded. In a cavalry fight there is not much danger as long as one can see the tails of the enemy's horses!

I think it proper to say that my memory as to some of the dates in this march is refreshed by an account written by a committee of the Ninety-second Illinois Regiment appointed shortly after the war, to chronicle the doings, especially of their regiment, in Sherman's Grand March.

On December 8th, after the battle of Waynesboro, it is there reported that the command began the march at 2 o'clock A. M., the Ninth Ohio Cavalry holding

the rear. At daylight the enemy showed considerable spirited dash, constantly attacking the rear guard. The country was generally level and sandy, with streams crossing the wood and emptying into the Savannah river. These streams always had swamps on each side of them filled with dense growth of black gum. Neither animal nor wagon could get through these swamps except on corduroy roads.

We slept when and how we could. I remember that when sleeping one night under my poncho I dreamed I was in swimming. When I awoke found it had been raining and I was lying in about two inches of water, and had no other clothes at hand.

ATTEMPT TO LIBERATE THE PRISONERS AT MILLEN PRISON.

Most of the country thus far had been fine, and the weather delightful. Cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens, turkeys, hams, sweet potatoes and peanuts were found in abundance.

General Kilpatrick decided to make a forced march ahead in an attempt to liberate the Union prisoners at Millen. In approaching the town from the west side of the river, we were received by a serenade from three batteries of heavy artillery stationed on the opposite side of the river, while the last of the prisoners were being stowed into box cars and sent to other prisons.

Kilpatrick decided to return toward Louisville leaving me to tear up the railroad approaching the

town on our side of the river. We began the work about a mile distant from the town. A battery opened on us as we began work, and eighteen pound solid shot began to sing over our heads, but I called to the boys, "Pay no attention to the shots. They can't hit us." Soon a ball came ricocheting along the track toward where I was standing. It was plainly seen, and I left the grade in lively style, for which I received the laughing cheer of the boys.

Sherman's destination was still a mystery to the enemy. For some days he remained quiet, seemingly waiting to concentrate his forces. General ^{Beard's} Division began to move toward Augusta; Atkin's Cavalry Brigade moving on the right flank. Colonel Murray's Cavalry Brigade on the left, and for two days this line of march was kept up with flags and cavalry guidons flying. This was a grand sight, but it was a feint. While the enemy's force was gathering to defend Augusta, Sherman's way was opened for his march on Savannah.

The desolation produced is almost inconceivable, it was begun by the enemy themselves. The inhabitants had nearly all fled leaving the helpless colored people who had no where to go.

Part of the rebel troops went before us destroying what they could not use in an effort to starve us, and creating a panic among the inhabitants by telling them to flee, for the Yankees were coming. Much of the fighting was done among the foragers from each side.

One evening half of a nice, well-cooked turkey

was brought to my quarters. I asked the boys where they got it. They said, "We ran into a squad of Johnnies who were cooking it in a house. We ran them off and continued the cooking. Soon they came back with more help and retook it. We lit out but came back with reinforcements and when the fight was over the turkey was "done cooked." This is a piece of it."

Fires from burning bridges and buildings filled with cotton had marked the pathway of our different columns. For sixty miles before we reached the sea the country was sterile and full of swamps, providing but little to support animal life. To provide for this Sherman had given orders to fill wagons with corn when it could be found, to gather up the cattle and drive them along for food. In passing through the swamps some of the hungry cattle would venture out for something green to eat, and through weakness some would sink in the mud and drown. Next day I saw hungry soldiers perched upon their dead bodies cutting chunks of meat to be broiled on sticks for their supper at night. I have seen old colored camp followers lying by the road suffering from starvation and the boys had nothing to give them. It was surely from scenes like these that Sherman was inspired to declare the terrible truth that "War is Hell."

CHAPTER 21.

Siege of Savannah.

The army has arrived in front of Savannah and the work of the cavalry is over. It was a glorious thing to see our great floating squadron lying quietly in the bay in full sight, loaded with much needed supplies which it was waiting to furnish us, while the great folds of the Stars and Stripes from the mast heads gave us a welcome in the name of an exultant nation.

A camp was selected on the Savannah river, about three miles above the city, on a large plantation known as the Stockton place. It belonged to a very prominent family of that name, which included Commodore Stockton of the Old Navy. It embraced a large island devoted to the culture of rice and known as Hog Island. At this time the rice was unthreshed and was found in large stacks resembling sheaf oats. There was also a large mill for hulling the rice. I was camped with my regiment behind the infantry on this plantation.

In taking possession I found the fine house deserted, the family having fled at the approach of the Yankees, and the premises occupied by Yankee soldiers and a swarm of darkies. The costliest furniture

and household adornments were strewn about the place by the soldier vandals. I saw an elegant piano out of doors already split into firewood.

I was disgusted with the sight of such vandalism, but was told to take a look at the premises. I was shown a stone jail with iron barred windows and strong locks for the doors. Handcuffs and other appliances for punishment were hung around the walls. Another building resembled a school room with benches, and a large desk at one end. This was, in reality, a plantation court room. Upon inquiry I was told that the plantation had been practically an independent municipality, forming and executing its own laws. The subjects of the law were the plantation slaves, said to number nearly a thousand of all ages; the owner and overseers were the officers of the court. It was the knowledge of this fact, received in part from the darkies, that prompted the vandalism.

While we were in camp on this plantation, foraging parties from both armies were sent on to Hog Island, as the enemy held the other side of the river. Comrade Clark E. Calligan of Co. H. 9th. O. V. C., now living in Chicago, furnishes the following incident, which is corroborated by John Brandenburg and others, who give other incidents occurring at the time we were located there.

"A party from our regiment under Lieutenant Briner of Company 'H' went to a rice mill near camp where we left our horses, and getting a large eight

oared boat, rowed over to the island. Irrigating canals had been cut through it, which, through the influence of the tides, made it peculiarly valuable for rice culture. In one of these canals we crossed the island; then pushed through the river to the South Carolina side to see what we could find. Here we left our boat and a guard. The night had been dark, but by the time we had gone a mile or so back from the river it was getting light and we found some sheep. Just as we had finished dressing the first one, the rebels fired and we had a skirmish which brought help from some other foragers. The rebels left and we loaded the mutton into the boat and started back. As the tide was low we had to go around Hog Island and the big guns from Savannah opened on us and the shells or balls could be seen skipping on the water toward us. But we put all our strength to the oars and arrived safely at the rice mill. Seeing that the enemy was beginning to gather here, we mounted and rode back to camp only to find that the cavalry had gone. There was no one to direct us and we wandered around for several days before finding the camp which had moved to the seaboard near Ft. McCallister."

These skirmishes were of frequent occurrence during the siege.

Dec. 17. I received an order to proceed about thirty miles down the coast to destroy a long trestle over the Altamaha river. We encamped for the night in a grove on a large plantation near the coast. A

fine, white frame house was standing empty, but there was plenty of corn in the crib and bacon in the smoke-house.

In the meantime an intelligent old colored man came to me and asked if he could gather up the corn that our horses might leave. I asked where he lived. He pointed to a row of cabins, saying he and his people lived there, and that he had charge of things on the plantation since his master and his family had left. I asked where they had gone. He said he didn't exactly know, somewhere away from the Yankees. I told him that he might have the corn we left. He then said that some of the boys had lost their blankets and as the night was cold they had taken some from him. He wondered if he might get them back in the morning. I told him he should have them back.

"Were the boys rough with you?" I asked.

"Oh, no sah, but de night wus too cold to sleep out an' we'ens had a house to sleep in, an' I wus glad to help de boys whut I could. We be'n lookin' fo' you 'an' prayin' fo' you to come fo' a long time, an' now we know dat de good Lawd an' Massa Linkum hab sent you."

"But what good do you think all this is going to bring to you?"

Looking up with trusting affection to the Nation's emblem on my shoulders, he said,

"Ah, Massa, dah's freedom whar de eagle flies."

The eloquence of that reply, so unlooked for by us but so striking and so true, brought sympathetic tears

to more eyes than mine. I asked him how old he was. He said he was eighty-two. I said he was too old to expect much from the Lord and Massa Lincoln.

"It's not fo' myself I be'n prayin' excep'n to die free. My Massa ben' good to me all my life. We wus the same age an' we growed up as boys togedder. He tuk me fo' his body serbant an' I wus nevah whipped onct. When he married Missus, I married Jane an' ouah chillun growed up togedder. Now we both hab gran chillun all hab been kin'ly treated and well cared fo'. But I 'spec' we'll soon both be in Hebben togedder. Fo' years I be'n wonderin' whut would happen to ouah chillun then. They alls too many to be kep' togedder. I knowed mine would be sold an' I dreamed I saw 'em workin' on de sugah plantations fahaway, undah de whip of a cruel overseah. But t'anks to de Lawd and Massa Linkum's eagles I know now dat will nevah be." I wiped my eyes and with a feeling of reverence ordered the men to mount.

After destroying the bridge and trestle on the Altamaha river we returned and went into camp ten miles below the city on the bay near Ft. McCallister. During the siege this fort had been the only obstruction between us and our floating supplies. For four years it had bid defiance to our navy. It was strongly built and furnished with heavy artillery toward the sea, but was never expected to repel an attack from landward. Its defence from that quarter had evidently been increased but not enough to withstand

the impetuous charge of General Hazen's Brigade—mostly Ohio men—made December 12th, 1864.

Here we found our fleet anchored near the coast and "Lighters" engaged in bringing abundant supplies to shore for us.

I now had a call from Lieutenant Stillwell of the Navy, who had command of one of the vessels. He was the son of Judge Stillwell of Zanesville and had a brother in my command. He was dressed in a nice clean naval uniform, in marked contrast to my appearance in a dirty, worn-out colonel's uniform, with gray shirt, old hat and boots. The contrast was too much and with some embarrassment I began to apologize. He took my proffered hand, saying, "None of that, my dear Colonel, none of that. We should take off our hats to you. You have split the confederacy in two, while we were waiting, and it is falling apart."

The men got a rest of a few days in camp during which they were ordered to do their washing and get themselves ready for the paymaster.

The surroundings here were entirely new. Among other strange things they found piles of fresh oyster shells which had evidently furnished oysters for some of the Southern troops. Encrusted on the large shells our men found smaller ones in which were still living oysters. These were eaten with relish.

There was plenty of water in a lagoon near by and one of the boys took his gun and a bucket to get some. Soon a shot was fired, which was against

orders, and a corporal ran out to see what the trouble was. He found that the boy had got mixed up with an alligator which had been lying on the edge of the water. Thinking it was an old log, the boy had put his foot on its back while he filled his bucket. As the beast moved off he jumped back and put a bullet in him and was trying to head him off from getting into deep water. A rope was brought and got over his nose and he was pulled out and dragged in triumph into camp, grunting like a hog. He was found to be nearly seven feet long, but was not considered suitable for a pet.

Altogether it was a new experience for these Buckeye boys. They had taken an honorable part in one of the most daring and brilliant campaigns in history, and after a march of three hundred miles through the enemy's country, sweeping all opposition before them, now found themselves encamped by the sea, washing their dirty clothes,—in stagnant water with fresh oysters in the shells on one side, and fresh alligators in the swamp, on the other.

In the meantime the paymaster made his appearance and the army was paid off before their advance into the Carolinas.

January 25th, 1865, I was ordered up the Savannah river into camp at Sister's Ferry, sixty miles from Savannah, and received orders to be ready to cross the river on February 3rd. In the meantime a steamboat brought up a load of oats in bushel sacks which was unloaded on an island for the horses of the com-

mands which were to cross there on a pontoon bridge laid for that purpose, as other commands were arriving.

The morning was wet and I heard some of the boys calling. "Come out of that hat! I know you're there, I see your legs dangling down." I looked and saw a civilian on horseback dressed in black with a "plug" hat and an umbrella. On his approach I was surprised to see Rev. Dr. William King, an old neighbor of ours when we were country boys together, and afterwards classmates at college. He was then President of Cornell College in Iowa. As he rode up and dismounted, I expressed my surprise and pleasure at meeting him and asked particularly if he came to join my command. "Not exactly," he said, seating himself on a camp stool. "You know I am trying to run a college up in Iowa and we are hard up for funds and as I heard the army had received six months' pay recently I came down thinking that I might raise some funds for my college. "I am glad to see you, Will," I said, "I hope you will stay with us a while. I want to give you a sight of what a soldier's life is, for which they receive \$13 a month. I have a number of boys who left college to do what they could to save the country, and if their lives are spared they expect to go back and enter college again and prepare themselves for civil life. Others are looking forward to a business life. I have urged them every pay day to send their money home, as they would need it to begin their life work in

competition with the men who, instead of helping to put down 'the rebellion, stayed at home and have been making money 'hand over fist' during the inflated business conditions which the war has produced. On the last pay-day I carried twelve miles to a railroad \$20,000 of boys money and expressed the different packages, with letters to their folks at home, that the money may be put on interest for them against their return. "Don't you think, looking at all this, that it is a little hard for these boys to divide the meager pittance they get, to support boys in college who might have been in the ranks here?" "But", I said, "suppose you stay a day or so with me and see how you like it." Said he, "where will you stay tonight?" "I don't know, but we will find a place. It may be at the root of a tree somewhere", on the South Carolina side and we expect to have it lively over there. He thought, however, that he would take a look among the infantry.

The hour arrived and I gave the order to move. The pontoon had been extended to the island and from there to the opposite shore. The oats in bushel sacks were unloaded and the advance column crossed, each man taking a sack of oats.

On the other side an old narrow corduroy road stretched for three miles through a low savanna. This road became so broken by the artillery that the mules in the baggage train were worn out and the wagon master came forward and reported that they refused to pull. I went back and found mud holes in the

broken road nearly filled with sacks which the boys had let fall in their efforts to get their horses past. The mules were too tired to pull, and I ordered the battalion forming the rear guard to dismount, feed the horses out of their sacks, then sit down on the sacks with the bridle reins over their arms and try to get some sleep till morning. I gave the same instructions to the teamsters, and went forward to where the advance had reached higher ground and directed the men to make themselves as comfortable as they could. I then found two rails and placed them slanting up against a cypress root to keep me out of the mud; put my saddle across the upper end of the rails, spread my horse blanket over them, threw one leg across each, and spread my oil cloth over me to protect me as much as it would from the falling rain. I went to sleep, only regretting that my old friend, the college president, was not sleeping beside me.

CHAPTER 22.

Descent on South Carolina.

Next morning the mules were in better humor and we got everything safely landed in South Carolina.

After some skirmishing with the enemy we proceeded about fifteen miles to the town of Barnwell, the county seat of Barnwell County. It was composed chiefly of the beautiful homes of planters whose cotton plantations were located in the country in charge of overseers. The town contained fine churches, school houses and other public buildings and the streets were lined with majestic trees.

February 6th on approaching the suburbs I noticed a crowd of women, my lieutenant in charge of the advance was halted by a committee of ladies who addressed him. I saw him point back to the head of the column and pass on. When we came up some of them asked if I commanded these troops. She then asked if I was a Mason. I told her I was not. She asked if any of my officers were. I inquired why she asked. She replied that they were the wives of Masons and had been instructed that when the "Yanks" came (with a sneer on the term) they were to inquire for the Masons, who would protect them. "Where are your husbands?" I asked.

"With General Hampton", they replied.

"Well," said I. "I am not a Mason, but if there are any Masons in my command they will not ignore their sworn duty to the government by reason of their masonry. We may not be Masons but we are gentlemen and you may depend upon it that you will be treated as gentlemen always treat ladies."

The command went into quarters on the edge of this town of Barnwell. My quartermaster selected a house for headquarters. When I and my staff came up we found the family very much alarmed and excited. The mother said none of the family were at home except herself and two daughters with the servants. The house was large and I told her we would confine ourselves to one room and give her no trouble. This was reluctantly agreed to. The company officers looked after the pitching of their tents and other duties as usual. Strong pickets were properly distributed and guards placed at different points through the town with the usual orders.

We went to our headquarters and found supper ready. The staff was composed of pleasant young officers who had somewhat allayed the fears of the lady and her daughters. I did what I could to assist, and after a while all parties felt more comfortable.

My attention was called to a house across the street from which the furniture and other valuables were being removed and piled up on a vacant lot near by. I inquired of our hostess what that was for, and was told

that the woman who owned it believed we would burn her house, and although an invalid, she was helping the servants in the work. I at once went over to assure her that nothing of the kind was intended, but she rebuffed me vindictively, calling the Yankees a set of vandals, and saying she didn't believe a word I said. She could get only her women to help her and was tugging with them at the work. "Now," said I, "Madam, if you are determined to do this I will have a detail of men do the work for you. They will pile the furniture under your direction and in the morning before we leave, will put the things back as you wish. I made the detail and had the work done, while she watched that they did not steal anything, and next morning we put the furniture back as I had promised.

The history of the Ninety-second Illinois gives an account of the burning of cotton and the destruction of other property in this town. But we spent a very pleasant evening across the way. In becoming better acquainted their fear left them and the young ladies proposed cards, which were brought, and a lively evening was passed during which their troubles were forgotten.

When we left next morning they asked for our address in Ohio, and after the war I received a letter from this lady, thanking me for all the kindness we showed them, but saying that the result of the war they had been ruined financially. They had heard contributions were being made in the North for Southern needs and it had occurred to her that perhaps

we might help her. "What we most need," she said, "is blankets and clothing of any kind. We have no pride left."

I procured a large chest which our good neighbors, the ladies of Putnam, Ohio, joined in filling with things we thought most needed. This was promptly forwarded to assist in their relief, and was thankfully received.

Sherman's campaign in South Carolina was a radical one. He "had it in" for that "hot bed of rebellion." In passing through that state his restrictions were somewhat relaxed, and his infantry, following the cavalry emphasized the spirit of the orders he issued. In telling my men of the orders I added that they should never forget that a true soldier is by nature a gentleman.

The war storms which the people of South Carolina had themselves encouraged and on which they had looked for three years at a distance, came on them like an avalanche at last. Kilpatrick's full division united to sweep through the west and tear up the railroad, while the infantry burned the cotton in the east. All this combined to change the condition of the state.

On the 8th. of February the cavalry began to destroy the railroad at Blackwell, sixty miles west of Charleston. The day was cold and wet. The Ninth Ohio went into camp near the town and we obtained a room in a house nearby. The owner was a very quiet, sensible and gentlemanly man. He did not

neglect southern hospitality. We had our own provisions but he placed a colored man at our service who was quite intelligent. He made a fire for us, as the day had been wet and cold, brought water to wash, and everything he could procure for our comfort, and when he could do nothing more stood at the door seemingly hesitating to leave. He then looked at me and said, "Massa, might I talk a little wid you?"

"Certainly", I replied.

Said he, "I would like to get yo' advice on some t'ings. I wus bo'n an' raised in Charleston. I belonged to massa all my life. He 'lowed me to lurn. I read de papahs I brings to him. I 'spect what's comin' an' dat de darkies will be free, an' I wants to know if I might go erlong wid youins as a cook o' servan', or stay wid my massa."

"Has your master been good to you?" I asked.

"Oh, yessah, but I'm nothin' but a slave. I wants to belong to mysef."

I told him by all means to stay with his master and wait for the coming of the time he had been praying for. "We have had a harder time," I said, "in bringing that day to you, than you have ever had."

By the courtesy of our host our supper had been spread on his dining room table, as he wanted to have a talk. He told us his home was in Charleston and he had come up here to get away from the excitement of the war. "This seems to be an impossibility", he said. "It is a great calamity to both sections and has been brought on by a lack of knowledge of each

other. Your people, unfortunately, have a misconception of the true relation between master and servant in the South. There are, it is true, rare cases in which that relationship has been abused, but," he went on to say in the presence of his servant (who had consulted me, in the room and who was then standing behind my chair with a white apron on) "I have owned slaves all my life and have always been kind to them; and there is not one of them up to this time that wants to leave me. They would rather stay with me now than try to make a living for themselves." His silent servant heard it all.

Next morning and for three days the whole cavalry command continued the work of railroad destruction, and on February 10th, we camped about five miles east of the town of Aiken which since then has become a popular winter resort.

Next morning, February 11th, Kilpatrick left the 1st. and 3rd. Brigades in camp and continued the work on the railroad, protecting the detail for that purpose with the 2nd Brigade moving in line by regiments; 92d Illinois to advance with Kilpatrick and staff, 9th. and 10th. O. V. C. following, and the 9th. Michigan in the rear. General Wheeler fell back offering but little opposition.

The country was level with timber and cornfield alternating. Kilpatrick ordered me to form my regiment in line behind a fence dividing a strip of timber from a large cornfield, while he with the 92nd. Illinois

pushed forward, driving the enemy through the corn stalks into a body of timbers, beyond which was the town of Aiken. Here Wheeler made a stand and active firing began. I ordered my men to lay down every alternate panel of fence in front of them. Major Irvine, commanding on my extreme right flank, soon sent word that a force of the enemy was moving in a strip of timber around his right. It developed that General Beauregard had reached Aiken by trains in the night with his entire command on his way to join Johnston, but as we could go no further, he had unloaded his force to help Wheeler.

Kilpatrick had got into the town and he and his body guard were almost surrounded before he was aware of the fact. They escaped capture only by a hasty retreat with a close chase in the cornfield. A rebel officer at the head of his company was seen so close to Kilpatrick that he had his saber drawn in an effort to reach him when Captain William Henderson, who since the war has been a prominent citizen of Alabama, and who was commanding Company "D" on the left flank, ordered his men to fire on the rushing crowd, and turned them back. Kilpatrick sent an order to me to fall back as fast as possible.

My command was under cover in the timber and I was on the right flank with Major Irvine, who had sent me word that the enemy was flanking him, when the officer rushed up with Kilpatrick's order. He was closely followed by an orderly sent from the surgeon

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ROBERT M. ROWND,
Chief Bugler, 9th O. V. C.

to beg me to hold until he could gather up the wounded and the artillery officer sent word to hold until he could save his guns. In the meantime part of the Ninety-second Illinois were holding their ground but were about to be surrounded and my comrade hearing General Kilpatrick's order to me to fall back were turning to the rear, but as I reached the center of the line I ordered "Right about." My young bugler Bob Rownd was in his glory as he sounded the charge. The enemies' bullets rattled among the dry cornstalks as we drove the surprised enemy back into the roads. They evidently thought that reinforcements had arrived. The men of the Ninety-second Illinois, were relieved but the enemy recovered and Lieut. Henry Morrison, one of my best young officers who commanded Co. A, of the Ninth Ohio, rode up to me saying, "Colonel the enemy is moving in force around our right flank. Hadn't we better fall back?" I answered "Yes", and told him to reform that command in the rear of the Ninth Michigan, and directed the adjutant to notify our officers to form their companies in the rear and we would fall back alternating by regiment until we reached the support of the other brigades and I would so notify the Tenth Ohio and the Ninth Michigan and we would fall back in as good order as possible as we had learned by this time that Wheeler had been reinforced.

I would not try to give the impression that the retreat was carried out as methodically as this plan would indicate, but it was better than a stampede,

which it prevented. In it there occurred an example of the difference between the training of a regular and volunteer officer.

When my Second Lieutenant, Henry Morrison, of Co. A. came and told me what was occurring on his front, he acted as a regular officer; when he advised me what to do, he acted like a volunteer but in this affair he was practically right in both cases.

Some years afterwards while spending a night in Rockmart, Georgia, I met a merchant who was a captain in General Wheeler's command and who was in that battle. He said his attention was directed by General Wheeler to my fine black horse all white with sweat, and that he was told by the General to get him out of the way.

He also told me that General Beauregard had arrived by train with 12,000 men en route to join General Johnston, and that one of the cavalry generals had been relieved of his command from his lack of energy in that battle.

In that engagement our regiment suffered one of its most severe losses. My cousin, Adjutant Arthur T. Hamilton, while riding his horse on the railroad bed, directing some of the men, was struck by a ball that went through his leg near the knee joint, killing his horse. He was taken up with his saddle and bridle, by hospital steward Robert H. Moffitt.

I found him among the other wounded in an old cabin. He smiled and said he was not much hurt. I told him the war would soon be over and he would be



ROBERT H. MOFFIT,
Hospital Steward, 9th O. V. C.



safe in the hospital out of danger till the close, and we would go home together.

The wounded were placed in ambulances and sent to the infantry. Two days later I learned from the surgeon that his wound was not doing well, as signs of blood poisoning had appeared. I turned over the command to Lieutenant Colonel Stough, who commanded the regiment through South Carolina, and devoted myself to his care. I saw that his wound was carefully cared for and I held him in my arms for hours as the ambulance jolted over corduroy roads made by the pioneer corps, through the swamp lands of South Carolina. During this time blood poisoning had fully developed and the adjutant was plainly growing weaker. After traveling in this way for one hundred and seventy-five miles with the infantry we reached the town of Cheraw where the army was crossing the Pedee river on a pontoon into North Carolina. This took most of a day. During this time I held the adjutant in my arms. In the afternoon he looked up at me and smiled faintly and I saw he was dying.

I had a box made and a grave dug in the town cemetery, and when all was over I washed his face and hands and wrapped him in his blanket like a soldier.

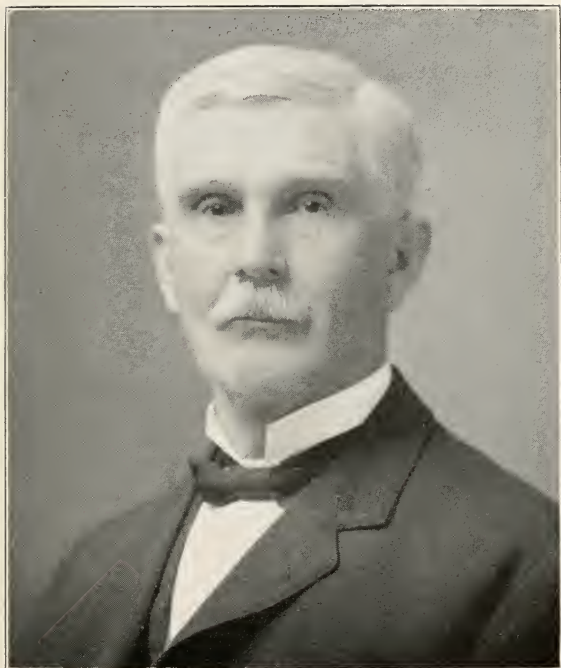
We buried him at midnight by the fierce light of a burning town. I noticed General Sherman pass by with a column of his infantry as we filled the grave,

and I heard a soldier say, "They are planting another one."

I left him in his grave and rode with my orderly twelve miles up the river in a dark night through a drizzling rain to find our regiment, which had crossed on a pontoon into North Carolina in advance of a column of infantry which was crossing when we arrived. Here we had to wait in the rain an hour before we could reach the pontoon. But after crossing we could not track our regiment in the dark. We tied our horses to a tree and lay down at the roots until daylight. In the morning we found our regiment. The boys looked at me in silence as I with a heavy heart rode along the moving column, and I heard them whispering to each other as we passed. "The adjutant is dead."

I have been thus minute in my account of the death and loss to the regiment of that dear young officer, for he was loved and trusted as one of the kindest and bravest officers of the regiment. And as Sherman said of McPherson, "He fell like a gentleman, booted and spurred." A captain's commission had been issued to him on the day he was shot but he died without knowing it. His body was afterwards removed by the government and now lies in the National Cemetery at Florence, South Carolina. *ALC*

March 5th. During my absence the brigade had crossed the Edisto river burning the cotton on its line of march, and camped within twenty miles of Columbia, then passed through Lexington, destroying cotton



HOSPITAL STEWARD ROBT. H. MOFFIT.
Now a Prominent Physician at Harrisburgh, Pa.

and laying waste the country until they reached the Saluda river; the enemy hanging on our flanks but offering little opposition. March 6th, the command reached the Pedee river, which forms the northern boundary of the state.

CHAPTER 23.

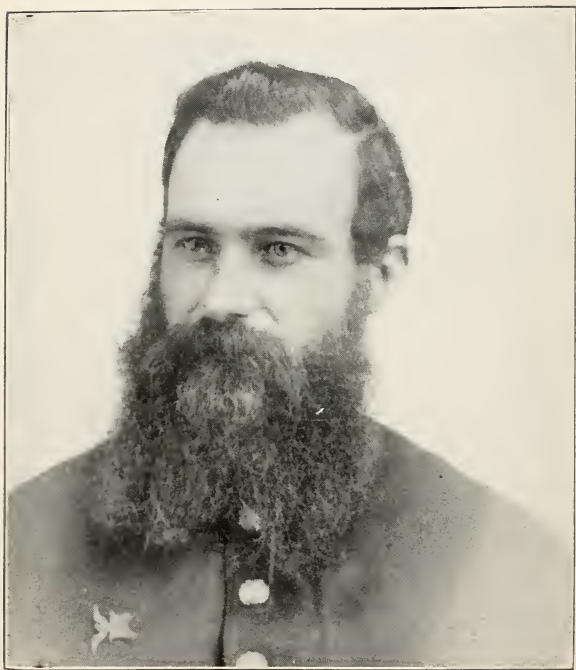
Battle of Averysboro and Capture of Colonel Rhett.

**— Battle of Bentonville. — Through the
Turpentine Forests of North Carolina.**

— Kilpatrick's Narrow Escape.

In the meantime the enemy had been concentrating their forces and met us at Averysboro. The battle began in the afternoon of March 13th. We lay on our arms through the night. The ground was low, wet and overgrown with brush and scrubby timber. The battle was renewed at daylight on the 14th by both infantry and cavalry. I was on my horse on the left flank of our line which was pressing the enemy slowly back, when two of the cavalymen brought back a finely dressed officer on foot as a prisoner. I asked his name. In a spirit of untamed defiance, he replied, "I am Colonel Rhett, Sir, in command of the Confederate Artillery, and I wish to explain that I was on the left of our skirmish line when I saw three men, and in the fog I took them for General Hampton's men and called to know where he was. They came up and covered me with their guns, saying they were Yankees and directed me to come with them, and I was too far from my men to decline."

General Kilpatrick soon came up and asked who ^{was}



CAPT. E. L. MANN,
Co. "F," 9th O. V. C.

I had. I told him who he was and how he was captured. When the identity of each was known some hot words passed between them. Colonel Rhett said, bitterly, "I was taken through a mistake of my own and you have the advantage of me now, but you d—d Yankees will not have it your own way very long in South Carolina. There are 50,000 fresh men ready and waiting for you." Kilpatrick replied, "Yes and if that is true we will have to hunt the swamp to find the d—d cowards."

Colonel Alfred Rhett was the son of Barnwell Rhett, the editor of the Charleston Mercury, the leading newspaper of the South, and a strong supporter of his intimate friend, John C. Calhoun. He was a typical representative of South Carolina aristocracy, the young men of which had been formed into an artillery brigade and were known as the Confederate Regular Heavy Artillery, 3,000 of them. They had been assigned to guard duty in Charleston Harbor, and the son of Barnwell Rhett was given command with a commission of colonel.

General Kilpatrick directed me to place him in charge of an officer and send him to General Williams's headquarters. I put him in charge of Lieutenant Mann of my regiment who got two guards from his company and started with him. On the way the colonel asked the lieutenant if his men would shoot him in case he tried to get away. The lieutenant remarked if he wanted to make the experiment he might try it. He didn't, however, and on arriving at General Wil-

✓ liams's headquarters he was turned over to Captain J. B. Foraker of the general's staff for safe keeping.

Here he was treated with the "distinguished consideration" that the South Carolina gentleman felt was his due. He was introduced to the general and members of his staff, taken to their table and given comfortable quarters. All this was a new experience to him. It was one in which he learned that he could not dominate, but he could not desist from making himself offensive by his ill concealed bitterness and contempt for the Yankees.

March 15th. It was learned that one of General William's staff officers had been captured, his money, watch and part of his clothes taken and that he had been treated with indignity. This outrage caused a change in the treatment of Colonel Rhett. Altho he was perhaps the best dressed man in either Army, order was received to place him among the common prisoners. It was said that the staff officers invited him to exchange the patent leather boots which he wore for a pair of stogy shoes which he was told he would find more comfortable to march in: and it was said that there was a contest among the members of the staff for his boots, until it was found that although the colonel was a good sized man, there wasn't a man of the staff who could get his boots on.

March 16, 1864, our cavalry was marching on the left flank of the infantry about three miles distant, when the enemy turned and made a dash on the ad-

vance brigade of the First Division of the Fourteenth Corps of our infantry. This brigade received the shock and fell back fighting to where the line of the Second Brigade was forming and throwing up such barricades as they could, to receive them. Here the two united brigades made a strong fight, other troops came up to their assistance and the battle was on in deadly earnest.

General Kilpatrick gave the order, "Right Oblique" to the cavalry and we moved at a gallop to the sound of the cannon. The brigades were formed in easy reach to await orders, as at that time the battle was in the timber.

The 9th O. V. I. was formed on the extreme right near where the Averysboro prisoners were lying under guard. Among them I noticed Colonel Rhett lying on the ground looking dirty and woe begone. He watched with deep interest the progress of the battle. Word came that a regiment had been taken, and thinking it was one of ours, a bright look of joy came over his face, as he raised on his elbows to look. But when he saw a column of gray coming out of the smoke between two columns of blue with muskets at right shoulder shift, he lay back with a look of despair.

I met his elder brother, Barnwell Rhett Jr., at his home in Huntsville, Alabama, since the war, who told me that his brother Alfred was dead. At his request I wrote an account of his brother's capture from our standpoint. I found him very pleasant, but the only

man in the South to say that it would have been better if they had won.

In the battle of Bentonville, which was the closing heavy battle of the war, our loss in killed and wounded was 1,604. The enemy's, as reported, was 2,343. Our badly wounded were gathered into a building near by, which soon resembled a slaughter house. A dozen surgeons and attendants in their shirt sleeves stood at rude benches cutting off arms and legs and throwing them out of the windows, where they lay scattered on the grass. The legs of the infantry could be distinguished from those of the cavalry by the size of their calves, as the march of 1,000 miles had increased the size of the one and diminished the size of the other.

Another room was filled with the severely wounded whose moans and cries were heart rending. Some in agony uttered curses on the men who brought on the war; others were trying to send dying messages to loved ones at home; and many in earnest prayer were imploring God's favor. I noticed one poor boy covered with blood which was flowing from a cruel wound in his breast which had been badly torn by a piece of a shell. Amidst the confusions of sounds I heard him calling plaintively for his mother and Jesus in turns. "Jesus," he cried, "have mercy on me. I don't think I have been a very bad boy. Oh, do have mercy on me, dear Jesus."

When I returned his eyes were closed and all was still.

It added bitterness to the hearts of these brave boys and their friends to think that so near the end of the long weary march that closed the war they should be stricken down in battle almost within reach of home.

In our march through North Carolina we were in the home of the long leaf pine which has given turpentine to the country and the name of "Tar Heel State" to the fine old commonwealth of North Carolina.

Here are extensive forests of trees from twenty inches to three feet in diameter and at least seventy feet without a limb, but spreading at the top with a dense mass of interlocking limbs, clothed in evergreen leaves so dense as to exclude the sun. The ground is covered from 4 to 6 inches deep with "pine needles" rotting at the bottom but soft and clean on the surface.

The turpentine is obtained by tapping these trees as we boys used to get molasses from our sugar trees long ago. But they cut notches deep enough to hold about a quart of sap, which is gathered into barrels and becomes the turpentine of commerce.

The war had stopped all this, and the notches were found full of coagulated sap, which from different sources had oozed out and whitened the bark on the trunks of the trees higher up. Our foragers had set fire to the turpentine in the notches and the blaze extended to the resin on the bark, causing a smoke which could hardly escape through the green canopy above,

but hung like a pall over our heads, while the fire below lighted up the trunks of the trees that seemed to be supporting a roof, creating a feeling of awe as though we were within the precincts of a grand old cathedral.

A cabin was standing by the side of a sluggish stream; the water was black with the stain of decaying pine leaves. The cabin was filled with barrels of resin and tar. All had been set on fire. The burning contents found their way to the water and floated winding down the stream like fiery serpents of ancient mythology. As our column came quietly in to dismount for the night all besmeared with pine smoke, the vision was complete. It seemed as though somehow I had got into "Dante's Inferno" and my only wonder was that these mounted demons as they came filing in should look so much like men!

One evening a few days later, while I was at supper, my foragers brought a prisoner to my quarters. He was an honest young countryman about six feet tall and nineteen years old. He was dressed in a rebel uniform, and was without an overcoat, although the weather was rather cold. The boys said they got him in a house.

"Where do you belong?" I asked.

"I am a Tar Heel, Sah."

"Where are you going?"

"I was just goin' home to see my folks and get something to eat when these Yanks got me. One of them got my overcoat. I don't know who it was, but I can lick the d——d man that took it."

"If I would give you your supper and let you go," I asked, "where would you go?"

"I'd hunt up the man that stole my overcoat and lick him and then go to my regiment."

"Would you fight us again if you got a chance?"

"Of course, I would. That's what I enlisted for."

"Well, then we will keep you here. I think you are an honest boy with good mettle in you. Come, as you say you are hungry. If you will sit down here you shall have a good supper with me but we will try and keep you from killing any of us."

I don't think he ever found his overcoat.✓

Kilpatrick received orders from General Sherman to cross the Cape Fear River with his entire command and move on Lexington. Heavy rains had fallen and the roads were so swampy that a long corduroy bridge was found to be under water. The artillery horses of the Second Brigade broke through. The night was dark and wet. To get the guns forward ropes were brought and fifty men were required to pull each of them through. This kept us at work all night. Next morning we breakfasted on a near by plantation. We fed the horses on corn which we found in a crib and parched some for ourselves, which, with honey we took from a bee hive was all we had for breakfast. While eating this, Captain Estes, Kilpatrick's adjutant general, reached us on foot in his shirt sleeves, out of breath, saying that the Third Brigade, which had marched three miles in advance, had been attacked before daylight and their headquarters, with their

horses and equipment, had been captured; that the general and most of the staff had broken for the brush, half dressed, and he had run back to hurry us up. We were not in very good condition to hurry, but soon found that we were not needed. Lieutenant Colonel Stough of the Ninth Ohio with his four hundred dismounted men were camped close by.

When we arrived, however, we found a strange condition of things. General Kilpatrick and staff had been marching with the Third Brigade three miles in advance. Knowing that fact, General Wheeler made an attack before daylight and captured headquarters with all its property, the artillery and most of the staff officers, although General Kilpatrick made his escape half dressed into the swamp near by.

But it so happened that about four hundred dismounted cavalymen of our brigade had exchanged their carbines for Springfield rifles and had been marching with the wagon train as infantry under command of Lieutenant Colonel Stough of the Ninth O. V. C., assisted by Lieutenant Louis Geague, Co. E., and Sergeant Rice infantry men and good officers, and by officers from other regiments having dismounted men. They had encamped behind a swamp not far from Kilpatrick's headquarters with Colonel Spencer of the 3rd Brigade. In the morning before daylight the enemy made an attack and captured the headquarters and the battery belonging to the 3rd Brigade, including a number of the officers. General Kilpatrick, however, escaped, partly dressed, and remained under cover.

In the meantime Colonel Stough rushed his men to the rescue, and, after firing a volley from his Springfield rifles, charged with the bayonet, re-taking the captured battery. This determined attack the enemy mistook as coming from the 14th Corps which they knew had encamped near by. Officers retook the battery and opened with canister and the enemy were driven from the field and the headquarters of the 3rd Brigade were retaken. When the sun arose the head of the 14th Corps appeared in sight. The enemy lost a large number of men in killed and wounded, including a number of officers.

This timely and dramatic affair released Colonel Spencer and his staff, enabled General Kilpatrick to return from his seclusion and finish his toilet, and smothered the ridicule which the infantry tried to attach to the affair by referring to it as "Kilpatrick's Shirt-tail Skedaddle." Colonel Stough and the dismounted men of our brigade received great credit for this timely dash and Colonel Stough was complimented with the brevet rank of Brigadier General. After the war Lieutenant Geague wrote me that General Kilpatrick had called on him in his western home and spoke in admiration of the affair, saying at the same time that the Ninth Ohio was one of the best disciplined volunteer cavalry regiments that he ever commanded.

CHAPTER 24.

The Last Engagement of the War.

March 17th, 1865, General Johnston evacuated Goldsboro and intrenched his forces on the road leading to Raleigh. This gave us undisputed connection with the North. Here the Ninth Ohio exchanged their Burnside breech loading carbines for the more effective seven shooting Spencers. We also secured a number of convalescents who were waiting for us, and quite a number of recruits who presented themselves too late to be of any value to the service and most of whom had been induced to volunteer by the large bounties they could secure and through the conviction that the war was about over.

One of them who had been in our brigade about a week, got some whiskey and a horse and with a comrade took a ride to the country. He overtook an old citizen carrying a jug, which he demanded, thinking it contained whiskey; and when the old man declined to do this, he shot him. This recruit was promptly arrested, tried by "Drumhead" Court Martial next day and ordered shot.

A box was made that day; next morning marching orders were received and when all was ready the division started on the road to Raleigh. The man was put in an ambulance and brought out under guard

behind the command to a vacant spot outside of the city, riding on his box to where a grave had been dug. Here the brigade of four regiments was ordered up in the form of a hollow square. The man was brought in the ambulance to the grave beside which the box was placed. He was made to kneel on the box, and after he had cast a look around, he was blindfolded. A detail of eight soldiers took their places ten steps in front of him; eight loaded guns were given them—seven with ball, and one blank. When all was ready I heard him say, "Schoot me schrait in the breast, boys. Schoot me schrait in the breast. I think it will be better for me."

The guns were leveled and the white napkin fell. I saw his blouse "fly" out from his back as seven balls went through him and he fell upon his coffin. He was buried where he fell. At the sound of the bugle "Fours right, Forward March" was given and the tragedy was over. It was learned that the man was from Canada, and had been making a business of Bounty Jumping.

But when he, like others of his class, found the Confederacy dying, he enlisted to be in at the death.

Among the convalescents who reached us was my young cousin, Daniel Hamilton, a younger brother to the late adjutant. He had been taken down with typhoid fever at Decatur, Alabama, before the Rousseau raid and was unable to join us in the Grand March, but obtained permission to meet us at Goldsboro.

When taken sick at Decatur he was cared for and

nursed back to health in the home of a Mrs. Austin, a poor widow, who was as kind hearted as she was loyal. Her son then 6 years old is now Hon. R. W. Austin, an able Republican member of Congress for the 2d district of Tennessee.

Although scarcely able for duty, Daniel Hamilton was anxious to be with his brother and came happy in the thought of meeting him. When he learned that he had been killed in battle and that the body was buried in South Carolina, the sudden look of despair that broke the poor boy down kindled anew the sorrow that filled my own breast when his brother fell. I took Daniel with me as an assistant to my orderly, Morton Black. They had been bosom friends from childhood and reared under the same influence.

But Morton had seen more service in the field and understood matters better. To illustrate this, the orderly told me one morning that we had no butter. I told him to go out and find some and to take Dan with him. After riding some distance through a pretty good country, Morton's practiced eye lighted upon a plantation house in a grove surrounded by green fields. He remarked, "This is where I think we can find butter." They both went galloping up to the gate and Morton called to dismount. Dan drew up his horse and said, "Morton, have you any money?—I haven't a cent!"

This became a great joke in the regiment, but cannot be fully appreciated by any one who never followed Sherman to the sea.

On approaching Raleigh the city was surrendered without opposition by the Mayor and a committee of citizens who came out to meet us. When General Kilpatrick entered the city at the head of his column all was quiet. But a squad of rebel outlaws led by a rebel lieutenant was engaged in robbing houses and cursing the "Damned Yankees."

When the column appeared, all mounted their horses and left in a hurry, but the lieutenant, who waited until Kilpatrick was within gun shot. He drew his pistol and fired six shots at the head of the column then mounted his horse and left with the others. A squad of horsemen was sent in pursuit and overhauled him. Kilpatrick ordered a rope, and he was hung to the nearest tree.

He died a vile marauder or a bold patriot, depending on who tells the story. But in either case—like a spectacular fool.

On April 15th., 1865, a terrible storm prevailed which raised the waters so that the streams became almost impassable. Our brigade received orders to halt. We built barricades and went into camp. Next day General Atkins received orders to press forward.

I now quote from Mrs. Cornelia Spencer, a Southern lady who was there at the time, published a history of the war in 1866.

"The bridge across New Hope river had been washed away but some stringers were left. General Hampton's cavalry occupied the other side. The Ninth

O. V. C., the leading regiment of General Atkins' brigade, crossed a hundred dismounted men over the river on the remaining stringers and were scarcely over when they were furiously charged by Hampton's cavalry. A heavy skirmish occurred in which several were killed on both sides."

General Atkins report of the affair was that the men of the 9th, Ohio crossed on the stringers, took possession of a rebel barricade by a sudden dash and held it against four separate charges of Hampton's Cavalry, using their new seven shooting Spencer cartridges to such effect that the enemy withdrew leaving a number of men and horses wounded and dead on the field, although the Ninth lost not a man either killed or wounded.

Some of these men were of Company "G", commanded by Lieutenant Knapp, who was taken prisoner on the Peters' plantation near Florence a year before, but had made his escape.

In this affair I was not present as I had been ordered to follow Wheeler who was moving by his right flank with the apparent design of getting around our left, and I was ordered to move on a parallel line about a mile distant with all my command but Company "G" to watch his movements. And this brought on the last battle of the war of which I gave a full account in a paper read before the Cincinnati Commandery of the Loyal Legion in 1907, and which includes our three weeks' experience while stationed

in Chapel Hill, and an account of the effect the murder of the president at that time had upon the army and the terror it produced among the citizens.

I will close this description of our military operations by inserting a copy of that paper, entitled

THE LAST SHOT OF THE WAR.

The Confederate historian, Pollard, in his history of the Rebellion, which, with complacent incorrectness, he calls "The War Between the States," says that on the 16th day of April, 1865, a portion of Wheeler's cavalry covering the right flank of Johnston's army, was ordered to move round to the rear of Sherman's army, to gain what information they could in regard to his position. He proceeds to say that this force was met near Chapel Hill, North Carolina, by the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, of Kilpatrick's command, on the morning of the 17th, and a sharp engagement occurred, which, however, was suddenly ended by the withdrawal of the Federal forces.

In this affair he says their own loss was twelve men wounded, and four killed. The enemy's loss was not ascertained. He then says the Confederate forces retired by way of Chapel Hill, after learning that hostilities were ended, by agreement between Generals Johnston and Sherman, and that our gallant struggle for independence had been given up, and the last blood of the noble sons of the South had been offered on the altar of a Lost Cause.

As it is proper for the truth of history that the details of this last engagement be correctly given, I will state that, at the time mentioned, the Second Brigade of Kilpatrick's forces, occupied the extreme left of Sherman's army, some twelve miles from his headquarters at Durham's Station. My orders were to keep a strict watch to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. I became aware that Wheeler was sending a force by his right flank evidently to reach our

rear. I moved my command on a parallel line, one or two miles distant. That night the enemy went into camp on the south side of a cypress swamp, about one-fourth of a mile in width. I encamped a short distance on the other side. There was a corduroy road cut through the timber in the swamp, which the enemy had taken the precaution to guard, by placing a section of artillery at the other end. In the night I received a dispatch stating that General Johnston had requested a conference with General Sherman, but as yet nothing had been arranged, and I was directed to press the enemy with vigor in the morning, but in such a way as not to expose my men too much, as the war was evidently drawing to a close, and Sherman did not want any more men sacrificed than could be avoided. I informed my officers of the nature of the dispatch, and directed that they have the companies in line by 4 o'clock in the morning with a full supply of ammunition.

The Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry had recently been armed with seven-shooting Spencer carbines, and the men were eager to use them. I directed that in all the companies but two, after counting off, they should dismount numbers 1, 2 and 3, and let number 4 take the horses, the others to form as infantry and move quietly to the edge of the swamp, in which the water was one or two feet deep and covered with a heavy growth of cypress trees, then in young leaf. The officers in charge were to enter the water with their men and move forward in line, with instructions to keep well under cover, until they draw the fire of the enemy's outposts, then to open fire with all the energy the conditions would allow. That I, with the remaining companies, would charge over the corduroy road and strike their right flank as soon as the enemy moved their artillery. The men took the water before it was light and soon drew the enemy's fire. The water was not very cold, and the novelty of the situation increased their enthusiasm, and the men moved steadily forward, firing upon the camp of the enemy with such thunder-

ing noise as to indicate that a full brigade was in action. The artillery was soon turned upon them, which gave me the opportunity I waited for, to dash with the mounted men over the corduroy road and attack their flank. The men who had gotten through the swamp mounted their horses which had followed me over the corduroy road, and my entire command pressed forward. The enemy at length fell back, delivering an irregular fire, which we were returning, when a courier rode up to me with a dispatch from General Kilpatrick, stating that a flag of truce had been agreed upon, that terms of surrender were being prepared, and hostilities should be suspended. From the movements of the enemy, I inferred a similar dispatch had been received. They retired by way of Chapel Hill to Hillsboro, where they went into camp, and the war was ended. The "last shot had been fired at the Confederacy, and we had the honor to be in at the death!" without the loss of a man. I was ordered to proceed next day to Chapel Hill. The terms arranged by General Sherman were disapproved however, at Washington, and the official surrender did not take place until the 26th of April.

I can best describe our joy and enthusiasm by recalling to your remembrance your own feelings, my Companions of the Legion, when the sunshine of that welcome news brightened the heavens for us. As for myself, after my joy that the end had come, my second thought was that four out of six of my kindred had been sacrificed to bring about that day, and only I, the oldest, and one other, the youngest, would ever receive a welcome home to share in the blessings purchased at such a cost.

The next day we moved eight miles into Chapel Hill. I established headquarters in a house on the outskirts of the town, and camped the command in a grove near by.

Chapel Hill was, and still is, the seat of the University of North Carolina, with, at that time, a population of about 2,500 inhabitants.

Like most college towns, it contained a large class of intelligent and cultivated people. Here we learned that four of their soldiers had been killed and ten or twelve wounded in this last engagement. The killed were buried, and the wounded were being cared for by their people, and although we did everything in our power to allay their feeling of aversion, it was plainly seen that we were not welcome.

On the morning of the 20th of April, I noticed an unusual commotion in the town. Soon the telegraph operator brought me a dispatch stating that last night the President was shot, and had died that morning; that Secretary Seward had been stabbed while lying on a sick bed, and was thought to be fatally injured; that his son was badly wounded while trying to defend him, and that an attempt had been made upon the life of the Vice-President. I gasped for breath. A shadow of darkness and horror came over me. I became dizzy and leaned on a fence for support. Tears ran down my cheeks, and I bitterly exclaimed as in prayer, Great God, has it come to this? Is it possible that after we had met them in open battle and shot to death their purpose to destroy the Nation, that they are going to steal upon us like cowards with murder in their hearts like this? The news flew through the camp in a moment. Men gathered in squads and talked low, with a threatening look of vengeance. Citizens, pale with alarm, came in squads to see me with the anxious inquiry whether their town would be burned, and begged to assure me that they had no knowledge that such a terrible event was contemplated, and prayed that we would do them no harm, for they were very sorry that such a calamity had fallen upon the country. "Gentlemen," I replied, "we are all broken up and staggered by this frightful news; it may be that some of your reckless leaders in the desperation of their failure have rashly determined upon a guerrilla warfare and secret assassination, but I can hardly believe it. I am rather persuaded that it has been the crazy act of a band of irresponsible adventurers, who have stricken

down (had they but known it) the truest and ablest friend the South, in this, her sore extremity, could ever have. Go home at once, and assure your families for me that, although my men are terribly excited over this event, they are neither guerrillas nor cut-throats, but American soldiers with the common instinct of true American citizens, and that your homes and property will not be disturbed by them." A reaction of feeling resulted, the citizens became more cordial, and met us with more friendly recognition.

In a day of two, Professor Hubbard, of the University, called and invited me with one or two of my officers to dinner. Here we had the pleasure of meeting two very charming ladies, in the persons of his wife and daughter. The husband of the latter was a Confederate officer, at that time a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. The dinner was frugal, but well ordered. I took occasion to compliment the white bread, saying that it was something new to us, and certainly very good. Mrs. Hubbard remarked with a smile that it ought to be, as the barrel of flour cost her one thousand dollars, and she had scraped the bottom of the barrel at the last baking, and did not know where the next was to come from.

Two or three days afterward my scouts reported that they had found eighteen barrels of flour in a mill out in the country marked "C. S. A." I sent three teams to bring it in, and did what any gentleman would have done under the circumstances: I directed my commissary lieutenant, who was rather an elegant fellow, to black his boots, put on a white collar, if he had one, and trim himself up, and take a barrel of flour down to Mrs. Hubbard with my compliments. This little act of courtesy brought from the daughter the next morning a beautiful specimen of the fragrant magnolia in full bloom, and an invitation for me and the lieutenant, with another officer or two, to meet some friends at the house of Professor Ritter the next evening.

This was appreciated and accepted. On this evening we met a number of young people of the town, chiefly from the college families. One of the most attractive was the daughter of a former Governor of the State and President of the college. She was also a second cousin to Governor Zeb. Vance, of the State. By the way, the old families of the Carolinas are very exclusive, and trace a blood relationship among themselves after the style of the leading families of England. Miss Swain was as brilliant and original as she was elegant and attractive. I became the especial target of her attack. "Well," said she, "you Yankees have got here at last. We have been looking for you for some time, and have a curiosity to know what you are going to do with us. You have destroyed our country and our means of support; you have burned our fences and many of our homes and factories; you have disorganized and robbed us of our labor; you have killed or disabled our young men, at least the best of them, but the women are all here; what are you going to do with us?" The expression on her strangely bright face as she presented this formidable indictment almost paralyzed me, but I recovered enough to venture modestly the suggestion that it might be well for us to follow the example of the ancient Fabians, who, after they had overrun a neighboring province and killed the men, began the reconstruction of the country by marrying the woman! "Well," she said, "the North has assumed the responsibility, and we are at your mercy; but I suppose you will let us have something to say about that." We passed quite an interesting evening. It seemed to be their wish to learn all they could in regard to the intruders. It was claimed by Miss Swain that in a social way they were at a disadvantage. The Northern officers had the means of learning the character and social standing of the Southern people, while they themselves could stand upon the temporary prominence their rank gave them and assume a high position among us, while they might belong to a very ordinary class at home. I frankly admitted this was

true in some instances, but said we had plenty of gentlemen in the army whose standing did not rest upon appearances, but was the result of their personal energy, high character and ability, and I said it would give me pleasure to present at her convenience a very gallant friend of mine, who is a good representative of this class, and who, like myself, is a bachelor, and always expected to remain one; "but, Miss Swain, I have been thinking, since I have had the pleasure of meeting you, that if there is a lady in the State of North Carolina that could make him change his mind on that subject, you could." She bowed her thanks and inquired his name. I replied that it was General Smith D. Atkins, of Illinois, commanding the Second Brigade. She said she would be at home to-morrow evening. The meeting was arranged accordingly, and one or two other lady friends were asked to be present.

The next day I called on the General and told him that I had made an appointment for him in a social way for that evening. He replied that he did not want to make any social calls, that we were not here for anything of that kind. I replied that in my opinion, he was entirely wrong, that the war was over and it had been decided that we were to remain one people — North and South. That it was now as much our duty to break down the unfortunate prejudice which existed between us as it had been to break down the rebellion, and we should devote our best endeavors to bring about a reconciliation between the sections. He then inquired where I wanted him to go. I told him that it was to Governor Swain's. He had already met the Governor, who had been one of the Committee of Three to meet our forces on our approach to Raleigh, and to offer the surrender of the city. He consented to make a short call, and we spent a very pleasant evening at the house of the Governor. I gave my attention to the ladies of the previous evening, while the General devoted himself to Miss Swain. About 10 o'clock I suggested that perhaps it was time to go to camp. He

replied that it was not late. Some time afterward I repeated the suggestion. He responded, "Yes, in a few minutes." After another interval I said if we remained much longer we would have trouble, as I had not the countersign. He replied that he had it. I called at his headquarters the next afternoon, and was told that he had gone down to Governor Swain's on some matter of business. It was the old, old story. A feathered arrow from the ancient bow had pierced the heart the modern bullet had failed to reach. After the war he came back and they were married, and reconstruction in its best form was begun in North Carolina.

War teaches us to value peace. Peace is the dream of the philanthropist. We all sympathize with the aim of The Hague Court of Arbitration; but, after all, war is not the greatest calamity that can befall a nation. In the frailties of human nature there are some diseases that nothing else will cure. The nations which have reached the highest plane of development have been the most warlike.

Civilization and even Christianity have followed in the pathway of armies.

In all animated nature the spirit of war is universal, and the survival of the strongest rather than the fittest is the rule. The average man will fight, and there is a limit to provocation beyond which if he doesn't fight women despise him, and the best men lose faith in him. So it is with nations.

The lion and the unicorn rampant and the eagle with outstretched pinions are the cherished emblems of progressive civilization.

For centuries China has remained as unmoved as a frozen sea, until she was shaken by an upheaval a few years ago. Now she is getting unwieldy proportions into the column of modern progress, and even permitting the introduction of modern thought.

The ingenious energy we displayed during the Civil War has been contagious, and the overturning of the old methods among the nations is America's contribution to the world's

advancement. It is said that we are a restless people, but unrest is the secret of advancement.

A stagnant pool loses its vitality and becomes offensive. The water of Lake Michigan washes the city of Chicago, but becomes cleansed in its journey through the canal. The angry torrents that dash through the rapids into Lake Ontario are purer than when they left Lake Erie. Even so, our beloved country, with all her remaining faults, is grander, better and purer than she was in the sixties, because in her efforts at purification she passed through her crimson Niagara.

On April 29th, General Kilpatrick came to Chapel Hill from Durham's Station and reviewed the brigade for the last time. On May 3rd. we bid farewell to Chapel Hill and marched twelve miles to Hillsboro.

The confederate cavalry had been paroled but were permitted to retain their horses and side arms. They marched by our side on their way home, enemies no longer, but chatting with us as friends. The Boys in Gray were somewhat downcast and dispirited, but no gibes were uttered by the Boys in Blue. They had met on many a hard fought battle field, and had acquired that affectionate respect which brave men have for each other.

On May 4th, the brigade continued its march from Hillsboro to Company Shops, a railroad town, and camped for the night in a strip of woods nearby. Two of the boys of the Tenth O. V. Cavalry, in clearing away a brush heap for their tent, found fresh dirt, and by digging uncovered some small boxes filled with gold coins. They became excited and called a few of the Ninth and Tenth boys that were camped nearby

to show what they had found. It was quietly agreed among them to fill their pockets and wait till morning to determine what to do. But the word got out and the gold rapidly disappeared.

In the morning there was an excitement in the town. The railroad had extensive shops and bank located there. The bank officials, hearing that the Yankees were coming, had taken the unwise precaution to box the gold and hide it under a brush heap and the boys, forgetting that the war was over, still claimed the privilege of foragers.

The bank officials became alarmed and called on General Kilpatrick and explained the situation, saying that \$80,000 in gold was deposited in the boxes which men had found. The general at once issued an order to return the money, but after an apparent diligent search only \$30,000 was recovered. The general stormed publicly, the men smiled privately, and the march continued.

But the undiscovered \$50,000 became troublesome wealth to the boys who had it. Although gold at that time stood at a premium of more than twice the value of greenbacks, many of the boys were willing to trade for greenbacks, as they could be more easily hid. Others deserted and broke for home. This they found was a mistake for they were marked on the rolls as deserters, and pay due them was withheld and their claim for pensions sadly interfered with.

CHAPTER 25.

Service in North Carolina After the Close of the War.

We reached Greensboro that evening May 5th and took possession of two hundred confederate cannon which we found parked there. I went into camp, put out guards as usual, while raising the flag over my tent, a fine looking officer dressed in a confederate captain's uniform came up and introduced himself as Captain Kearny, late of General Beauregard's staff, and asked if I was Colonel Hamilton. I answered, "Yes". Then he said, "The guard that you were kind enough to send to our house said you were from Zanesville, Ohio." I told him I was. He said, "Our family was originally from Zanesville. I am a nephew of Captain Kearny and am now at my aunt's Mrs. Colonel Wilkes, who was a daughter of Mrs. Van Buren of Zanesville, and I have been sent to invite you to dine with us. I told him that I knew both the Kearny and the Van Buren families and would take pleasure in accepting her kind invitation; and after putting matters in order, I joined him in a walk of about one square and a half and was introduced to Major and Mrs. Wilkes, and to the captain's sister, Miss Mary Kearny.

Major Wilkes was the son of Commodore Wilkes of our old navy. He had been an engineer on the construction of the B. & O. railroad at Zanesville, where he met and married Miss Van Buren. The entire connection were Virginians and had identified themselves with the southern cause, although they had all gone to school in Zanesville.

Miss Mary was a very bright, black-eyed girl of about twenty-five, who did the entertaining in the absence of the others. She was a fine talker and an enthusiastic Southerner, and of course the subject of war was uppermost with her. She seemed to be quite curious about my opinion of things.

"What do you think of General Lee?" she began.

"I have a very high opinion of him; he is a refined gentleman and a highly educated and superior military officer."

"What is your opinion of Stonewall Jackson?" she asked.

"I consider him a military genius—a modern Cromwell, with the power of holding the unbounded confidence of his men." I replied.

Miss Mary was somewhat surprised and non-plussed, but continued by asking,

"What do you think of General Joe Johnston?"

I replied, "I know a little more about him, as I was with Sherman who opposed him. As a military strategist and a gentleman I think he could be classed with the other two."

"I suppose you have met a number of our officers," she said, "What do you think of them generally?"

"As a rule they are very gallant and courteous gentlemen," I answered.

Miss Kearny seemed disappointed in failing to induce a discussion, but she continued,

"What is your opinion of the southern army generally?"

I replied, "I will have to admit that it was a fine army."

"Do you think there was ever a finer or a braver set of men?"

"I don't think that there ever was," said I.

After studying a while she came with the challenge,

"Won't you admit that General Lee is a greater man than General Grant?"

I replied, "In some things I presume he is. But, Miss Kearny, do you see that flag out there? What flag is that?"

"Oh, that is the Yankee flag."

"No, I beg your pardon", said I, "you are mistaken. That is the flag of the United States. Don't you think that the men who carried that flag for one thousand miles around through the center of your confederacy, and who can keep it flying there in the center of North Carolina in spite of General Lee and the finest army the world ever saw, are entitled to some consideration?"

Fortunately just then, supper was announced and we adjourned to the table, and the subject was not resumed.

The brigade proceeded south to near Charlotte. Our headquarters were established at Concord and we remained in control of the country during the interregnum until August. Everything was quiet and peaceable and the troops cultivated the friendship of the people and enjoyed the rest.

We selected a nice location for a camp a mile from the town, and laid it off regularly, the head of each company fronting the road. Our duty was to preserve the peace until civil government could be established. Patrols selected from our best men were sent out each day to canvass the country for miles around. They were instructed to cultivate the friendship of the people and to pay for everything they got.

Our camp was pitched in an open grove containing a variety of evergreens and bushes of different colored leaves. To give the men something to do outside of their regular military duty, which had lost its attraction, I suggested to Company "A", mostly boys from our old home, that they try to see how ornamental they could make their quarters. The other boys looked on with some curiosity until a spirit of rivalry prompted the other companies to follow suit. Each made improvements to surpass the other until the camp became a picture, with arches of evergreens at the head of each company fronting the road. The center company placed as their motto the

word, "Concord" in flowers. The companies on either side followed their example, choosing "Union" and mottoes of their own, formed with evergreens and flowers which were renewed as required. This spirit of emulation extended to the messes of the different companies until the camp became a thing of beauty and a center of general attraction.

The market people brought their supplies to us before they visited the other less attractive regiments of the brigade. The men came with their apples and potatoes; the women, and especially the girls, with their butter and eggs, for which they received a fair price and fair smiles thrown in. The latter, however, were returned with interest each day when the girls brought fresh flowers to renew the company mottoes.

In matters of importance among the people we consulted a committee of leading conservative citizens and their suggestions were generally followed.

There was one case, however, that caused some excitement. A general order had been issued from Washington that to make a contract valid the parties thereto must have taken the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States before a provost marshal.

One afternoon some other officers and I were invited to attend a wedding in the village. The contracting parties were a widow and a widower. The ceremony was to take place in a large one-roomed log house, a temporary partition in which was made with a

number of bed sheets stretched across. Behind this the bride elect with her attired maids were awaiting the hour. Shortly before the appointed time a number of officers and citizens came in with the minister and bridegroom, all of which were seated in due form. The bridegroom went behind the curtain and soon appeared with the blushing bride on his arm. The usual questions were asked and the ceremony was about to be completed when an officer arose and asked if the bridegroom had taken an oath of allegiance to the United States government, and it was found that he had not. The parties had to be seated until a messenger was sent to bring the provost marshal, but after an hour's hunting, he could not be found, and the affair had to be postponed until the next day.

It was intimated that he hid on purpose. But of that I had no knowledge, and so far as I know, this was the only instance of "heartless oppression" that came to light while we remained in control in North Carolina.

It was while stationed here that I was surprised to receive a commission of Brevet Brigadier General from Washington, at the recommendation of General Kilpatrick and General Sherman. I say surprised, because it was unexpected. I had never applied for that nor any other promotion during the war.

My chief adviser in local affairs was Colonel Victor Barringer, a prominent citizen and a leading lawyer in the state. He had served on the staff of his brother, Major General Rufus Barringer, a broth-

er-in-law of "Stonewall" Jackson, but who was at that time a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, having been captured in one of the recent battles near Richmond. The colonel had resigned from the service by failure of health. I found his counsel always wise and conservative, and the citizens were surprised and gratified at the treatment they received from the Yankees.

I was frequently a guest at his home. Mrs. Barringer was a delightful lady born in Philadelphia and jointly prided herself on her ability as a cook and housekeeper, although she complained that the war had destroyed the means of proving it. I told her that, on the contrary, it had given her the opportunity of demonstrating that fact under the most unfavorable circumstances.

"But it has reduced us to poverty," she said, "and I don't know how we will be able to live."

"Mrs. Barringer," I remarked, "I have a plan to help you. I have found as a rule that Southern women are not good cooks, all this being left to servants. Most of them will now have to learn to do their own cooking, and I will make what might be called a Yankee suggestion—that you get up a southern cook book adopted to southern conditions. We have plenty of these in the North, but the field is open for them in the South and you can supply the want." "Do you think so?" she said. "I have been wondering how I could help the colonel, and I believe I will try."

Mrs. Barringer published the Southern Cook Book. She sent me a half dozen copies for which I sent her \$5.00.

The Barringers of North Carolina were of an old Whig family of the Henry Clay school. They did not favor secession in the beginning, but finally yielded to the pressure and entered the service. The colonel read me some letters from his brother in prison in which he took strong grounds in favor of a reunited country, and urged his brother to co-operate with the powers at Washington to re-organize civil government in the South.

At that time I had been named as one of the three delegates from the army to attend the Republican Convention at Columbus, Ohio, to present the name of our Department Commander, General Jacob D. Cox, for governor. I stated to the colonel that a man of his brother's prominence entertaining such views, should be among his friends at home rather than confined in a prison, and that with his consent I would take the letters with me to Washington and submit them to ex-governor Dennison, then Postmaster General; which I did, explaining the situation in North Carolina as I found it. And General Barringer was soon released by order of the president.

I met him subsequently in Chicago as a delegate to the National Convention which nominated General Garfield for president. My friend, Colonel Barringer, stood high as a constitutional lawyer and was afterwards selected by President Johnson as one of a com-

mission to revise the statutes of the United States, and he took up his residence in Washington. Some years afterwards the Khedive of Egypt, after a visit to the leading nations of Western Europe, imbibed modern ideas of government and invited France, England and the United States each to select a man to be appointed on a commission of three to revise the laws of Egypt. Colonel Barringer was selected as the United States representative. He removed to Cairo where, after some years, the commission completed that arduous work. Here the colonel and his good wife remained until his death some years ago, after which Mrs. Barringer made her home in Washington where I had the privilege and pleasure of spending a most interesting afternoon in her company five years ago.

On July 26, 1865, our regiment was mustered out of service. All government property in our charge was turned over, and with happy hearts we entered a train of box cars on our way home.

The last act of vandalism however was committed against the state of Virginia. But it was perpetrated in view of her stubborn resistance during the war. As the long train was passing alongside of a water melon patch in that proud state, in water melon time, two of the rear cars, by some accident, became detached from the train which continued at least a half mile before the conductor discovered the accident. In the meantime, the boys, instead of trying to stop the train, broke for the water melon patch. When the train got back the vandals placed a guard over the engi-

neer to keep him quiet until each one had received a reasonable share of Virginia water melons for himself and friends. The engineer was released, and a shout went up, "Good Bye, Johnnies."

A steamboat was waiting at Fortress Monroe to take us to Baltimore. After spending a part of a day we were placed on a B. & O. R. R. train of good passenger cars for home. Word had gone out that we were coming, and when we crossed the Ohio river our regimental flag was raised on the leading car. One or two companies had been recruited in the east part of the state and as the train came to the different stations, crowds were waiting for us. We were received by waiting friends with mingled shouts and tears on both sides. Tears of joy — for sorrows were put away under the wonderful fact that the war was over and we were coming home.

We reached Camp Chase where we rested a day and were paid off in greenbacks, which our services had helped to make good. Many photographs were taken and exchanged, and our hearts at parting overflowed with an emotion which few generations of men are permitted to feel.

I stood at the gate to shake hands with the boys as they passed out, and many of them laughed through their tears as they said, "Good bye, Colonel."

That night I gave a supper at the American Hotel to my officers who had, while in Baltimore, been kind enough to procure a beautiful table service of silver

as a parting memento, on which they had engraved the legend,

“A true soldier and a gentleman are synonymous”

that being, as they said, the motto I had always impressed upon my command and which formed the basis in my scheme of deportment. I speak of it now, after fifty years, that the few survivors of those dark and lawless days may recall the motto that inspired the high order of discipline that had made punishment almost a stranger in the ranks of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

CHAPTER 26.

Subsequent Trip to the South.

After the excitement that followed the close of the war had subsided, I began to take stock to learn what there was for me to do. Of my young contemporaries at the Zanesville Bar of five years before, few had offered their services to the country, but had devoted themselves to their profession and now controlled the legal business in the county. Besides I found conditions had so changed the statutory laws as well as the practice that it would be necessary to begin my studies again.

To me at thirty-three years of age, having given my energies exclusively to an entirely different line of thought, the practice of the law had lost its attraction, especially when I thought that I would have to take my place at the "foot of the class."

After the death of my father in September 15th, 1861, my brother John took charge of our home affairs. The home family now consisted of our mother with the two younger daughters. Our oldest sister, Marion, the little Scotch heroine of the Ohio Canal episode, and her sister Anne, our first Buckeye relative, were both happily married, leaving the two younger sisters in my brother's charge.

While in the service I sent home each pay day

most of my salary, to my brother. This he wisely invested, so that when the war closed he turned over to me the accumulated amount which, with my interest in the estate, amounted to \$12,000.

While sitting in my hotel puzzling over my plans for the future, General Willard Warner, an old Newark friend of mine and late of General Sherman's staff, aroused me saying, "Hamilton, what are you thinking about?" When I told him and asked him the same question, he said he had received a letter from his brother-in-law, General W. B. Wood, of Newark, who was then on the staff of his brother, General Charles Wood, of Newark, then in command at Mobile, Alabama, stating that fine plantations in the South were offered for very low prices, and suggesting that he come down and invest. "When and which way do you think of going?" I asked. He said, "On Tuesday next." After a further talk I told him I would go.

After a pleasant visit with General Sherman at St. Louis, we proceeded to Mobile, Alabama. Here we arranged with General Wood our plans which were that we would visit and examine certain plantations which we found advertised for sale, and if we decided on anything, the purchase would be made on the basis of four distinct interests. The fourth to be taken by Captain Wright, of Granville, late Quartermaster of General Wood's regiment, the 78th O. V. Infantry, who had the most money. Every night we would look over the advertisements and select

the places each would examine. This campaign was interesting and instructive but not very profitable. We found the men discouraged and the women bitter. In a feeling of pique they had offered their homes for sale, but not to the Yankees.

One evening we read a very attractive description of the home of Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee, late of the Confederate army, and cousin to General Robert E. Lee. It was decided that I should call and examine the place. I got a horse, and after riding some miles, I came to quite a beautiful place. I asked a fine looking gentleman who appeared on the veranda if this was where General Lee lived. "That is my name, sir" he replied. "Will you come in?" I hitched my horse and told him my business. He invited me into his office. I told him about seeing his advertisement and that I had come out to see the place.

The general was tall, fine looking, of easy manners and cordial address. He gave me a detailed description of the plantation, but was rather slow about naming the price. I had told him my name and that I was from Ohio. The universal topic of the times was discussed and the forlorn condition of the South, but he had hardly determined to give up his home, which fact he discovered when the test was made.

After spending an hour with the general in which we discussed the war and its results very freely and quite pleasantly, I arose to leave. He said, "Not at all. I will have your horse put away and you will stay to dinner." This was arranged although it was not

eleven o'clock, and the longer I stayed the more I was pleased with my visit.

When dinner was announced I was introduced to Mrs. Lee as Mr. Hamilton from Ohio. Mrs. Lee was a typical Southern lady, elegant in her manner and lively in conversation.

The war was the topic at the table. She gave her opinion freely of the Yankees. Said she had never met any of them and hoped she never would, certainly not as a guest in her own house. The general, who was seated at one side, looked over at me with a mischievous smile. I laid down my fork and knife, turned, and looking at her and solemnly remarked.

"Mrs. Lee, if you did but know it, you have one at your table right now. I fought you four years."

Shaking her finger at me with a suspicious twinkle of her eye, she said, "I suspected it all the time."

"Yes," said I, "and I fought you well too. Your folks had sixty-five chances to shoot me and never hit me but once and that was a poor shot."

"Yes," she replied, looking at me up and down, leisurely, "it certainly was a very poor shot."

"I thought so myself, at the time said I, "but you must remember, Mrs. Lee, that a man can't make a very good shot, when he has to turn around to take aim"!

A hearty laugh from the General and a disgusted smile from Mrs. Lee closed the discussion.

I discovered that, after all, these southern planters were not anxious to sell their homes. Their adver-

tisements were rather designed to impress the outside world with the ruin produced in southern homes by northern invasion.

I spent the next Sunday in Montgomery where I attended services in the Presbyterian church. It was the leading church and the finest congregation in the city. I was given a seat and in looking around I wondered if this was a masquerade. I never saw a congregation so strangely dressed. Four years of blockade, during which few attempts had been made to get in suitable clothing, had driven the ladies to utilize anything in their homes that they could convert into wearing apparel. Window curtains, lambrequins and bed linen helped to compose the material of which some of their dresses and bonnets were made. The men presented a little better appearance as they had resorted to cast-off suits which were passable. But I noticed the aged minister had on an old broadcloth coat, a relic of better days.

I do not remember the text, but I think it was taken from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. The sermon was an argument to convince his hearers and himself that there was a God. (But why He had forsaken them in their sore calamity he could not understand.) "For the past four years," he said, "prayers have gone up from thousands of our churches and from tens of thousands of our family altars for the success of our cause. But here we are apparently all broken and forsaken. Notwithstanding all this, I still cling to the belief that there is a God and that God is just. I

will cling to that belief; but why he has deserted us in this, our sore extremity, is more than I can conceive. It may be right, and my faith in God compels me to concede that it must be right, though you and I, my beloved friends, may never live to see the merciful justice of it all, we must at least pray that these little children may."

This dear old man seemed to forget that in the far off North there were far more than a thousand churches and ten thousand family altars from which ascended prayers that our beloved country might be brought through the dark gloom, relieved from the deadly cancer that came with its birth. Again he might have remembered that the government of Heaven is not a republic, where justice is determined by the vote of the majority, but we are taught that it is a kingdom, governed by a King, which after all is the ideal form of government, provided we could find a king who, like the King of Heaven, is all-wise, all-just, unchangeable, without avarice, and who will live forever. We are taught to offer prayer to our Ruler in Heaven not that it will change his course toward us, but it is designed to change our course toward "Him Who Changeth Not," that through the study of His character we may become more like Him.

I heard that sermon nearly fifty years ago. His prayer has come true; the children of that gloomy hour now see the light and recognize the wisdom of the only Ruler that makes no mistakes.

During my visit to Montgomery I took occasion to call on Governor Patton of Florence, Ala., to whom I had given some damaged horses when stationed there. He was President of the Senate when the state seceded, which, as an old line Whig, he opposed, but finally went with the state during the war. He, however, strongly favored acceptance of the result and was nominated and elected governor on the Union ticket and was inaugurated two days before I arrived.

When I called at the Capitol I was told by the janitor that unless I had special business with the Governor I could not be admitted, as he and the Military Governor, Parsons, with their staffs were busy adjusting matters in the senate room up stairs. I told him I had no business, but on leaving took a card and asked him to hand it to Governor Patton, after which I took a look at the beautiful surroundings of this, the first Capital of the Confederacy.

I soon heard a call and saw the janitor waving his arm saying that he had instructions to bring me up. As I entered the senate door, Governor Patton, and his staff were seated at desks on one side of the chamber and the Military Governor, Parsons and staff on the other. The governor left his seat and shook hands with me in the middle of the floor; then turned and called, "Parsons, come here. Come up here all of you on both sides. I want to introduce you to a Yankee, and it gives me pleasure to say to him in your presence and to you in his presence that he and his command did more to reconcile northern Alabama to

the new order of things than he knows of — for he proved to us that there were gentlemen in the North.”

We shook hands all around, and it has given me pleasure to think that those three sore backed horses at Florence helped to give a Union Governor to Alabama. While here I learned of a beautiful plantation, consisting of 1,500 acres on the Alabama river. It belonged to a Mr. Pratt, a northern carpenter who came south years ago and amassed a fortune making cotton gins, and who had gone north to try to raise funds to bridge over the financial depression, but had authorized his son-in-law, Mr. De Martinlaben to sell the river plantation. This gentleman drove me out to see the place. It was divided into forty acre lots enclosed by osage-orange hedges. The land was level, sloping down to the river and could be bought for \$15,000 which we considered cheap.

At this time I learned that an old navy friend of mine had died suddenly while in charge of the steamboat transportation of captured cotton stored along the rivers, and I was asked by letter from his widow to go to New Orleans to look after his affairs.

My friends concluded to await the return of Mr. Pratt.

I took a steamboat on the Alabama river for Mobile, en route for New Orleans. The night was rather cold and the accommodations poor. I found a seat by a stove in a large, empty room, and wrapped myself in my overcoat, pulled my soft hat down to my

eyes and made myself as comfortable as I could. Sitting around the stove I noticed a half dozen men, evidently ex-Confederate soldiers from twenty-five to thirty years of age, bronzed looking and bearded. They were putting in the time telling stories of the war. Across from them a young man was seated. He seemed to be about eighteen years of age, six feet tall and would weigh about two hundred pounds. He was listening intently to the stories he heard and finally joined by saying:

"I reckon, boys, I've killed as many Yankees as any of you."

When asked what battles he was in, he said, "I wasn't in none." They asked how he came to kill so many Yankees. He replied, "I was a guard at Andersonville and was instructed when a damned Yankee got across the dead line to shoot him, and I obeyed orders."

I had been sitting quietly listening. When this young man got off the story of his Andersonville work, I sized up the men who heard him and decided that they had been good soldiers.

"Well, boys," said I, "I reckon I have heard the whistle of as many Yankee bullets as any of you, and I say that any man that could do a thing lilke that and then brag about it has no business in the company of brave men."

In the silence which followed one could have heard a pin drop. The men looked at the Andersonville

hero, at each other, and then at me, and one of them remarked,

“Damned if I don’t agree with that sentiment.”

Soon the young man left the room and was seen no more that night. I was detained 6 weeks in New Orleans.

In the meantime, on the return of Mr. Pratt, the cotton plantation was bought for \$15,000 cash, Mr. Wright advancing most of the money, and I found on my return that he inclined to keep a half interest, which left me out. To this I did not object, as I had changed my plans.

Since then I learned that Mr. De Bartinlaben invested the \$15,000 in mineral land where Birmingham now stands, and had made and lost two or three fortunes.

After two years trial the cotton plantation proved a failure; the first year the Alabama river flooded it—the second year the cotton worm took the crop. In the meantime however General W. B. Wood, who had been a leading lawyer at home, was appointed U. S. District Judge in Alabama by President Johnson. He afterwards was elevated to the Supreme Bench of the United States by President Hayes. General Willard Warner became a citizen of Alabama and represented that state in the United States Senate.

I think however, I have been more fortunate than either of them, for I came home and married, May 10th, 1866. Miss Sarah Cheiver Abbot an ante-war friend, one of the fairest and brightest of Zanesville’s

lovely daughters, of an old New England family. My Alabama associates are both dead, while we are blest with four affectionate children and six grandchildren, lovely boys and girls in whose healthy veins there flows the untainted blood of Bannockburn and Bunker Hill combined, and during forty-eight years neither death nor a family sorrow has ever cast a shadow on our home.

In the spring of 1867 we moved to Newark, Ohio, and went into business with an old family friend. This was merged into the coal and iron business in the Hocking Valley. Afterwards with some friends I took a trip through the South which resulted in making an investment near Knoxville, Tennessee, which has caused me to spend a large part of my time in East Tennessee. I have thus become fairly well acquainted with the physical and political conditions of that region. By reason of this business connection I have made many very pleasant business and social acquaintances, especially among the old soldiers of both the Blue and the Gray, and have heard a number of interesting incidents illustrating the condition of things, especially of the mountain people of the South.

When we entered Knoxville in August, 1863, under Gen. Burnside, it was an active town of about five thousand inhabitants. Being located on the border line, it had developed some very able and bold men on both sides of the great issue. When the war was over the citizens united in an effort to attract

capital and enterprise to that locality. In May, 1895, among other things it was arranged to hold a reunion of the Blue and the Gray.

The committee of arrangements invited General Longstreet to represent the South, and General Gibson of Ohio was asked to represent the North. General Longstreet was selected because he commanded the twenty thousand men (known as one of the best corps in the Southern Army) to retake the city from Burnside, which, after a bloody siege, he failed to do and for which he was censured. At the reunion he had a paper defending himself, read by his secretary, as, by reason of a wound in the neck, he could not read aloud. It was the impression of a good many of the Southern people that General Longstreet's dislike to Davis rather interfered with his energy in this campaign, which was against his judgment.

A great crowd of the old boys, both of the Gray and the Blue, attended the reunion. Men, women and children lined the streets, and a most cordial feeling was everywhere shown. The great hall was crowded and General Gibson received a hearty cheering as he took the stand. He appeared at his best and was unusually happy in his style, even for him.

He aroused the greatest enthusiasm between the Blue and the Gray when he said, "Boys, there was never a battle fought during four years of one of the most wonderful wars in history in which Americans did not get the best of it. And no better evidence of

the courage of both sides could be given than the fact that the result produced no arrogance on one side nor humility on the other, but developed a mutual respect and friendship between the sections that nothing but such a war between brave men could produce."

At the close of the public ceremonies carriages were furnished and the visiting strangers were taken to different places of interest, including the home of the widow of that dauntless defender of the Union, Parson Brownlow. Mrs. Brownlow was a bright and vigorous woman who most heartily sustained her husband in his fight for the Union. She died during the month of January, 1913, at the age of ninety-five.

General Longstreet expressed a desire to visit his old headquarters, which, at the time of the siege, was about two miles from town, the home of a prominent Union family by the name of Armstrong who still owned the property.

It was from the cupola of this fine, brick house that one of Longstreet's sharp shooters, at a range of three-fourths of a mile, killed General Saunders, commanding the skirmish line of the Union Cavalry.

Mrs. Armstrong, at the time of Longstreet's advance, was alone with a pair of little twin children, her husband having been taken by the enemy. She was a brilliant, high-spirited woman. When Longstreet's staff took possession of the house, they assigned her a back room for herself with her children and the nurse. They took charge of everything else

without consulting her, and she was very free in expressing her opinion of their actions in appropriating her bed room, kitchen, furnishings and household supplies, all of which she opposed with a good deal of energy. But when they took charge of her silver chest she expressed herself with so much vigor that they told her if she did not go to her room and keep still they would send her husband through the lines where she might never see him again. She replied with undaunted spirit, "Well, do so if you think best, but leave that chest. I could get another husband a good deal easier than I could get another silver chest like that." The young gentleman of the staff laughingly acknowledged they were beaten and let her keep the silver.

When on this later visit, the carriages drove up to the door, Mrs. Armstrong met General Longstreet, and, giving him her hand with a smile of welcome said, "Well, General Longstreet, on your last visit to my house I was sorry to see you come and glad to see you go, but this time I am glad to see you come and shall be sorry to see you go."

She then invited us into the parlor and showed the general the bullet holes in the window panes made during his former visit, and carefully patched since then; also where they struck the plaster in the wall opposite, and where the bullet holes still remain.

Mrs. Armstrong was still living four years ago (1910) and I had the pleasure of meeting her at Mont

Vale Springs. She was apparently as full of life as ever and talked over former times with her old time animation.

THE LOYAL MOUNTAINEERS.

The following incident illustrating the character and loyalty of the mountain people was given me by my friend Hon. Will. A. McTeer, former major in the 7th Tennessee Union Cavalry, now a prominent lawyer of Marysville, Blount County, and I have ventured to insert the following lines as a prelude to a beautiful story.

From the Great Smoky Mountains where *Braves met in Council,*

And pines cleave the clouds where the thunder is born ;
Where the eagle's scream answered the wail of the panther,
And rocks in the storm from their moorings are torn ;

Down through the gorges the wild torrent rushes
To gladden the coves where dark laurel grows ;
Where the sweet scented muscadine twines on the bushes,
And the valleys are green where the Tennessee flows ;

Here the wigwam once sheltered the proud Cherokee ;
Now cabins are standing where Saxons are found ;
Here the rifle and axe taught their sons to be free,
And foes should take care how they tramp on their ground.

AMONG LOYAL MOUNTAINEERS.

HONORING THE STARS AND STRIPES IN EAST TENNESSEE SAVED
THE LIVES OF CONFEDERATES.

BY WILL A. McTEER, MARYSVILLE, TENN.

At the outbreak of the civil war the people of East Tennessee adhered almost solidly to the Union. The valley, nested among the mountains, through which one of the principal lines of railway ran, connecting the ends of the Confederacy, and situated near the heart of the proposed new Government, was an important position. The loyalty of the people to the old flag was a menace to the Confederates, and a cause of bitterness and anxiety. The authorities made the great mistake of endeavoring to force the loyal men of the mountains to the support of the cause. Hatred most intense was the result, and many men died rather than yield to the pressure brought to bear upon them.

The Confederate authorities first attempted to disarm the people, and for this purpose sent troops through the country, taking up the hunting rifles wherever they could be found. These rifles were as dear as the apple of the eye to the mountain men. From the days that Daniel Boone "cilled the bar" in 1760, on the Watauga, to the beginning of the war, it was regarded as a matter of household necessity that each male inhabitant from 18 years and upwards should own a rifle.

Shooting matches were held, where the men of a whole community met and practiced marksmanship, and the best marksman was an honored man, while the poor marksman was regarded with something akin to disgust. From these practice matches they got to loving their guns as the lover esteems his sweetheart.

So they regarded any interference with the right to own and keep their hunting rifles as an unwarranted interference

with the divine rights inherited by American citizens, which none dare question.

As the clouds of war grew darker, and the thunders from the battlefields pealed louder throughout the land, this loyal element within the boundaries claimed by the Confederacy became more and more a menace and object of hatred on the part of the Confederates, which hatred was fully reciprocated. The Union men first met boldly and frequently for counsel and "muster" or drilling. These gatherings were provoking to the Confederacy, and steps were taken as speedily as possible to put a stop to them. As armed, equipped and trained soldiers were stationed in the country, the meetings of loyalists were necessarily more secret.

There was something remarkable that so many persons could keep a secret so well as did the loyalists in regard to when and where they would gather.

One of these meetings was held just above Little River Gap, in Chilhowee Mountain, in Blount County. It was very near the present site of the town of Walland. A more beautiful place could scarcely be found. The mountain peaks run high above the little plateau, east, west and south, while the limpid waters of the river come rushing by like molten crystals, the soft murmurings mingling with the gentle mountain zephyrs, filling the place, with sweet melodies and inspiring the spirit of patriotism and liberty. At that time the locality was sparsely settled, the inhabitants dwelling in little log mountain houses, but with spirits of loyalty and patriotism as unconquerable as death itself.

On one occasion there were something like 1,500 men met there from the coves and adjacent country. To add to the interest of the occasion, as well as to keep the fires of patriotism burning the brighter, there was a flag raising. A tall and beautiful pole was brought to the spot, and a large and well made flag—the old stars and stripes—sewed together

in secret by some of the loyal women, was attached to that pole, and it was reared and planted there, where the men of the locality could climb the hills about them, and with tender and loving emotions look upon the old flag and in their retirement give vent to feelings of love for the banner that had led their fathers to victory up the sides of King's mountain.

The writer was then only seventeen years old, but was present and took part in the flag raising; while his father, being one of the militia colonels, was drillmaster, and, rather, master of ceremonies. That was a big day and will never be forgotten while any of the parties who were there are living. At that time a company of Confederate cavalry was stationed at Marysville, the county seat, and was scouring the country for rifles, taking them wherever they could be found.

In 1873 the writer was a delegate and in attendance at the International Sabbath School Convention held in Atlanta. The delegates were seated by states, a banner being placed to show where each was to sit. At an interval a delegate from the Florida delegation inquired for East Tennessee delegation. He was informed that the writer was from East Tennessee, and from Blount County. Smiling, he said, "Why I once knew every hog path in that county! My name is White, and I am a brother of Capt. White, who commanded a company of cavalry, taking in the guns in Blount County, in the early part of the war. I was a lieutenant in the company." He then related some of his experiences in the county, and said that he had an experience that was striking and beautiful, and as well as can be remembered, the story will be given in his own words:

"I was ordered one day to take a detachment of men and go to Tuckaleechee Cove, and take up all the rifles of the Union men in that locality. I was boarding at the time with Judge Wallace, over on the hill, east of the town, who resided in a brick house. I ordered the detachment of men to prepare for the march, with rations, and mounting my

horse rode over to the Wallace residence to get something I wanted to take along. Being in readiness and about to mount my horse for starting, the Judge came up, having heard by some means of the order that had been given me. He told me that he had a request to make. He said, 'As you pass up Little River, through Chilhowee Gap, just as you emerge from the narrow mountain pass between the points of the mountain peaks, at the left side of the road, you will find the Stars and Stripes floating from a tall pole. Now, let me ask you not to disturb that flag. The mountain men placed it there; it belongs to them, and if you leave it undisturbed, you will be kindly treated on your trip; but as sure as you touch it or interfere with it, you will have to get out of those mountains. Now, don't disturb it.'

"I said nothing to the men about it, and as we went up the narrow defile, suddenly we came to the opening, and there floated at the top of a tall pole the Stars and Stripes in all its grandeur. I looked around and saw a number of the men with their guns raised as if to shoot. I halted the squad and made them a little speech, telling them to lower their guns. That was the flag under which we were born, and under which our fathers had fought, and many of them died. While we were then engaged in efforts to establish a new Government, and were fighting under a new flag, still, that was the flag of our fathers and let us honor it for its history and for the memory of the blood poured out so freely by our brave ancestors in its defense; that, instead of doing it any injury, I proposed that we salute it.

"Then, following my leadership, they rode in single file, forming a circle around the pole, when we lifted our hats, and reverently bowed our heads. Tears streamed down the faces of a number of the men as we stood in this attitude before the old flag. Silently the circle was broken, and forming, twos, we went on. We knew nothing of any one being in sight, but the news of our saluting the flag went faster than we traveled, and appeared to be known almost

spontaneously all over that Tuckaleechee Cove. We were never treated with more hospitality and kindness by any people. They prepared us dinners of the best they had, fed our horses, took us into their homes, and were lavish in their acts of kindness. But they did not bring out their guns, and we could not find them.

"We afterwards learned that honoring that old flag had saved us from a bloody reception, where it would have been almost a miracle if any of our party would have been left to tell our side of a sanguinary contest, and instead had led us to a most kind and hospitable treatment. As we stood around and saluting the flag, without our knowledge, we stood inside of the trap ready set, and all that was needed was for us to spring the trigger, by any insult that we might officer to that banner."

To the mind of the writer there are few stories of the war of more touching beauty. The personal knowledge of the writer of the truth of part of the story, to his mind, makes it the more charming, and he has all reason to believe that the entire story is true in every particular. It is one of the few instances where a scene of tender pathos stands out in the grim visages of dreadful war, as the face of a lovely maiden in the den of lions.

Major McTeer states that when the war was on these mountaineers put their rifles above their cabin doors and entered the Union army. Their wives and daughters kept up the work on the farm—planting corn, making fence and feeding stock. They formed a rifle company and every Saturday took down the family guns for drill and rifle practice.

They kept a mounted detail to scout the country to gather news and watch for strangers.

When it was known that Sherman's forces were coming from Chattanooga to meet Longstreet and relieve General Burnside's men in Knoxville, this entire company in command of their captain, a lady cousin of Major McTeer's, as-

sembled in line to salute the marching column and received the ringing cheers of the boys as they passed.

After Appomattox when the tables were turned, instances of retaliation were not infrequent, sometimes assisted by a rather liberal interpretation of the law.

I became acquainted with a prominent land owner on the Little Tennessee river by the name of Boyd McMurray, and had occasion to look into the title to his farm. I learned that during the war this 500-acre farm, of which 200 acres was fine bottom land, was owned by a "southern sympathizer", who had two sons in the Southern Army. Another man in the same county, had no farm, but had a son a sergeant in the Union Cavalry.

One evening when returning along the river with a scouting party, the sergeant stopped to get some corn fodder in a field for their horses. One of the farmer's sons, who happened to be at home, shot the sergeant from behind a distant tree. The party hastened to camp and gave the alarm. The captain mounted his men and dashed back to the place. The man who did the shooting was gone, but the dead sergeant was found lying in the cabin of a darkey, who said that the soldier who shot him dragged him by his hair to throw him into the river, but became alarmed and took to the woods. The darkey had brought the body to the cabin. The captain burned every building on the farm but the negro's cabin, and took the sergeant's body on a horse to camp. The

owner of the farm fled with his family to North Carolina.

After the war a damage suit was brought by the father of the sergeant against the father of the boy who shot him, and a judgment was obtained in the Court of Common Pleas for \$4,000 damages, and the farm was sold at sheriff's sale to McMurray.

During the war McMurray was a tenant on an island farm belonging to Mr. McGhee, a member of a wealthy family, all of whom were "southern sympathizers". In the fall of 1863, when the southern troops occupied the country, Mr. McMurray had a lot of hogs on the island feeding, which the commissary officers wanted to buy, but the cautious possessor of the McMurray name said that his hogs were feeding on corn which had to be fed on the island and that the hogs were not ready for market. Two weeks later, when we took Knoxville under General Burnside, the hogs were found to be quite fat and ready for market, and McMurray, after a three days' drive of twenty miles, reached Knoxville with his hogs just ahead of Longstreet's army, and received \$800 in honest greenbacks for them.

After being penned up in the city for a week during the siege, he returned home with the money in his pocket and with his views of secession modified. This money he put out on interest until after war, and it enabled him to make the bid that got the farm where he still lives, and is one of the leading citizens and best farmers in the country.

This locality is filled with weird legends of by-gone days. Here, in full view of the "Gregory Bald" and "Fodder Stack" mountains, is where "Charles Edgar Caddock", that well known female writer, created the legend of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains."

Here, during the war, a squad of North Carolina cavalry scooped down into the valley and captured an old Union soldier and started back across the mountains. They were pursued, and looking across a bend in the road near the top of the mountain, they saw the Union Cavalry in hot pursuit. As they found their captive in the way, they hastily tied him to a tree and shot him, then mounting their horses scattered among the rocks and made their escape. When their pursuers reached the spot they found their comrade dead and his murderers beyond reach. They dug a hole as best they could and covered the body. Soon afterwards it was discovered that some animal had uncovered an arm and eaten the flesh; ever since it has been regarded as a part of the religion of those loyal mountaineers, in passing that lonely spot to lay another stone upon "Shaw's Grave."

The besetting sin of the honest mountaineers was, and still is, "Apple Jack" and corn whiskey. They claim that their heavy monotonous food creates a desire for a stimulant which the lack of food variety fails to supply.

After the war I made the acquaintance of Mr. George Powell of Chestnut Flats in the mountains

forty miles from Knoxville, a leading citizen, a man of fine appearance and more than ordinary natural ability, who owned a large apple orchard in that locality which was unfailing in producing a large crop of apples.

"Before the war," he said, "the nearest market for them was over a rough mountain road forty miles to Knoxville. A trip there with anything we could raise would bring a poor return for the time and trouble of making it. Our apples and corn were converted into "Apple Jack" and corn whiskey, and the offal fed to hogs. The hogs and whiskey could be got to market and were the only product of our farms for which we could get money to pay our taxes and buy what little store goods and ammunition we needed—for we had plenty of game."

Before the opening of the war, Mr. Powell exerted a strong influence for the Union. When Governor Harris of Tennessee ordered the second vote on the question of secession, he brought a home-made flag with him to the polls and nailed it above the door of the voting place in the presence of the crowd, in which there were some strangers; then stepping aside with his gun (they all had them) he said, "Boys, that is the old Stars and Stripes. My sisters and I made it yesterday and I have nailed it above that door today. It is the only flag we know, and I'll simply say that if any man should attempt to tear it down, I'll kill him." There was no disturb-

ance that day for Powell was known as one of the best shots in the mountains.

When the war came he and many of his neighbors promptly volunteered in the 3rd. Tennessee Union Regiment. Before the regiment left camp the colonel ordered it out for a shooting match, and fifty of the best marksmen were selected as sharp shooters under the lead of George Powell, who rendered distinguished services until the close of the war.

"When the war was over," he said, "my comrades and I came back to what was left of our mountain homes and returned to our former method of life. A tax had been put on whiskey and it had gone up in price. Highly encouraged we began its manufacture as before the war. It was a great surprise to us when the government officers came and took our whiskey and destroyed our stills. We became enraged to think that the government for which we had sacrificed all, should turn on us in that way. We got new stills and hid them in the mountains and continued our work at night, putting out pickets as we did during the war to give notice of the approach of the enemy. When one of us was captured and went to the penitentiary he went proudly without a whine, and after serving his time and returning, he was received more as a hero than a culprit. After paying several fines I got tired of that mode of life, and I was advised by the authorities who were my friends to take out a license properly that I might utilize my crop of apples. This

I did for some years, but finally gave it up and have advised my friends to do the same, as it induces a violation of law and is an injury to the neighborhood."

I traveled on one occasion with a very respectable looking middle aged man. When I told him I was from Ohio he said Ohio was a great state, and he was surprised to see such fine land and beautiful homes on the railroad between Cincinnati and Cleveland. He thought it finer than New York. I remarked,

"You have been in New York, then, have you?"

"Yes," he said, "I have been through there twice. I had a son in New York."

We had become quite sociable and I asked him in what business his son was engaged. He replied without a blush.

"He was in the State Penitentiary three years for moonshining."

In many cases it seems like the height of ingratitude for our government to treat these mountaineers in this manner. Still, there is a redeeming side to it.

Some years ago when at home I went with some friends to our State prison in Columbus to see a convict from that locality in Tennessee with which I was familiar. It was during work hours, but I called for the surgeon, a friend of mine, whose call for a prisoner is not confined to leisure hours. I told him we had come to see a prisoner belonging to a locality in Tennessee from which I had just come and known at home as "Cale" Hughes.

When he was brought we found a big strong man, twenty-five years old. He knew me and asked about the folks on Chestnut Flats. He said he had not heard from them since he came here a year ago. "When you go back and see my folks, tell my wife that I am well, get plenty to eat and weigh 190 pounds. I weighed only 160 pounds when I came."

One of my friends remarked, "They must treat you pretty well here, What do you work at?"

He said, "In the hollow ware factory, and I am well treated."

I remarked, "You don't get any whiskey now, do you?"

"No, he replied, "but I am better without it."

He was asked how much he drank at home.

"Oh, I reckon," said he, "we used about two gallons a week." I told him that his step father was getting up a petition to get him out.

"Well," said he, "tell him when you go down, not to do it. I would rather serve out my time, honest, I'm better here. I attend night school and am learning to read. I couldn't read when I come, and now some good people come every Sunday to see us and give us books to read. No, tell Pap not to mind the petition. I would rather stay here and serve my time out, honest."

I happened to be in Knoxville in 1892 at the time of the dedication of a monument to the memory of the confederate dead who fell during the campaigns around Knoxville. While here I had the opportunity

and great pleasure of meeting the Confederate Lieutenant General E. Kirby Smith who had been invited to act as Grand Marshal on that occasion. After frightening Cincinnati and creating the "Squirrel Hunters" he had been selected by the Powers at Richmond to take entire command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, after the Federal forces had secured control of the river, and cut off communication beyond.

After the catastrophe in the East and hearing the terms of surrender he accepted the same, disbanded his army and gave up the struggle.

A large company attended the ceremonies at the dedication of the monument where the dead were buried. The marching column composed of both men and women, each with a bunch of flowers, proceeded to the field of the dead. At my request I was given a bunch of white flowers and I marched arm in arm with a Confederate colonel near the head of the column and deposited my flowers at the base of the shaft as a token of my respect for the courage and devotion of the dead.

An able and touching address was delivered by Honorable C. T. Cates Jr., of Knoxville, son of a Confederate soldier, and since then Attorney General of the state. He gave a full measure of praise to the men of both armies, who in that tremendous struggle had displayed a devotion without selfishness and a courage without malice.

General Smith was entertained at the hotel where I stopped. There was also a young Kentucky captain

of the regular army at the hotel on recruiting service who was very much interested in General Smith. During our very pleasant interview the captain said he could not understand why it was that the Confederates never followed up any of their victories. The general replied, "I have often thought of that myself. I have concluded that it was for two reasons: First, because the mettle of the men on both sides was so nearly the same that when we gained a victory we were generally too nearly exhausted to take proper advantage of it. The other was, as it now seems, that the Almighty was not in harmony with our purpose."

The general then related a most interesting incident which, with southern gallantry he attributed to the great influence of women in important public affairs.

Said he, "One of the ablest and most earnest discussions on the question of the right of secession that I ever listened to was between Lieutenant Colonel R. E. Lee and Captain George H. Thomas shortly after the secession of South Carolina. Lee was Lieutenant Colonel in the 23rd U. S. Cavalry, I was a Major and Thomas, a Captain in the same regiment. This occurred in our regimental headquarters after the secession of South Carolina and I speak of it to illustrate the influence of women in the great affairs of life. ?Thomas favored secession; Lee, with a calmer cast of mind, argued for the preservation of the Union. Both asked for and received six months' leave of absence. Lee went to Arlington, Virginia,

where he found his wife, family and friends all enthusiastic advocates of secession; and he was finally persuaded to give his sword to the Confederacy against the earnest advice of General Scott. Captain Thomas went to Troy, New York, the home of his wife and friends. Here he was induced to change his mind; and he returned to Washington and took his orders from Lincoln. While I," he said, "being from Florida believed with Thomas that I owed my duty first to my state. I met the argument that I had been educated at West Point by the fact that my state paid her share of the cost. In this doctrine I believed so honestly that when I received a letter from my nephew and namesake, E. Kirby Smith, of Ohio, who had just graduated from West Point, asking what he should do, I promptly wrote to him, 'Seek an assignment for duty in your state, and do all you can to maintain the reputation of your family, for the record shows that thirteen of our family were graduated at West Point and served with credit in the Army of the United States.'

Young E. Kirby Smith took the advice of his uncle and received an appointment as Colonel of the 43rd O. V. Infantry and served with great credit until he was killed in the battle of Corinth.

CHAPTER 27.

Visit to Florence, Alabama, Twenty-five Years After the War.

While looking into the mineral resources of Alabama in the spring of 1889, I reached Florence on Saturday with a view of spending Sunday there.

After dinner at the hotel I interviewed the landlord, and learned that Mr. W. H. Key and his wife were still on the plantation, and that their daughters were all married. The oldest was the wife of Dr. Conner of that place. "Yonder he comes now," said the landlord. I went out and met three gentlemen and asked.

"Which of you is Dr. Conner?"

One of them replied, "I am Dr. Conner, Sah."

"Well," said I, "Doctor, I was going to your house. Not to see you, however, but to see your wife."

"Ah," said he, "are you an acquaintance of hers?"

"I don't know whether I am or not. I was just going around to see. I once knew the family but it was a good while ago, and I don't know whether your wife would remember me or not."

He inquired my name. I told him it was Hamilton.

"What, not Colonel Hamilton from Ohio?"

I replied that it was. He stopped and took my

hand, saying, "Is it possible? I have heard my wife talk about you a hundred times. Come right along."

As we approached a neat cottage a lady was standing on the porch and the Doctor said,

"Maggie, do you know this gentleman?"

She looked at me and said, "No, I do not."

"Look again; he says he used to know you a good while ago. Try if you can't remember him. He says his name is Hamilton."

"What, Colonel Hamilton from Ohio?"

She jumped from the low porch and met me with both hands extended, saying,

"I am powerful glad to see you, Colonel. Come right in. When did you come and where are you stopping?"

I told her.

"Have you had dinner?"

I told her I had.

"Have you a grip or anything?"

I said I had.

She turned and said, "Doctor, send a boy to the hotel for the colonel's grip. Now," she says, "come in and we'll have a talk. I have so much to say and ask. Father always comes up Saturday afternoon to see to his cotton bales and when he comes I will have no chance."

She brought in her three children; the oldest a pretty girl nearly grown.

"I want you to see them and want them to see you. They have heard about you so much."

The doctor was in the Confederate service when my command was there, but I found him a frank, open-hearted Southerner, and glad to see me.

In a short time Mr. Key was seen across the street among his cotton bales, the doctor said he would go and bring him over. I said I would go along.

When we reached the cotton lot the doctor said, "Mr. Key, here is a gentleman who says he used to know you."

He looked at me quite closely and said,

"He has the advantage of me. I believe I don't know him."

I did the same thing and said, "I don't know you either. There was a time, however, when we knew each other, but I notice it has been snowing around the heads of both of us since then."

When the doctor told him my name, he let go his horse to greet me.

"When did you come down?"

I told him.

"How long are you going to stay?"

I said I thought to stay over Sunday if his people would let me.

"Let you," said he, "you will stay with us two weeks at least and we will have a hunt. (He kept hounds).

He then called up a colored man and said,

"Jack, go home and tell your Mistress that Colonel Hamilton from Ohio will be out to dine with us at six o'clock. Now, Colonel, we will go over to the

house for a while and see the folks there; then we will go down street. I usually go home about four, but we will not get off that soon today. You have friends who will want to see you, for you are remembered here as one of the few cherished traditions of the war."

It was Saturday afternoon and the streets were full of people, old and young. After an hour with the doctor's family, Mr. Key suggested that we go down street.

The town was bordering on a boom and business was active. Some strangers were there, but most of the middle aged men were Confederate soldiers. Never in all my life was I the subject of such cordial greetings. I began to realize to some extent what the feelings of a hero might be. A new generation had come and I was one of the traditions of their childhood. The boys and girls stood around and whispered to each other as they looked at me. I noticed a gentleman coming who was introduced as Captain Patton, President of the First National Bank and son of Governor Patton, who was now dead. He said as he took my hand,

"I want to shake hands with you Colonel Hamilton, for the kindness you showed my mother when I was in the army."

I remarked, "That is very nice of you, Captain, but really I don't remember showing her any special kindness."

"Oh, no," said he, "I suppose not, but she does."

"Well," I replied, "I can account for all this only by the fact that I happened to be here at a time when a little kindness went a great ways."

Shortly after that I was introduced to Captain Campbell, President of the Second National Bank, who came to tell me that his wife wanted to see me. I asked who his wife was. He replied that she was the daughter of Captain Coffee on whose place I had my camp.

"Oh, yes, I remember."

And as we were talking he said, "Yonder she comes now."

I saw a colored man driving a carriage occupied by a very fine and handsomely dressed lady with a nice twelve year old boy at her side. We went out to the carriage and the captain began an introduction, to which I paid no attention, but reaching her my hand, said,

"What became of that hat?"

With a hearty laugh she said, "Do you remember that hat?"

I told her I could never forget it in the world. She then introduced me to her son who was just about the age she was when she and I were engaged in the hat business. She asked how long I was going to stay. I said I thought of leaving on Monday.

She said, "You will not do any such thing. I am going to make a dinner for you and it is to be next Thursday, and if I were to invite all your friends it would take all that time to get ready."

At five o'clock Mr. Key got a horse and we rode out eight miles to his place and found dinner waiting. Mrs. Key received me with her old-time cordiality and after we had washed and rested a few minutes a very charming lady came in to welcome me and escort me to dinner.

It was my little Lottie who sat on my knee when told not to be afraid of that Yankee, twenty-five years ago. She took my arm and led me to a chair and a plate, beside which she had placed a silver goblet with the name "Lottie" engraved on it. She took it up and said, "This was my first birthday present; it was one of the lot that your men found in the cave and that you returned, and I want you to drink out of it tonight."

She had married a year before. Her husband was a doctor in Florida, and she had come home on her first visit just two weeks before.

I spent a number of days very delightfully with Mr. Key and his family. We drove each day here and there over the beautiful country—fine cotton land, among refined country people.

The culture of cotton with free labor was being solved with less friction than they had feared. It had vexed both races alike, but after twenty-five years' experience the conviction was general that when fairly organized they could do better with free labor. As a rule the former slaves did not want to leave good masters, and the plan was for two or three to join in taking a lease on a ten or twenty acre cotton

lot, the owner furnishing teams, tools and reasonable supplies during the working months and dividing the crop equally at the end of the year, the working party to pay the cost of supplies out of their half of the crop.

The by-product of the cotton and the seed had increased the value of the crop far beyond what it was worth before the war, and a great responsibility had been taken from the planters. The general feeling was that they and the country were approaching a better condition of things that they ever expected.

Mrs. Campbell sent out her invitations for Thursday afternoon. Here I had the pleasure of meeting a number of my former acquaintances, among whom was the handsome black-eyed widow who came on horseback to get through my lines long ago. She was as bright as ever, although a little more robust. She had married again and now was the wife of Colonel Collier, the well known editor of the Nashville American, and was on a visit to her friends in Florence.

Referring to her mother who had died some years before, she said,

"Mother was an old-fashioned Presbyterian and believed firmly in special Providence. She often gave an instance in which you figured — that once when we were living alone on the plantation, two rough looking strangers came to the house looking for something to eat, which we gave them. They then demanded money. We told them we had none. They became very abusive, ransacked the house, opened the

drawers, taking anything they wanted. While they were upstairs, two soldiers rode up and asked if this was where Mrs. Collier lived, saying they belonged to the 9th Ohio Cavalry and that Colonel Hamilton had sent them as guards to our house. The men upstairs heard them; they jumped from an upper window and broke for the woods in too big a hurry to take anything with them. Mother always believed that God put it into the mind of Colonel Hamilton to send those guards at that time."

I met her older sister and her husband, Captain Simpson, who was a quartermaster in the regiment across the river when I visited the mother and sisters and they proposed a union supper at which we should meet and hold a conference with a view of closing the war. The captain was at this time a leading lawyer of the county and an elder in the Presbyterian church.

Florence had long been the seat of a female seminary. But this had been closed during the war, after which it had been re-opened. One of the teachers was a guest at Mrs. Campbell's dinner.

After the dinner she took a seat beside me and said she wanted to tell me how much she felt she was indebted to me. "I am, as you were told, from the North." "My home is in Troy, New York. After the war closed it was decided to re-open the seminary here. I saw an advertisement in one of our Northern papers for a superintendent to take charge of it. As I had some experience in that line and had a desire to try the South for a while, I answered the

advertisement, which resulted in my employment with one assistant.

"The school was opened. Girls from the town and vicinity came. As schools had been disorganized during the war I found them quite deficient in scholarship, but filled with a bitter hatred of the Yankees, and I think I would have given up the school in disgust had it not been for you and your Yankee regiment. For with all their bitterness it was the fashion to speak well of you. So I took heart and with a good deal of patience and forbearance I have succeeded in causing them to concede that there are 'others' entitled to fair treatment, and I now have a good school and plenty of good friends here."

The company spent the afternoon as a "Committee of the Whole" discussing the war and its results. A number of young people were there under the lead of Mrs. Campbell's young son, a very bright boy of twelve years, who insisted that I should tell some Yankee stories. I told him I would if he would tell some Johnnie stories. He said he would, and the contest was quite amusing. At its close he said with a laugh,

"I have just been thinking how you and I could make lots of money, Colonel."

"How?" said I.

"Why by getting up a show and going around telling war stories."

"That is a capital idea," said I. "You certainly are a born Yankee."

CHAPTER 28.

Recent Correspondence.

(From Florence, Alabama, *Times*.)

The following letter kindly shown us by Mrs. W. P. Campbell, will recall to the older citizens of Florence an interesting period of the war between the states, when the Federals occupied this territory.

Colonel Hamilton is recollected as a humane commander, a true soldier, who never forgot that he was making war on soldiers only, and not on citizens; and who won the respect and esteem of even his enemies by his high-minded, soldierly bearing. Twenty-five years later Colonel Hamilton visited Florence, when he was cordially entertained by those from whom he had received consideration in the trying times of war.

The letter was dated at Columbus, Ohio, May 26, 1913, and was addressed to the postmaster at Florence. It is as follows:

"DEAR SIR: — I write to make inquiry about some of the old citizens of Florence and vicinity.

"In the spring of 1864, I, with the Ninth O. V. Cavalry, of which I was Colonel, was stationed about a month near Martin's Cotton Mills on Cypress Creek, within two miles of Florence with orders from General Sherman to guard the Tennessee River against the enemy who had captured part

of a scouting force of my regiment one night two weeks before while encamped on the Jack Peters' plantation below town.

"My orders were to prevent further raids in that locality and to exhaust the resources which had been furnishing supplies for General Forrest and his men. While here I made the acquaintance of the families of W. H. Key, Captain Coffee, Mrs. Collier, Governor Patton and others. On my second visit, 25 years afterwards, I had the pleasure of meeting a number of old friends and quite a number of new ones, among whom were the ex-Confederate Dr. J. C. Conner, who married Mr. Key's oldest daughter; Captain Campbell, who married the daughter of Captain Coffee; and Captain Patton, son of Governor Patton.

"Since the war I have spent a good deal of my active life in the South, and I am writing at the request of my old comrades, my 'recollections of a cavalryman during the Civil War. My command met the soldiers of the South more than sixty times under fire, and I can frankly say, with no disgrace on either side. But I have always felt that, after all, the greatest good I accomplished for our common country was in the bloodless campaign around Florence in the spring of 1864.

"I write, therefore, to ask if you will kindly hand this letter to any of the last three gentlemen named who may be within reach, as I would prize a letter from any, of them at this time.

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) W. D. HAMILTON."

I received in answer to my letter a charming note from Mrs. Campbell who was hostess at the dinner given me nearly twenty-five years ago, and my partner in the hat business fifty years ago; also a letter from the Captain in which he told me that Captain Patton

and Dr. Conner were both dead, but that I still had friends in Florence, and cordially suggested another visit, stating with extreme Southern courtesy, the belief that if all the northern troops had been like the officers and men of the 9th O. V. Cavalry, the war would have closed sooner than it did, and in a way that would have prevented the existence of the "Carpet Bag" Government, which became a disgrace to the North and a humiliation to the South.

During my visit to that beautiful region I met many returned confederate soldiers whom I found frank and cordial. Florence was developing as a manufacturing town. Partnerships between former antagonists had been formed.

Owners of the large plantations were generally leasing their cotton land to their former slaves on terms which were satisfactory to both, the owners taking a general oversight of the work and supplying what was necessary during the growing of the crops on terms agreed upon, and all candid men admitted that the change was working better than they expected.

In the preparation of these reminiscences, I opened correspondence as follows:

I have received many letters from my old comrades giving accounts of events, and their experiences during our service together. Many of these are too personal and would be out of place in book form, but to those who have written them I extend a comrade's thanks.

Quite a number give accounts of the same occurrences, and it is interesting to notice how the stories vary in detail, given from different standpoints, although they generally agree in the main. I give extracts of such as may be of general interest.

Letter from Captain Wm. Henderson, of Company "D", 9th O. V. C., who enlisted from Wooster, Ohio, but who, like myself, was born in Scotland. His present home is at Miller's Ferry, Alabama, where he has lived ever since the war. This letter is dated January 20, 1914.

"I am pleased to know that you are writing a history of the 9th O. V. C. It served most of the time as an independent command, detached from the infantry, and seldom attached to any other cavalry force. We served mostly in mountain regions in advance of the infantry, watched by 'bushwhackers' and subject to attack from the enemy's cavalry, and the strictest discipline was necessary.

"You had a method of discipline peculiarly your own. I remember in the beginning, while you were taking the 2nd and 3rd Battalions through Kentucky, some men had broken into a house in Bardstown the first night, and took what they wanted, including a razor the leader found in a trunk he broke open. With this you had one-half of their heads shaved and the leader, an unassigned recruit, drummed out of the Regiment to the music of the 'Rogues March.' I mention this as it impressed upon the men the standard you set for the 9th O. V. C.

"I am writing from memory. Since I began we found an old memorandum book that I had in the army, and I will copy something that I found in it, written in reference to yourself. I will copy it for your grandchildren."

"MARCH 13, 1864,

"CAMP NEAR COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

"Our Colonel Hamilton is a very excellent gentleman. He possesses all the qualifications of a good commander. A fine nature, intelligent, possessed of true courage, rather stern, courteous and kind, watching the interests of the men more like a father than an officer."

"On Rousseau Raid. Arrived at Ashville, Alabama, July 13th. Fed and shod horses. Colonel Hamilton made a speech to the regiment on discipline, which was good and well received."

"*January 28, 1865.* Colonel Hamilton assembles his men and in an earnest and eloquent manner informs them of the intended campaign in the Carolinas. Shows them the difficulties to overcome, and the desperate character of the enemy we are likely to encounter in great numbers. Then to encourage them he described in a happy manner their past achievements, making them feel proud that they belonged to the Army of the West, to this cavalry division and particularly to the 9th O. V. Cavalry, which had never retreated from an enemy. He also instructed them never to surrender. Better die like men than be starved like dogs."

The Captain proceeds:

"On the day of the fight at Aiken, March 11th, I made this note in my memorandum book: 'War is horrible, but what a grand game. How electrified we feel while we charge the opposing ranks. The enemy seem as chaff while we feel like a hurricane which nothing can withstand'." * * *

"You ask about my affairs since the war. My plan from babyhood was to be a farmer. In the fall of 1865 I and some friends purchased 1,940 acres of cotton land in Alabama, eighty miles west of Selma. I studied cotton culture carefully. It had been the practice under slave labor to abandon land, when worn out, as worthless. We found that with

proper fertilizers this could be redeemed. I worked successfully and now pay taxes on 600 head of cattle and 8,000 acres of land which I have bought and set the example of redeeming. I have raised 1,000 bales on 2,000 acres, this being considered a good average crop."

"Replying to your question about politics: I did not have time to take part in state politics, but it was urged that in many parts of the state bad men were organizing and that if the good men of the state did not take hold the country would be ruined. I had belonged to a Union Regiment that was popular in the northern part of the state, and I was elected a member of the legislature for three years. My votes and protests against every swindling bill that came up are on record, and when I reached home I felt happy that I did not have a dishonest dollar in my pocket. I was elected Judge of Probate and served six years. When I went into office the debt on the general fund of the county was \$36,000. When my time was out there was \$1,200 in the treasury and the taxes for that year had not been collected."

"We have three sons and one daughter, all educated in the North. When the daughter was married, she received from the people of the county many valuable presents, but the thing that filled my eyes and warmed my heart was a present from the Daughters of the Confederacy."

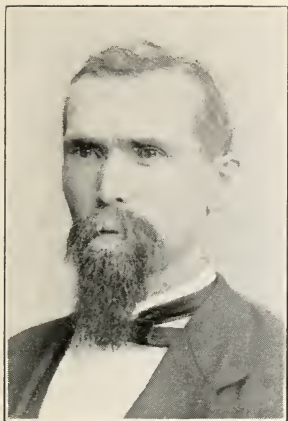
"WM. HENDERSON."

UNIVERSITY PARK, DENVER, COLO., Jan. 6, 1914.

GENERAL W. D. HAMILTON,
Columbus, Ohio.

MY DEAR, DEAR GENERAL AND LIFE-LONG FRIEND:

How the days have rolled into years since first I grasped your hand and looked into your good face and cheerfully obeyed your commands. I was sixteen and, if I am correct, you were thirty. I can never forget and may I ever treasure the memory of your influence and words in forming my life



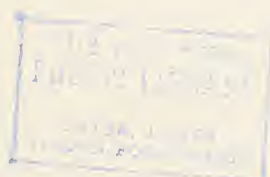
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Co. "D."



CORP. WM. R. KINNEAR, Co. "E."

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SERGT. THOS. CORWIN ILIFF, Co. "A."

Subsequently Rev. T. C. Iliff, D. D., of the M. E. Church.

during my soldier boy days — 1862-5. I rejoice that kind Providence has spared you to pass the eightieth mile-stone with mental faculties strong and body fairly well preserved. Now in my sixty-ninth year I scarcely experience ache or pain, and probably never did more effective service than the year 1913, traveling 44,000 miles without accident or missing an appointment. Tomorrow I leave for Idaho and Oregon and return in two weeks. I hope and purpose some day to stop long enough in Columbus, Ohio, to see you and talk over stirring events of our soldier life.

Mrs. Iliff joins me heartily in the kindest regards and good wishes.

Always sincerely yours,

(Signed) THOMAS CORWIN ILIFF.

I think it not out of place in this connection in view of Dr. Iliff's subsequent career to explain that after I had served a year as Captain of Co. G. in the 32nd. O. V. I. and while recruiting for the 9th. O. V. C. Tommie's father and mother brought him to camp and told me that he insisted on going to the war; that he had volunteered once but they had taken him out as he was too young. As he still insisted upon going they brought him to me and his mother told me he was a member of church, in which he took an active part. She wanted me to know this and asked me to take care of him as well as I could.

It was perhaps six months afterwards when passing his tent, I heard him swear, but I seemed not to hear him. Next day I passed his quarters and invited him to take a walk. When we passed beyond hearing of the boys, I took him by the arm and said,

"Tommie, I heard you yesterday." "I thought you did," he replied.

"I expect you think that I am going to scold you, but I am not. This is a hard and unnatural life for us all. I never swore an oath in my life, yet at times I am tempted to do it here. But I am trying the best I can to do as I was taught at home. You remember what we promised your mother, and I know it comforts her to think of it. I have always thought that to swear was a sign of cowardice often used to fan a feeble spark of courage to the fighting point. It lowers a boy in the friendship of anyone worth knowing and stands next to lying among the things to be avoided."

Tommie was a brave boy and although among the youngest he closed his army life as Sergeant in his company.

He now ranks as a Major General in the Methodist Church.

His career in civil life and as a minister in the Methodist Church has been but the development of that energy acquired in the four years of rough schooling which antedated his college life.

Dr. Iliff has devoted a life of energy and unusual ability in development of the great West, under the influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and especially in the territory of Utah, where he became the great leader in opposition to polygamy, as represented by the Mormon Church. Through his good

work polygamists were excluded from the halls of Congress.

In recognition of his services in the church the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by his Alma Mater, The Ohio University. He has not forgotten his army life, but has taken an active part in Grand Army affairs. He has been Chaplain in Chief of the G. A. R. and Department Commander of the Department of Utah, and his lecture on the "Sunny Side of Army Life" has been considered one of the best on the American platform.

LETTERS FROM MY COMRADES.

GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 4, '14.

GEN'L W. D. HAMILTON:

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I learn that you are preparing a history of the 9th O. V. Cavalry. Such a publication would be greatly valued in reviving many almost forgotten scenes.

My service in the 9th was in a subordinate capacity and I saw things in a limited circle which would scarcely interest a reader. Fifty years have dimmed our memories. But I recall your inspection of Company "F" at Camp Dennison. You asked, as we stood in line, for those who had never fired a gun to step to the front; also those who had never shot a squirrel or other game. Those who had never owned a gun or rode a horse, all these in turn were called to show themselves. I was amazed at the answers given; so many never fired a gun, so few had ever killed any game and so many were strangers to a horse, and their unmilitary appearance gave me a fear for the future.

If you had apprehensions for the work in hand you did not show it, but praised their awkward drill and attempts to march. You went to work faithfully with both men and officers. They were eager and quick to learn and in a few months you had a command equal to the best.

I know of what I speak, for as a sergeant I had been sent with a squad to patrol the Tennessee River to the Mussel Shoals. One evening when I saw the outlines of some mounted men approaching us through the timber, I gave the command "Left front into line" to my men, who responded with the care and promptness of veterans. In calling "Halt; who comes there?" I found it was our Colonel with Company "L," who had given us this chance to make the test whether we were soldiers worthy of the Buckeye State. And you gave me a personal compliment which I have never forgotten. But I shared it with the boys who drank with me from the same canteen.

Some time ago I heard of your sickness, but I hope you have recovered and I sincerely hope that you may be spared to your family and friends and to the men who bear you that inexpressible love born in the stress of war.

Your comrade,

F. A. WEAVER.

Comrade Daniel S. Moses of Company "K", now of Fremont, Ohio, gives an interesting account of the capture of eight of our regiment while out foraging on the Rousseau Raid, describing their treatment in the different prisons in which he and they were incarcerated, most of them dying, one at a time. He says that on the day of our national election, an arrangement was made in the Andersonville prison to take a vote of the prisoners on the question of peace or war. Two boxes were furnished; beans were the tickets —

the white ones for McClellan, the black ones for Lincoln. Those of the men who could stand were drawn up in line to vote. This resulted in 1050 for McClellan and 3014 for Lincoln. This was disappointment to the officers of Andersonville prison, who thought the starving men would do anything that might stop the war and let them go home.

Comrade Edward Butts, company "H", tells the story of the rebel scout who approached our picket post at Decatur and got shot by the mounted vidette, private Clampett. Sergeant Howe was in charge of the post and sent the wounded man into camp. I have already given this story. He also relates the following:

"While the regiment was encamped at Nashville, near Mt. Olivet Cemetery, some of the boys chalked their names and regiment on the marble tombstones. This lead the colonel to make a speech on the subject of deportment. He said in substance: 'I infer from seeing your names in the graveyard that some of you are thinking about death. That is right, but do not be in a hurry; we have work to do before our names are placed on tombstones—very important work. I would urge you to guard your health and your deportment; to confine yourselves at all times strictly to duty and to go nowhere nor do anything that you would hesitate to tell your mother.' The colonel named a sergeant to whom all the boys who had defaced the stones should report, and he would march them to the cemetery and see that every boy removed his name. I have thought of this speech many times since then."

F. M. Overmyer, Company "K" (Captain Albin Coe) writes:

"While we were at Decatur, in May, 1864, a detail from our regiment, with the 10th Iowa Infantry and a part of an Ohio Battery, was sent out on a scout. I was detailed as orderly to the colonel commanding. We reached the rebel pickets in a clump of bushes. I pointed them out to the colonel, and we charged. They fired a volley and fled to give the alarm. I was sent with an order to hurry up the artillery. When I got back the fight was on, and I came so near getting killed by a shot from the enemy's artillery that I gasped for breath. Our captain turned his artillery on them with deadly effect, and we raised a yell as they lit out.

"In August, 1864, when in front of Atlanta, Company 'K' was sent out for picket duty under our beloved Captain Albin Coe. The enemy were everywhere, and while on duty on a picket post we had to keep hid. About 12 o'clock I heard a noise, and although it was very dark I detected a man who, when he saw me, prepared to strike, but I downed him with a punch from my gun. He claimed that he was not a soldier and pointed to a house nearby, saying he had just been up there to see his girl."

Comrade Overmyer has sent me quite an interesting list of his army experiences, a number of which are told by other comrades, and I wish I could include more.

John Brandenburg of Company "L", gives quite an account of the number of boys that were killed or captured in our raids and skirmishes with foraging parties. Also an account of the 300 men and disabled horses which on the fourth day of the Rousseau Raid were sent back under Captain Daniels from the Coosa river. He tells how on their return they crossed the Tennessee river, half a mile wide, in two long canoes

while leading their horses swimming on each side of the boats. After working all night, they arrived on the other side at 7 A. M., next morning, without an accident.

George F. Hill, Company "F", tells of the fight at Center Star, Ala., as he saw it.

"I was out with a scouting party under Sergeant C. M. Cunningham and saw a party of the enemy coming down the hill towards the river ahead of us. We saw a horseman come galloping after them. We all fired, but he kept rushing on. Sergeant Cunningham fired again and shot his horse. The man seemed to turn a complete somersault but he alighted on his feet and started to run. He made a short cut for the river, but it was scarcely light and he jumped into a mud hole up to his hips. As we rode up he drew two revolvers and fired, but hit no one. Sergeant Ames was ahead and ordered him to surrender. He unbuckled his belt and handed his revolvers to Ames, saying, 'I will give my arms to the man I surrender to.' Sergeants Ames and Cunningham hauled him out of the mud as a prisoner.

"He proved to be a captain in the rebel battalion of 250 cavalry that we were after. We soon heard firing below, and Sergeant Cunningham put spurs to his horse saying, 'Come on, boys,' and down the old canal bed we went to where we saw Colonel Hamilton on his big black horse in the midst of the fight, directing the men with a coolness he always displayed in a fight. The enemy soon took to an island in the river and was out of our reach. The battalion commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Cook failed to get there until too late to give any assistance or we would have captured the entire command."

Mr. E. J. Hammer, Bradentown, Florida, May 1st, 1914, writes:

"I have been here since last fall, doing some editorial work on the Bradentown Herald. I like both the work and the town. There are many old Union soldiers around here, while the old Johnnies are as friendly as though we never fought against them. The bitterness of defeat seems to have passed.

"You ask for a story for your book. I enclose something which you may use or throw in the waste basket, as you think best.

"I remember, while at Decatur, Alabama, one morning about sunrise the alarm gun at the battery gave the pre-arranged signal of an attack. In a minute the first Sergeant Oviatt of our Company 'F' was dragging the boys out of bed, some of them by the heels. In about five minutes we were ready. Colonel Hamilton was already mounted, and we were ordered forward without waiting for the laggards. As we passed the infantry pickets' line we found the Johnnies in the woods and to my boyish eyes it seemed there must be ten thousand of them.

"Without waiting to count the enemy, the colonel ordered a charge, and we charged across the field over logs and fences, Colonel Hamilton in advance. Where he went we were always sure to find such of his men as could keep pace with his bay horse.

"The Johnnies didn't like our looks and after firing fell back across a field, behind a fence in the woods, and greeted us with a volley which sounded like a swarm of bees. I was on the left of our line. A clump of trees was about midway between us and the rebel line. We sat on our horses, blazing away at the rebels, when something grazed my left ear and struck a sapling a few feet behind me. I ducked, of course, and, seeing a curl of smoke rising from a clump of bushes, fired into it with some more of the boys.

"I got scared—badly; tried to shelter myself behind the sapling; then got behind George Sherman, and tried to keep up my end of the shooting. But when Sherman wanted to

know what the h—l I was doing, I found I was firing over his head. His angry exclamation brought me to my senses and I got back to my place. But I don't think there ever was a worse scared boy than I was.

"The colonel ordered another charge and away we went across that field. As we passed that clump of bushes one of the boys called out, 'There he is. We got him,' and there lay the Johnnie that so nearly got me. We chased that bunch of rebels several miles through the woods, getting a number of prisoners, and finished the job by eating their breakfast which was cooking on their camp fires when we got there."

Philip Hans writes :

"I was with the dismounted men and convalescents, about 125, just before the march to the sea, who were sent back from the front under Major Irvine, Lieutenants Fanning and Cochran, of our regiment. We were sent to Nashville to join the forces under General Thomas, who was opposing the advance of General Hood. During the battle at Franklin our detachment of about one hundred men, under command of Major Irvine, after some exchange of shots with the enemy, fell back to the picket line behind a fence from which we kept up a fire for about half an hour. We were then ordered to fall back slowly, and reached the infantry line, but were soon ordered back to our former position. We were then taken to support a battery, which soon stopped firing as our infantry had taken position in front of it. Next morning we were ordered to fall back on Nashville, where we remained in support of a battery. After the battle we left Nashville to join our regiment under General Sherman, by way of New York and the sea, and were reunited in the march through the Carolinas, under General Kilpatrick."

Wilson C. Starkey, of Diller, Nebraska, writes :

"Being confined in the hospital at Nashville, I was prevented from joining you in Sherman's march to the sea, but was able to join the detachment of our regiment in the battles

against Hood at Franklin and Nashville. The detachment under Major Irvine was then ordered to proceed by way of New York and the sea to join you at Savannah, arriving just in time to join a brigade of dismounted men and foot it through the Carolinas. I took part with our dismounted men, marching with the cavalry. We had a hard time at Aiken and again at Fayetteville, where Hampton's men in blue overcoats surrounded Kilpatrick's headquarters early in the morning while he was sleeping; but he escaped half dressed.

"Our dismounted men, armed with Springfield rifles and bayonets, were encamped behind a swamp nearby. Lieutenant Colonel Stough, in command, ordered us to double quick, and after firing one volley we charged with the bayonet, with heavy loss to the enemy and retook Kilpatrick's camp, enabling him to complete his toilet. But we had to let go three hundred prisoners which we had been guarding, and they got away during the fight. We then plodded on twenty miles to Goldsborough.

"My father had enlisted in the 80th Ohio, which was at Goldsborough. I went to your tent and asked if you would give me a pass to go and see my father, and you did. When I returned to my tent the orderly sergeant told me I was detailed with two other comrades to guard cattle that we had gathered on our march, some of which were butchered daily for the regiment.

"We argued the question of authority of a pass from the colonel or a detail from the captain. This was settled by comrade Robert Deams, who volunteered to take my place and I to take his place when called for duty. Our march was a forced one, and the boys with the cattle lost ground, were captured and murdered. Not one of the comrades—Louis Langbough, George Miller and Robert Deams—has ever been heard of since. That pass from you saved my life.

"I remain, yours truly,

"WILSON C. STARKEY,
"Private Co. C, 9th O. V. C."

FERNDALE RANCH, P. O. BAGGS, WYOMING,

April 16, 1914.

DEAR COLONEL :

I see by the National Tribune that you are writing a history of the dear old 9th Ohio Cavalry and calling for stories from the boys, and I send the following short one :

I belonged to Co. B, 1st Battalion. On our march from Pulaski to Knoxville, Tenn., we captured a hive of bees, being fond of honey. A blanket was procured and tied carefully around the hive, which was lifted up to one of the boys, and we continued the march with the taste of honey in our mouths.

Soon the bees found a way out and joined actively in the march, making it as hot as ever the Johnnies did; the boy threw down the hive, for an aeroplane corps of the enemy opened fire in our faces, aiming at the eyes. We made a galloping retreat with swollen faces, and when we came blinking into camp we could scarcely see to put up our tents, and we all agreed that honey was "no good."

ANDREW DAVIS.

DEAR COLONEL HAMILTON :

OSAGE, KANSAS.

On one occasion, I, with a scouting party, was sent out under Major Irvine. Sergeant Wicken, Albert Joy, W. F. McLaughlin and myself were sent in advance, and when near the enemy's camp we found the pickets asleep and captured them all. When our battalion came up we took the enemy by surprise and captured seven more.

On another occasion, while scouting near Goldsboro, N. C., for provisions, our party came to a house and found the mother and daughter frightened and crying, as everything in the house had already been taken, and they thought they would have to starve; so we boys divided with them all we had, very much to their surprise and thankfulness.

SAMUEL MICHAEL.

I have ventured to add the following letter recently received from Mr. L. A. Cormley, a prominent citizen of Upper Sandusky, Ohio:

MY DEAR COLONEL:

I have been very much interested since learning that you were writing a history of the 9th O. V. C. I was a member of Company "F" of that regiment and am proud of the record it made. And for the past fifty years I have been thankful that my soldier life was spent in it.

I enclose a statement I made at a reunion of our old company at Upper Sandusky two years ago, which I have reason to believe expresses the universal sentiment of your men; and I ask that you lay aside any personal delicacy you might have in its publication, and for the influence it may have upon the lives of our descendants and upon our military service, I earnestly request that you include it in the record.

"I do not think there was a regiment in the entire army that was under better discipline with less show of it than the 9th Ohio Cavalry. It was the pleasure of both officers and men to be governed by the instructions of Colonel Hamilton, and not from fear of punishment, but from the respect and love they bore their commander. As a soldier and a man he exemplified the life he taught us to follow, and I do not believe there is a comrade of the regiment living today but is a better man because he served with Colonel Hamilton."

I have ventured, at the suggestion of some of my friends, to close this story of the war by including in a different form, a reference to some of its results and the valuable lessons it has brought to our reunited country, as given in two memorial addresses; the one for the Union, the other for the Confederate dead.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED MAY 30, 1886, BEFORE THE GRAND ARMY POST OF
ATHENS, OHIO, THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF THE
OHIO UNIVERSITY AND CITIZENS OF ATHENS.

IN MEMORY OF THE UNION DEAD.

"With uplifted hand I do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, that I will support and defend its constitution, and its laws. That I will obey the orders of the President and the officers appointed over me during my term of enlistment. So help me, God."

My comrades—God bless you—do you remember that oath? We all took it. It was a deed of trust upon our lives, given to our government, to be returned or foreclosed at its pleasure. Ours was returned to us, but the conveyance was foreclosed upon our comrades whose memories we meet to honor today.

It is right and proper, my fellow-citizens, on occasions like this that we should consider for a few moments the causes which made our offer and their sacrifice necessary.

At the close of the war which brought them independence, a convention of the thirteen colonies was called in which all local concessions required to effect a union were agreed to, except the question of slavery, which had existed in the Southern States from their beginning. And, after a heated discussion and the powerful pressure of the desire to form a union, the convention agreed upon a compromise by ignoring it; and since then, for nearly a century, the finest culture, the highest civilization and the purest Christianity in modern life has been yoked to the veriest barbarism of the dark ages. The brightness of the one made the darkness of the other more discernible.

The union was unnatural—the conflict inevitable. The thrift of honorable labor in the North became pitted against the arrogance which owned the wasteful slave labor of the

South. The one with an active growing population created wealth and opened new states in the north and west. The other with a population increasing, not so much in white intelligence as in black ignorance, was wasting the soil by abandoning their worn-out cotton fields rather than to acquire a knowledge of how to improve them.

It was therefore found necessary, in order to maintain the balance of power in Washington and to find fresh soil for their cotton growers, to bring on a war with a sister republic by which a vast expanse of virgin territory was taken from the semi-barbarism of Mexico and given to the slavery of the United States.

But the South fell behind in the power of a voting population and in the memorable election of 1860 the slave power was defeated. But they had control of the government at Washington and one of their unsuspecting tools was president. They held the reins of government until the 4th of March, 1861, while maturing their plans. They quietly distributed the arms of the nation among the arsenals of the South. Our little army was ordered to distant outposts to bring on a war with the Indians. They had been careful to keep their state quota of students full at West Point. Our ships of war were sent on useless voyages to foreign seas. They threw down the gauntlet of war and declared that they would not be governed by the will of a majority unless they were that majority. They held the States Rights sponge filled with political chloroform to the nose of the President, while treason ripened in their southern soil and state after state passed ordinances of secession. He freely said they had no right to go but since they had gone secession was an "established fact" and he knew of no power to bring them back.

Oh, my countrymen! In that sad hour the sun of our glory was darkened and the veil was rent in the temple of liberty. Their Catilines were proclaiming treason in our federal halls, cheered by hosts of co-conspirators.

Oh, saddest day in all the history of governments. What! a nation—our nation—our dear beloved republic—torn asunder and robbed in full view of delighted European monarchies. And Freedom wept, crying, "Is there none to save?"

From the fresh, green prairies of Illinois an honest man, elected by an honest majority of his fellow-citizens, stood on the steps of the nation's capitol and took a solemn oath to support the constitution and maintain the integrity of the states.

The imbecile wail of his predecessor was sounding from the lakes to the gulf—"Gone, but no power to bring them back." While from the mouths of a battery of rebel artillery, trained on Fort Sumter, seventy-five thousand men of the North sprang into line in a day and took up the gauntlet, saying, "We will see about that." And the war was on.

Thus we were brought to the opening of one of the most wonderful tragedies in history; great in the magnitude of issues involved; great in the number and character of the men engaged; great in the rapidity with which loyal citizens came from workshops and farms to be schooled in the art of war amidst the smoke of battle, under the very guns of the enemy; and greater still, in the tracings we can see of the finger of God guiding it all.

In all this, history furnishes no parallel; the great civil war in England was waged for sixteen years, draining the blood of her noblest families to determine the absorbing question whether the occupant of the throne should wear the red or the white rose. Ours was for national existence. It was not to disturb slavery in the Southern States. Under the constitution we had no right to do that, and the recruiting officer who would have avowed that could not have raised a company. The masses in the North were not prepared for the abolition of slavery. If it were wrong the South was responsible. They said, "We are not our brother's keeper." They did not recognize the brotherhood of man set forth in the invocation in that prayer universal given to all races of

men—"Our Father—which art in Heaven." It was not given to nations to inherit immortality, nor did Heaven provide a divine sacrifice for the sins of a commonwealth. Yet nations, as well as men, must bow to that divine law, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

Lincoln became immortal when he penned the proclamation of freedom, but that proclamation had first to be written by the points of a hundred thousand bayonets dripping with our dearest blood. Had we been successful in the beginning and gained the battle of Bull Run, we might have crushed the rebellion then, but God's purpose would not have been accomplished. The first two years were required to prepare us, not only for the war but for the results of the war.

Our armies were composed for the most part of brave men but they were undisciplined. Our officers were intelligent but inexperienced. Repeatedly defeated in the east and operating without system in the west, we were becoming discouraged. Our friends were beginning to fear for us, while our detractors resolved that the war was a failure, and began plotting treason in the North against us. Foreign nations whose commerce was interrupted became impatient and proposed to recognize the Confederacy. "Man's extremity became God's opportunity." When we were prepared to have the rebellion crushed upon the terms of the Almighty, He brought forward the man. We saw him coming from Belmont, with dyed garments from Shiloh. His path was by the way of Donelson and Vicksburg and his footsteps shook a continent. He reached our right flank at Chattanooga and stepped to our front in the Wilderness. The days of our wavering were past. With a sublime faith in God, in the justice of his cause, and in himself, he threw his veteran legions on the battle front and grimly proclaimed amidst the thunder of his artillery, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." That blast upon his bugle horn was worth a thousand men. Drawn by the attraction of his genius kindred spirits came to his aid.

Thomas, with the invincible will of a Wellington, grappled with the enemy and overthrew him on the bloody fields of Franklin and Nashville. Sheridan, with the irresistible dash of a Charlemagne, swept the valley of the Shenandoah, while Sherman rivaled Xenophon in his grand march to the sea, and gave to history a grander Anabasis.

The roll of the drum and the clash of the saber were hushed on the fields of Virginia and the two great leaders of the opposing armies met beneath that famous apple tree; a sword and a pen lay on the table between them, for their work was done. And the flag that floated in majesty over them—thank God—was the Stars and Stripes.

The war was over but our nation was torn and bleeding; cities and villages of the South sacked and lying in ashes. Blackened belts leading to battle fields marked the pathway of armies. Flocks of expectant buzzards were floating slowly on the poisoned air, or half asleep, were perched on deadened trees—waiting; half of the country exhausted and prostrate; the channels of peaceful industry broken and destroyed. Twelve hundred thousand of the young men of the nation under arms, drilled in the art of war, but almost strangers to the arts of peace. The timid said, when these lawless men were turned loose upon an unprotected county, its ruin would be complete.

I have stood on deck, in mid-ocean, and watched the angry billows when lashed into fury by a storm. I have stood upon the trembling shore when the storm had spent its fury, and watched the surging waves come hissing landward, and I thought that every living thing would be submerged. But they came and broke away upon the reclining sand, and the air was purified and the grass made green by the fresh vigor of the dissolving spray. Even so were these great armies dissolved, and the communities gained new life and energy as the soldier became absorbed into the better citizen through the gentle influences of loving homes.

Our ranks were not filled, like most of the armies of Europe, with thriftless adventurers who enter the service to

hedge against the bitter dividends of a profligate youth, whose bravery is often the result of the low estimate they place upon a disappointed life.

A southern paper, describing the bloody repulse of the Union army at Fredericksburg, spoke of the gallant charge of a Wisconsin regiment whose color-sergeant fell mortally wounded on the front of his line, close to their breast-works. When his command was driven back he raised upon his elbow, but could not follow. Taking something from his breast, he held it, looking while his life-blood oozed away. When burial squads went out to gather up the dead, they found a great, strong man, with bronzed cheek and bearded face. In one hand he still grasped the colors of his regiment; in the other, a little letter, on which his eyes were fixed with tenderest gaze, for on that sheet was written in a childish hand:

"I love you, papa."

This was the kind of blood shed on our battle-fields, that made the war so costly. In all nations, "the bravest are the tenderest," and the poet sings:

"Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's wild career,
Be sure the hand most daring there,
Has wiped away a tear."

Never were such vast armies on both sides bound by so many loving and refined ties at home. Scarce a bullet struck a soldier but broke a woman's heart. I look upon the sweet faces before me now, all radiant with beauty and lovely as the flowers they bear. Visions of a quarter of a century rise before me. I see once more the bright, sweet faces which smiled so proudly on us then, making us feel we had a land worth fighting for. And I say it now, in loyal faithfulness to the dear girls who brought us flowers then, that their forms were just as beautiful, their faces just as lovely, their eyes just as bright and their hearts just as warm as the fair ones whose presence cheers us today.

As a nation we entered the war without supplies, and

with neither money nor credit. Necessity taught us self-help. We placed a tariff upon such articles as we could produce at home. This encouraged manufacturing—foreign capital and labor came to our assistance. Our own capitalists joined in developing our own resources. Our towns became busy workshops, and our lands were opened to furnish supplies. The shoddy clothing bought in England and France for our first soldiers gave way to substantial goods made from our own material in our own factories and paid for with our own greenbacks. The old Austrian muskets which we used for two years—to get whipped with—were changed for improved weapons of our own invention made from the best material from the factories of New England. The lead we used came from our own mines, the powder from our own laboratories. We created a navy of iron-clads and monitors upon new principles which revolutionized the navies of the world. The churches and loyal women gave us the Sanitary Commission, bringing such food and clothing as the sick and wounded needed, and ministering to their wants with a tender devotion such as none but woman knows. This came as a blessing to the soldier then, and in the good fellowship it produced among the churches has remained a blessing ever since. Thus Victory leading gentle Peace came to us at last by the light of workshops and forges, where weary men sweat; guided by the hum of sewing machines, where patient women toiled; starting from the altars of the churches, where devoted mothers prayed. A carpet of grass now covers the rifle pits which marked our battle line. And a mantle of charity is being woven over the bitterness of the past.

The recent ovation to the fallen southern chieftain was given as a farewell to the principle they fought for. In its place there remains only a sentiment of the heart, fitly represented in their own minds, by that frail old man—the last of his race—whom they wished to look upon once more and show to their children as the hero of the future novelist who

will weave golden threads of romance into tales of the struggle of a brave people for a lost cause. And I would scarcely chide them for showing that strange faithfulness of the human heart which prompted them to cling to the idol which betrayed and ruined them. Some of their orators use language which their calmer moments would condemn, but they are Americans, and I would rather have them err on the side of arrogance than exhibit a cringing weakness. We learned to know them as a brave and generous people, whose faults were chiefly the outgrowth of the vicious institution they fought to perpetuate. They are now thanking God, with us, that the nation is free and reunited. My comrades, we were guided in a way we knew not, to become the ministers of God, in unfolding his designs to the nations, and those who sleep, his priests, inasmuch as they gave their lives for human liberty and their country's redemption. We are not blind to the faults which make us unworthy of this exaltation. We do not forget the moral wounds received from an enemy whose darts were more to be dreaded than the bullets of an open foe, for which our government—at least—with all its grateful liberality, can make no provision. But partial evil must yield to universal good, and when the mellow light of the future shall cast a halo of romance upon the armies of the Union, our children's children, with partial judgment, it may be, will give us more credit than we deserve, but it will inspire within their hearts an honest pride of ancestry and teach them a proper self-respect which we hope will make them ever ready to uphold their own and their country's honor.

My countrymen, the past is secure with all its stirring memories. But what of the future? We who once did something to save the republic may be pardoned for our anxiety when we see signals of danger.

The unnatural impetus which our war gave to foreign immigration has continued. From thirty millions we have reached sixty millions of people. The demand for labor has been more than supplied. We are subjected to an influx of

population coming faster than we can absorb and Americanize. The channels of distribution have become clogged, hordes of beings, strangers to our language and customs, are crowding our great cities, and remain today as a foreign and undigested substance in the stomach of the nation. We levied a tax upon foreign imports to protect our native industries. I submit, my fellow-citizens, whether it would not be wise to place a tariff upon foreign immigration, to protect our native labor. A nation's first duty is to its own citizens. A proper per capita tax levied upon every immigrant over ten years of age would go far to protect us against a very dangerous class, while it would exclude but few who would be of any value to us. New York today is politically a foreign city, controlled by foreign elements whose leaders divide their time between robbing the government they live in and plotting mischief against the countries they came from. Our laws protect us against the importation of infectious diseases, but we have no quarantine against pauperism and moral leprosy. Ocean steamers have been receiving subsidies from foreign corporations by which their useless and criminal classes have been shipped to our shores like cattle, and distributed among our great cities at five and six dollars a head. Here is the origin of our labor troubles today. They come from under an oppression which has squeezed the higher aspirations of manhood out of them and left a residuum of sullen defiance to all wholesome restraint. Strangers to any kindness ever shown them, they come filled with a spirit of communism and atheism, and look upon capital, law and labor with equal disgust. Their fanaticism has become epidemic, infecting the whole system of American labor, until capital has been driven from the channels of trade to seek safety in the vaults of the banks and the bonds of government.

But this evil bears a more poisonous fruit which ripens at our elections. By our too liberal franchise they are given the right to vote before they have a care except to see how much they can get for their votes. In this way our whole sys-

tem has been brought into such contempt that within the past year in our own state desperate men have attempted to rape the ballot-box—smother the voice of the majority, check the legislation of the state and defy the people's will. Self-preservation is the first law of nations. In all nations the man who destroys or endangers the life of the sovereign is deemed worthy of death. Who is our sovereign? In whom rests the supreme power of this republic? The blood of those we meet to honor today was shed to determine that. When we laid down our arms, my comrades, we thought that question settled. On behalf of the veterans living today, and in the names of the fallen ones whose graves will be fragrant with flowers tonight, I ask, what should be done with the man or men who would dare thus to over-ride the will of the majority? My surprise that they can be found is exceeded by my amazement that they go unpunished. Is there not danger that a nation may become too refined to punish crime? The men who tamper with the ballot-box are not behind Jeff Davis in treason. He defied the majority—they changed it. He openly stabbed; they secretly poisoned our sovereign. His power to harm us is gone, but they are at large with the poison still within their reach. My countrymen, let us not be deceived. The future assassin of our republic will not herald his approach by artillery in the harbor of Charleston. The old guard will soon be gone. Each year transfers thousands from the march to the camping ground. Within the past year a platoon of thirteen from our own camp-fire have fallen by the way. We will soon turn over our colors to these younger men, of another generation, and we pray you to remember that between right and wrong there is an eternal conflict; that the picket posts of the nation can never be withdrawn nor neglected. Preserve the flag unsullied that we have loved and tried to make the embodiment of all that is good in government. You are proud of it. You admire its beautiful design. To you it is the emblem of your nationality. To us it is more than that. We look upon its starry field and remember the

long, weary nights we marched or lay unsheltered in the swamps of Georgia, and stood on picket posts on the lonely mountains of Virginia, when we listened at midnight to the wild scream of the catamount in the jungles, and watched the morning star at it rose over the camp of the enemy and seemed to our strained and weary eyes to vibrate among the branches of the distant trees, and we could scarcely tell whether it was one of the friendly stars of heaven or a signal from the magazines of hell. And those stripes with their crimson hue, in them we see the stains of our brothers' blood and some of us, our own. And those bands of white, how pure they look. Why not? They were washed by our mother's tears. Glorious emblem of liberty. I see it in memory borne by our blue battalions marching to the sea: I hear once more the joyful shout of the captive escaped from frightened prison guards as, coming to meet us, they hail it in the distance. I listen again to the hallelujahs of a race no longer slaves as they welcome it, the herald of coming freedom. And long as it floats over mountains and shipmasts may our loyal descendants bring flowers on this day to commemorate its costly coloring.

On occasions like this there is a holiness in flowers. They come to us as angels from the realm of nature to give expression to our tenderest sympathies. They are the mute companions of our purest thoughts; their petals open to the breath of sighs and drink in nourishment from our falling tears. They are the stars which shine beneath us and by their fragrance give us thoughts of heaven, inspiring in our wavering breasts by their perennial bloom, faith in a second life, a hope of immortality.

"We bring fresh flowers to soothe the captive's cell;

We clothe in flowers the altars where we pray,

We deck the bride beneath the marriage bell,

And strew the graves where rest our dearest clay."

Then

"Let us gather a wreath from the garden bowers,

And cover our comrades' graves with flowers."

ADDRESS GIVEN JUNE 8, 1899, AT MEMORIAL
SERVICES AT CAMP CHASE, OHIO.*For the Confederate Dead.*

MY FRIENDS: It is easy to hate our enemies. It is natural to retain a spirit of enmity against those who have injured us.

It is the mission of Christianity to give us lessons of forgiveness; and the Son of God came from heaven to teach us not only to forgive our enemies but to love them.

In this, there is an inference that we ourselves may have given cause to make enemies, and that there is something good and lovable even in those who differ from us.

It is not our province to discuss the cause of our civil war. It is enough for us to know that these men buried here were innocent. It cannot be traced to the men who took the field on either side. Its origin was embodied in the constitution and grew out of the unfortunate existence of slavery when it was formed, and came down to us through nearly a century of bitter legislative contention and was finally disposed of in that bloody court of which we and they formed a part.

During all this time the social relations between the sections became less and less cordial and the business intercourse more and more strained.

We cultivated the habit of belittling all that was good and magnified all that was bad in each other, so that when the contest came it was a struggle between the so-called mechanics and small-fisted farmers of the North and the domineering slave drivers of the South.

The war brought destruction and left untold sorrow, but it cleared away the obstacles to a better knowledge of each other.

Our former impressions were entirely upset by the wonderful courage and nobleness of character displayed on both sides.

Never were armies composed of men more earnest in their efforts, intensified if possible during the last two years as the forces of the South were driven back to become the defenders of their homes against the increasing strength of a powerful invading army.

It is little wonder that the women of the South whose homes were ruined, and the women of the North whose sons lie scattered in unknown graves should retain a feeling of bitterness. Heart wounds were given which saddened the life of a generation, and have magnified the task of conciliation which the best men and women on both sides have undertaken and which these floral tributes to the Confederate dead today are designed to promote.

On occasions like this we feel there is a holiness in flowers. They are the mute companions of our purest thoughts and give expression to our tenderest sympathies. They are angels from the realm of nature employed to bear our message of affection to the dead.

The fraternal spirit which prompts our presence here today is the harbinger of a time when the American people will gather annually, bringing the roses of the North and the magnolia blossoms of the South as a tribute to American valor, to strew on the grave of every soldier who fell in battle or died in prison for a cause which he had been taught from pulpit and from family altar to believe was right.

We do not need to approve the cause they defended but we honor the courage they displayed. I look upon our good president, Mr. McKinley of Ohio, Gen. Jno. B. Gordon of Georgia and Gen. Joe Wheeler of Alabama as the inspired prophets of reconciliation, and I will include the noble company of ex-confederate soldiers of Kentucky who recently united in sending a floral shield containing the banner of stars and stripes born aloft by the supporting arms of the Blue and Gray as their contribution to our Memorial day.

It may be that the spirits of those we desire to honor are far beyond the reach of these tokens of our remembrance but

like the influence of prayer, the act will serve a benediction to ourselves and prompt us in the spirit of that heroic poem at Gettysburg "to highly resolve to dedicate ourselves anew to the work" of healing the wounds and cementing the bonds that unite our common country.

It should be the mission and first duty of every lover of his country to encourage social and business intercourse between the sections, that we may become better acquainted with and appreciate the good qualities of each other.

I have mingled much with the people of the South and have a high regard for them. They trace with just pride their descent from the Clans of Scotland, the Cavaliers of England and Huguenots of France. Coming down through one hundred and fifty years almost unchanged by immigration which they never courted, they have contributed their full share to the development of a distinctive type of American character which leads the Saxon race in courage, oratory and invention.

Their mode of life made them courtly and hospitable. Their gallantry and pride made them elegant and brave. They had been educated to believe that their peculiar institution was right, that it had the protection of the constitution, and the sanction of the divine law. When the crisis came they flew to arms to maintain their view of the constitution even at the expense of the Union, while we of the North took up arms to preserve the Union even at the risk of the constitution.

We frankly concede to the South all that they claim in the way of fortitude and courage. That their field marshals were unsurpassed in history; that their field and line officers were gallant gentlemen and that the rank and file of their armies displayed courage and endurance which added lustre to the American character.

We do not forget, however, that they were met on more than a hundred battle fields and finally vanquished by armies, also American, greater and better equipped, it is true, but

composed of officers and men whose courage were at least equal to their own.

The result of the struggle has sealed the fate of slavery throughout the world, but the greatest blessing it brought to the South was the liberation of the white race and the removal of the embargo that slavery had placed upon southern development. All classes frankly admit that they would not leave the Union now nor reinstate slavery if they could.

They met their reverses without humiliation like a brave people, and when nothing was left of their former life they began anew without a murmur, proud of their pride and their poverty. They never ceased to be loyal to themselves and their traditions and cherish with a natural and pardonable pride the memory of their fallen heroes and loved ones, and although they feel, as many of us do, that the extension of the franchise to the ex-slaves was premature and the cause of nearly all their later troubles, yet they have shown during the Spanish war that they are no less loyal to the Stars and Stripes than we are. More than this it would be ungenerous for us to ask.

For more than one hundred years after the defeat of the last of the Stuarts on Culloden's bloody field the faithful Highlanders cherished the memory of their fallen prince. Their war-like songs even yet express loyal devotion to Royal Charlie. Yet those Highland Clans are among the most loyal to their queen today and her most trusted defenders, and it was the mounted grandsons of the tartaned followers of the Stuarts, who shattered Napoleon's old guard and sealed the fate of Waterloo.

A broad and generous fraternity is the lesson for us all today.

Our brothers of the South are working manfully to meet the new conditions which confront them. In the olden time "Cotton was King", and their ample source of wealth, their climate and soil combined to produce a cotton which gave

them the markets of the world. They feared no competition and sought no other industry.

The vast resources of their heaven-favored land lay dormant. The magic voice of a hundred mountain streams had been calling for generations "There is a power in me. Come build your mills by my side and I will spin and weave your cotton at home." The unmelted iron in unnumbered hills had been calling, "There is a power in me; come with your skilled labor and build furnaces and rolling mills and I will make your towns and cities centers of industry and wealth." The testimony of the marble rock was added, saying, "There is a power and beauty in me. Come with your artists and chisels and I will help to bring elegance and refinement to your homes."

The weary slave of the cotton field as he leaned for rest on his hoe, had no ear attuned to hear these voices. The easy going master as he rode to the hunt or the races, might perhaps have heard but he cared not to listen, and the years went by in wasteful idleness till the struggle came and all was changed. After thirty years of bitter training, a new South has stepped into the arena of industry as our competitor.

Capital and skill have gone to the aid of their new born energy. The voices of nature have been listened to. The music of four hundred thousand spindles is heard in the cotton mills of Georgia, and a new brand of goods has been introduced into the markets of Boston and Liverpool. The furnaces of Alabama are competing with those of Pennsylvania in the market of Pittsburg. The marble quarries of Tennessee rival those of Vermont in the markets of the North and have recently sent some of their products to the ports of Italy.

Phoenix like, out of the ashes of their buried past they are rising to a grander future and they will yet thank an All-wise Providence that when they tried to tear down the

emblem of our common Nationality, two million men were inspired to offer themselves for its protection.

In the better light of a third of a century both sections are learning to look upon the civil war not as a heated participant in its events, but rather as a thoughtful student of its results. We can now see that God was preparing the nation through a sacrifice of blood to become his consistent agent in the difficult task of advancing civilization in the dark places of earth, and in extending Christian liberty among the islands of the sea.

It was the training of the civil war that made the unparalleled achievements of the past year possible.

The sons of the Blue and the Gray fulfilled the promise of their fathers when they fell into line side by side to test the power of Spain. And they have divided the honors of a most brilliant campaign on land and sea between them.

It is time that we bury all bitterness of the past when we reflect that in the scales with which anxious nations are weighing us today, the character and ability of Robt. E. Lee, Jos. E. Johnston and Stonewall Jackson will be estimated side by side with Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and the soldierly qualities of both armies will be equally considered in determining the nation's place among the powers of the earth.

My fellow citizens of the Gray and the Blue, as we distribute these flowers on the graves of more than two thousand of the nation's confederate dead, I feel that we should thank God that we and they were permitted to belong to that generation of soldiers who were selected to work out His plans, however mysterious, for the regeneration of the Republic.

In closing I quote the language of Gen. Gordon at the late Confederate reunion at Charleston, South Carolina, when he said: "I feel the power of your confidence to pledge in the name of every Confederate and son and daughter of Confederates, the South's eternal loyalty to every cause for

the upbuilding of American manhood, the perpetuity of American freedom, the unity of the American people and by all these agencies we may accelerate the onward march of the American Republic in its benign progress."

Men and women of the North, we should be encouraged to pay some regard to the graves of our comrades which the fortune of war has placed in our keeping, to hear such sentiments expressed by the foremost living Confederate and endorsed by that great assembly of his comrades, and to know that they would join us heartily in expressing the patriotic sentiment of our great American poet:

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore,
Sail on, oh Ship of State,
Sail on, oh Union strong and great.
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

INCIDENT IN WHICH CAPTAIN BROOKS, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.,

SAVED THE LIFE OF AN INDISCREET NORTHERN "DRUMMER"
IN 1861.

While Knoxville contained a number of strong Union men, the feeling generally was so much against the government that early in 1861 a traveling man from the North, while spending a night in the city, expressed himself so bitterly against the South that a crowd proposed to hang him from the town bridge in defiance of the police, who were in sympathy with the movement and could not be found. The mayor, anxious to avoid scandal, had the man returned to jail for safe keeping and sent for Captain W. B. Brooks, a well-known young man, who while in City College had been cap-

lain of a military company of college boys, and asked him if he could get the man safely out of the city in the morning. The captain replied he thought he could if given his own way. This the mayor promised. The captain then sent for some local members of this old company, to report to him at six o'clock in the morning at the jail, under arms.

The boys reported as directed and, while the crowd was gathering, he explained the situation to the boys, saying that he was acting under instructions from the mayor to protect an innocent man from an excited mob, who wanted to hang him. He then placed sixteen boys in line in front of the jail and ordered them to load their guns with full cartridges, and await orders. Then, turning to the crowd across the street, he said: "I am ordered by the mayor to protect a prisoner who has done no harm, and I will give you five minutes to go away quietly and make no disturbance, for I will order the boys to fire upon any who are found on the ground after that time. At the end of the time given they were all gone. They might perhaps have risked the caution of a platoon of older men, but they would not risk the boys. Captain Brooks displayed in this affair the ability of a true soldier.

He afterwards entered the Confederate service and was shot through the lungs at the battle of Chickamagua. For months he laid at home suffering with supposed consumption until, in a paroxysm of coughing, he brought up a piece of his blouse, after which he got well.

Ever since then he has been one of the prominent citizens and one time mayor of the city, and today is one of its leading citizens, both in church and state.

The following paper was prepared at the request of some citizens of Ottawa, Illinois, to be read at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, of 1858. As it corrects some erroneous notions as to

his appearance and general make-up, it is worthy of some consideration on this the anniversary of his birthday.

A NEAR VIEW OF LINCOLN.

BY JONATHAN F. LINTON.

An old acquaintance of the President.

Lincoln has been uniformly described as being uncouth, awkward and abnormal, while, in fact, he was an exceptionally good-looking man, being symmetrically developed physically and morally. He had a strong and kindly face that could not but favorably impress all who saw him. He was as self-possessed and easy in his manners as any man I ever knew. He was without a trace of awkwardness.

It is the fashion to mourn over the fact that Lincoln's only schooling was gained during a six months' term in a backwoods cabin school-house, and to regret that he could not have had the advantages of a university education. This is taking a very narrow view of the case. Pioneer life was not without its compensations. Abraham Lincoln was in reality a finely educated man. His education was of the kind that gave him the right point of view, and specially fitted him for the great tasks that devolved upon him in after years. Had he given eight years of his life to the primary schools, four more years to the high school, and six more to the university, he never could have been, even approximately, the man that he was. The education he received during the first twenty years of his life made him the peer of any man of his years in the country. It fitted him to be a capable business man at twenty-one years of age, an influential politician when twenty-three and a most useful member of the State Legislature at twenty-five—having been elected to that body as a Whig by a large majority in a Democratic district. He served three terms in succession. He was the Whig candidate for speaker during the last two

terms. He opposed all pro-slavery measures while in the Legislature.

When thirty-one he was chosen to represent his party throughout the state on the stump in opposition to Douglas, who then was the acknowledged champion of the Democrats; and then again two years later. He acquitted himself so well in these contests that the people sent him to Congress in 1846, when thirty-seven years of age, to represent a district that, normally, was largely Democratic. He was the only Whig representative from Illinois in Congress at that time. President Fillmore, in 1849, tendered him the Governorship of Oregon, then a territory, which he declined. During those years he was the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in Illinois and the party's choice for the United States Senate twice and Vice-President once.

It is a fact that no man better endowed, through education or practical experience in governmental affairs, than Abraham Lincoln was ever elected President in this country. No President has ever given us abler state papers, and no other President has ever enriched our literature with so precious a gem as the Gettysburg address. With no desire to lessen our estimate of the value of a collegiate education, we must admit that had Lincoln been a college-bred man he could never have filled the place he did in the life of our country, never could have been the master of pure English that he was, and never could have composed his Gettysburg address. Valuable as a collegiate education is, it cannot compensate entirely for a lack of the knowledge that comes from actual contact with the world.

The people of Illinois admired Lincoln for his ability, had an abiding faith in his honesty, and, in addition, simply loved him. Lincoln was not what could be called a conventional man in either his habit of thought or method of life. He had respect for popular opinion, but was not ruled by it. He was honest with himself and with the public. When he addressed an audience he did not seek to say that which he

thought they would like best to hear. He simply aimed to give them a fair understanding of what were his honest convictions upon the subject being considered. He was a close reasoner and had the happy faculty of making his statements so clear that anyone could understand them. In addressing an audience he never indulged in oratorical tricks of any kind. He simply stood up and talked straight at the people, articulating every word so distinctly that all could hear and understand.

Douglas was an orator with a national reputation and knew that his friends were on the lookout for some brilliant oratorical flights whenever he addressed them, and would be disappointed if he failed to meet their expectations. In the historical debates of 1858 Douglas seemed to cultivate applause, while Lincoln gave his attention to the making of convincing arguments. While Douglas' hearers were taking in his oratory they were losing the thread of his argument. Lincoln's hearers were not incommoded in that way.

All who saw Lincoln during the last two or three years of his life were impressed by the extreme melancholy cast of his countenance. A man of his wide sympathies could not but be weighed down by the untold suffering that the war entailed. He knew that the miseries of the war fell more relentlessly upon innocent children, women and the aged than they did upon the active soldier. He knew of the mistakes of some of our generals and of the incompetency of others. He knew of dishonesty and grafting in many departments. The Union forces met with many discouragements, a knowledge of which to a great extent was necessarily kept from the general public, while the details all came direct to him. While his courage was unflinching, he could not but feel for the sorrows of the helpless sufferers.

I was through the South soon after the close of the war, and at different times since, and talked freely with the people about the war and its results. Not once did I hear a harsh judgment of Lincoln from any one of them. I really

believe that Lincoln's death was as sincerely mourned by the greater part of the white population of the South as it was by the people of the North. Wherever I went it was the uniform expression that in Lincoln's death the people of the South lost their best friend. Lincoln would have had the courage and the ability to prevent the maladministrations that characterized the reconstruction period.

THE END,

PERSONAL OPINIONS OF PROMINENT MEN.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, PASTOR EMERITUS,
631 EAST TOWN STREET.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 14, 1914.

I have read much of the manuscript copy of General Hamilton's story of the war, and have found it very interesting. The simplicity and directness of the narrative, its vivid reproduction of the scenes and events which it describes, the absence of egotism, all make it readable and convincing. I have been especially touched with the stories of General Hamilton's dealings with the Southern people. If the spirit which finds expression in them had prevailed in the years following the war, the problems of reconstruction would have been simple.

The noble introduction to the volume, a soldier's plea for peace, is not the least valuable part of it.

I hope the book will find a place in all public libraries.

(Signed) WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY,

W. O. THOMPSON, PRESIDENT.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 14, 1914.

General W. D. HAMILTON,
87 E. 4th Ave.,
Columbus, Ohio.

MY DEAR GENERAL HAMILTON :

I am very much pleased with the "Outline of Contents" for your book, and as a former Brownsville boy acquainted

with many, if not all of the Scotch Colony, am pleased that this bit of local history has been so well written up.

Your experiences in the South during the war and after the war are written up in the same easy style and make a distinct contribution to the literature of the Civil War. The book will commend itself to students of the future and should find a place in public libraries and in colleges and university libraries.

Very truly,

(Signed) W. O. THOMPSON.

THE OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

MUSEUM AND LIBRARY BUILDING,
CORNER HIGH STREET AND FIFTEENTH AVENUE.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Sept. 17, 1914.

I have had the privilege of reading the manuscript of some of the chapters of the "History of the 9th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry," during the civil war, by General William D. Hamilton. General Hamilton has made a distinct contribution to the war literature. He writes a very natural, simple, straight-forward story, which is both informing and entertaining.

While the main theme of the book is the history and deeds of the regiment under his command, that history is delightfully embellished by personal anecdotes and experiences. The work, however, will not only be read with interest by the friends and personal acquaintances of the General, but its historical value will recommend it to the reader in general.

E. O. RANDALL.

JANUARY 30, 1915.

I have just received a letter from comrade Wm. R. Kinnear, the well-known inventor and manufacturer of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Columbus, Ohio, where as a boy of 17 years he volunteered in Company "E," Ninth O. V. C., in which he served with all the enthusiasm and courage of youth until the close of the war. He says: "As a corporal I led our advance April 15th across a swollen stream, through mud and rain, followed by Sergeant Vandever and a stronger force to engage the enemy's skirmishes in what proved to be the last engagement of the war." At my request he sent me a photo of himself with a short outline of his activities since the war. "This has been chiefly along the line of metals and manufacture of machinery for its use. I made the first stamped steel ceiling in existence, and the Kinnear-Gager Company of Columbus is still producing it. I invented a steel rolling door, which is in general use in our cities, and the Kinnear Manufacturing Company of Columbus is shipping annually a million dollars worth abroad. I have invented machines for the use of rolling mills which will save millions in the cost of labor. I have received in all over 200 patents along the lines on which I have been working."

Like all truly useful men he has a warm heart, and closes his letter with an affectionate tribute to his old commander, which I deeply appreciate.

W. D. H.

